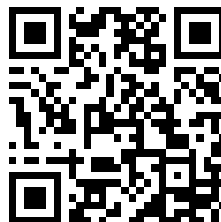

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>



NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 3433 03859 3210

E 10-4040

Lawson, Will

Historic Trentham, 1914-1917; the story

Correction - page 115

For Army service corps - supply and transport
sections

Head Army pay staff, Trenton camp

HISTORIC TRENTHAM

BY
WILL LAWSON



TRAINING
GROUND
OF
NEW
ZEALAND'S
FIGHTING
MEN

Te Kaitiaki
1917



GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ARTHUR WILLIAM DE BRITO SAVILE
EARL OF LIVERPOOL, G.C.M.G., M.V.O.

SECOND EDITION.

Historic Trentham

1914-1917

*The Story of a New Zealand Military Training Camp, and
some account of the daily round of the
troops within its bounds.*

WRITTEN AND ARRANGED
BY

WILL LAWSON

Author of "The Three Kings, and other Verses," Etc.

Cover and decorations by TE KAI TUHI.

Decorations by W. MACBETH.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

All profits from sales of this book are used in endowing the Trentham Scholarships, which are awarded to fallen soldiers' sons on the same conditions as the Senior and Junior National Scholarships. For this purpose the fund is vested in the following trustees: Major-General Sir Alfred Robin, K.C.M.G., C.B., Commandant of the New Zealand Forces, Dr. W. J. Anderson, LL.D., Director of Education, and Colonel H. R. Potter, C.M.G., Camp Commandant at Trentham.

Wellington, N.Z.:

Printed and Published by the Wellington Publishing Company, Limited, Dominion Avenue.

1918.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR A. W. ROBIN
K.C.M.G., C.B., N.Z.S.C.
COMMANDANT N.Z. FORCES



SURGEON-GENERAL
R. S. F. HENDERSON
M.B., K.H.P., A.M.S.
DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF MEDICAL
SERVICES



SIR JAMES ALLEN
K.C.B.
MINISTER OF DEFENCE



COLONEL C. M. GIBBON, I.G.S.
CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF



COLONEL R. W. TATE
ADJUTANT-GENERAL TO THE FORCES

TO THE FALLEN.

*You did not count the chances,
You only heard the call;
From plains, where sunlight dances,
From hills where shadows fall,
You came straight-limbed as lances,
And steady-eyed and tall.*

*To you a white god beckoned,
Who held a shining sword,
You were not men who reckoned
What best you could afford;
One gift, that brooked no second,
You made with glad accord.*

*Tear-wearied eyes are sleeping
In many a home to-night,
For you the women's weeping,
Oh! men, with honour white,
Whose souls are in God's keeping—
The fallen in the fight.*

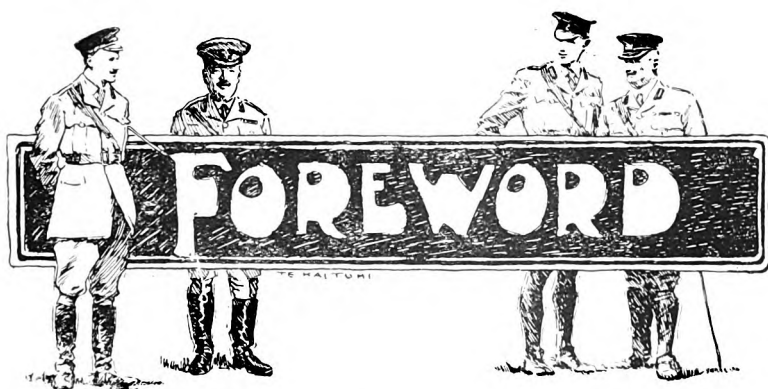
—WILL. LAWSON



[Portrait by Bartlett.]

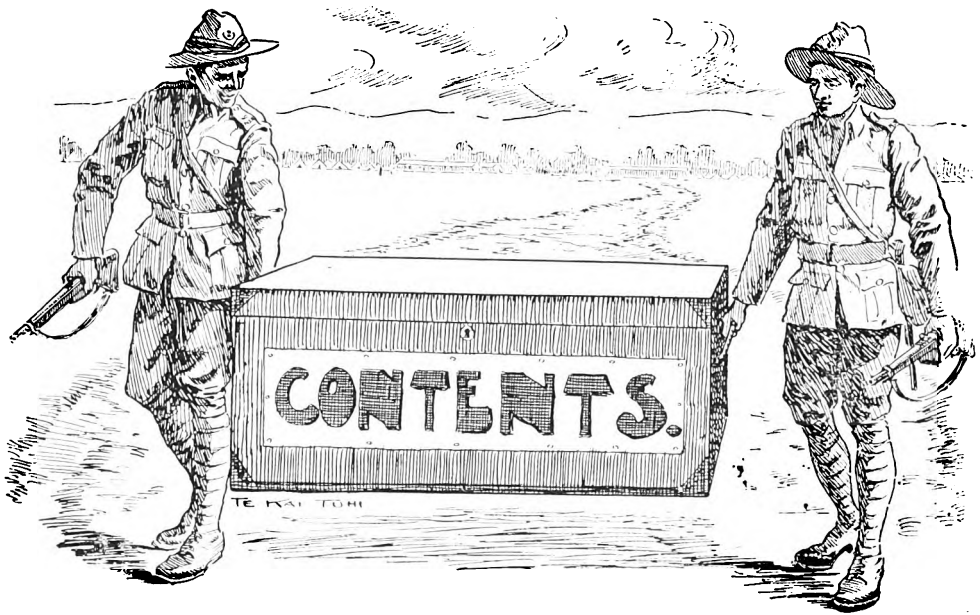
CAMP COMMANDANT

COLONEL H. R. POTTER, C.M.G., N.Z. STAFF CORPS



THIS book was written with the idea of giving some inkling to the civilian mind of what the soldier's life in a New Zealand training camp is like, and at the same time an opportunity has been taken of writing briefly the story of the growth of Trentham Camp. Very many of the heroes of Gallipoli, France, Mesopotamia and Egypt were trained at Trentham, and the Camp Commandant has witnessed the training, at Awapuni and at Trentham, of men of every draft that has gone overseas. Visitors to the Camp tread where heroes have trod. The Seconds, Thirds, Fourths, Fifths and Sixths—all Anzacs—walked and talked and laughed in these places; they sang their marching songs as they tramped along the neighbouring roads; and since that time many reinforcements have been trained and despatched, their numbers reaching well into the thirties.

This Camp in the curve of the hills has a place in the hearts of the people of New Zealand, as well as in the official history of the war. Featherston has its roll of honour, too, and so has Tauherenikau. But there is this to be said of Trentham: it is the Camp wherein all tests and trials of ideas were made, whose early struggles involved the solution of problems that had never before clamoured for solution in this country. So far as New Zealand was concerned, war came like a bolt from the blue, and Trentham will ever be, in the memories of New Zealanders, the place wherein the system was evolved under which the fighting men who have won renown overseas were trained, and the regular despatch of Reinforcements maintained without interruption.



	PAGE		PAGE
TRAINED AT TRENTHAM	9	BATHING PARADES	105
THE CAMP OF TRENTHAM	12	CAMP POLICE	109
FOLLOW THE DRUMS	25	THE MEDICAL SIDE OF CAMP	111
THE RECORDS OFFICE	28	SOLDIERS' MAILS	122
ONE IN A THOUSAND	32	COMMANDANT'S ORDERLY-ROOM	126
CAMP QUARTERMASTER'S STORES	35	PAY-DAY	130
CAMP TOURISTS	39	THE A.S.C.	132
LIGHTS OUT	50	THE JOLLY BAKERS	135
REVEILLE	54	THE BIVOUAC	145
FULL UNIFORMS	59	THE ATTACK AT DAWN	149
TOWN LEAVE	62	THE MAD MINUTE	153
SICK PARADES	73	MUSKETRY WORKSHOPS	156
THE ENGINEERS	76	TRENCH WARFARE	158
TRAINING INFANTRY	80	BAYONET FIGHTING	169
ELEMENTARY MUSKETRY	84	SUNDAY IN CAMP	171
A STUDY IN TARGETS	88	MAORI SOLDIERS	174
THE DENTIST'S CHAIR	102	THE PEOPLE'S HOSPITALITY... ..	185
		SAILING-DAY	188



*No loitering footstep slows the line
As bravely forth they go,
To lands where paler sunbeams shine
And colder breezes blow.
They'll dream of hills of golden broom
Where warm winds sigh, and where
The royal rangiora's bloom
Makes sweet the summer air.*

ON a dull rainy day in June, 1915, the streets of Wellington were lined with crowds of people. They were waiting for something to pass along—something important, to judge by their expectant faces. The strains of a military band caused a stir and a turning of heads. Standing on a street corner was a New Zealander just returned from Australia, and there was a look of keen interest in his eyes. He had been in Australia when war broke out; he had witnessed a good deal of the mobilisation of the New South Wales quota of the Australian Main Force, and had seen ten thousand Australian troops march through the streets of Sydney. Among them were many New Zealanders, who, rather than wait till there was room for them in the smaller New Zealand drafts, had paid their passages across the Tasman and enlisted in Sydney. In their well-fitting Australian uniforms, these New Zealanders had looked smart and handy, like the Australians themselves, in all but name. In the eyes of the New Zealander just returned, there could be nothing more soldierly and manly than the Australians. He had known so many of them, warm-hearted, full of the joy of life and the love of adventure, loyal to their mates and

TRAINED AT TRENTHAM

glad to welcome the New Zealanders. Ten thousand of them marching had been a wonderful sight. And now, for the first time, he was about to see a body of New Zealand troops on the march.

The Artillery came first, marching with confident stride. They looked like picked men, tall and clean-limbed. Then came the Mounteds, section after section, riding past—burly, full-blooded men. Their officers looked like seasoned men, too—no untried youngsters were there. As they passed in a khaki column that moved on and on, the crowd began to cheer. Something very deep stirred in the heart of the New Zealander just come home. These men were different in his eyes from anything he had seen—it was the home pride that made it seem so. And when, suddenly, he saw an old school friend riding past and was recognised, his cup of joy was full. He shouted and hurrahed, and the bystanders gave him room.

“What do you call them?” he asked. “Which are they?”

“They are the Fifth Reinforcements,” he was told.

“Surely they’re the best that have gone,” he said. But his neighbour smiled and answered,

“You should have seen the Main Body—7000 men—and the Seconds and Thirds and Fourths.”

The band that led the Infantry came past then. In silence the New Zealander watched, spell-bound, the steady stride—stride—stride of these hardy, brawny men.

It was the Fighting Fifth that marched past on that winter’s day; and we know now that they proved true Anzacs, which means that most of them were killed or badly wounded. They, like those who went before them and those who followed and are following still, were the flower of New Zealand, the cream of her manhood. They have proved themselves equal to the best soldiers in the world. Fortune has favoured New Zealand’s sons in their environment. No huge cities have stifled them. The world of sport and adventure has been at the door of every man and boy. They have cultivated, unconsciously, resourcefulness and calmness in occasions of excitement; and behind all this has been their glowing, radiant health and the loyalty to the Homeland that has been instilled into them since they were infants. Much is due to these circumstances, and the credit of their success as soldiers belongs, in great part, to the officers and non-commissioned officers of the training staffs who have spent patient hours in shaping them to soldierly ways, following the lines laid down by the high command.

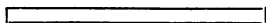
Since the Fifties went there have been many troops sent overseas. Well into the Thirties the numbers of the Reinforcements have climbed, and

TRAINED AT TRENTHAM

they are larger Reinforcements now than they were in June, 1915. So far as the city people are concerned, until recently each Reinforcement has appeared before them in the streets and passed away in the transports at dawn of the next day. With Trentham Camp at the door of the city, how many have ever troubled to visit it and see where the troops have been trained since the Second Reinforcements went into camp there—where the Fighting Fifth were trained? And how many of those who have visited the camp understood the meaning of what they saw? The camp itself is simple and plain enough to look at. There is no wizardry in it: it has no conjurers' houses, no magic machines. But there has been a fine spirit animating Trentham and its organisation. The healthy, happy men in khaki who are seen in the city streets are the result of the spirit's working and of the hours of ceaseless, close work of the camp staff. One of these officers was once asked whether he did not find it tedious, instructing draft after draft of new men in the same work. He replied:

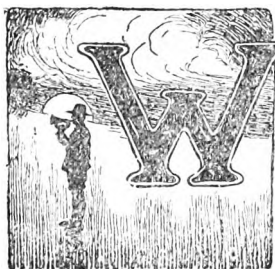
“Why should I? They are different men each time. I find it most interesting.”

Most probably the secret of success lies in that officer's remark. At any rate, in the history of the New Zealand army the name of Trentham will be the name of the home camp. It has been the jumping-off place where thousands of civilians have become soldiers, and where the same thousands have passed from training to active service. Trentham Camp was not created in a night: it evolved itself from modest beginnings by sheer hard work and vigour on the part of those in charge and those in subordinate positions. And to-day it is one of the best organised and disciplined camps in the Empire.



THE CAMP OF TRENTHAM

*The old Camp's lights are burning still,
And brighter than before ;
The rifle range below the hill,
Sends out the same old roar ;
But you can't hear it, can you, Bill ?
And you'll come back no more.*



WHEN war was declared by Great Britain against Germany, on August 4, 1914, there was no New Zealand Army, in the strict sense of the word. The outline of one existed, and the country had been fortunate in securing the services of some capable Imperial officers and n.c.o.'s for the training of her citizen army on a Territorial basis. The possibility of the Dominion ever finding it necessary to send an army overseas to fight had been dreamed of by a few far-sighted military experts, but officially it had never been contemplated seriously. In spite of this, the military authorities faced, undismayed, the problem of mobilising and despatching seven thousand men without loss of time, and of training and sending reinforcements at regular intervals. And it is interesting to record that the first tents to be occupied by this army were pitched by civilians.

Within a week of the declaration of war, camps for mobilisation were established at Awapuni—where the people of Palmerston North provided fatigue parties to pitch the tents—Auckland, Christchurch, Dunedin, and Wellington. It was the beginning of a new phase of military work, a new military era in the Dominion. But these early camps were only temporary ones. Trentham, where the Dominion Rifle Association had its fine rifle-ranges, was in view all the time, and many of the Mounted Rifles of the Main Body completed their brief period of training at Trentham. Thus it has been identified with every draft which has gone overseas, except the Artillery, Mounted Rifles, Divisional Signallers, and A.S.C. drafts which mobilised after the new camp at Featherston had been built. Drafts of reinforcements for these branches of service are now trained wholly at Featherston.

The Main Body and the First Reinforcements sailed on October 14, 1914. On the same day, nearly three thousand recruits and huge quantities of camp equipment arrived at Trentham. The pitching of tents, under the direction of experienced men, was begun, while the issue of clothing and equipment was carried on well into the hours of darkness. The Camp

THE CAMP OF TRENTHAM

Quartermaster's stores and the supply store were in marquees. The only buildings were those connected with the rifle range, which included the present Expeditionary Force officers' mess, a portion of the present Headquarters, and a small hut. This hut afterwards became the post office. But the first post office at Trentham was in a marquee. As soon as the men entered camp they wanted to write home—it is a practice that is carried out to this day—and the New Zealand Post Office rose to the occasion then as it does to-day.

Day by day the new camp grew prodigiously. Until March, 1915, there were no new buildings put up. Then the building of the huts was put in hand, and the Trentham of to-day began to take shape. These huts were built by the Public Works Department according to plans prepared by the military authorities. But, for the time being, no formation of the ground into streets and pathways was begun, though the huts stood in rows, between which the present roads were eventually made. When the Camp was temporarily vacated in July, 1915, there were about fifty huts completed and in occupation.

All told, in tents and huts at that time there were eight thousand men in camp. Seven thousand of them were sent out in eight hours, with three days' rations per man. That took place on July 9. The 1st and 2nd Battalions of the New Zealand Rifle Brigade proceeded to Rangiotu; the 6th and 7th Mounted Rifles rode over the Rimutakas to Tauherenikau—an imposing cavalcade; the 7th Infantry went to Waikanae and the 6th Infantry remained at Trentham. None of these emergency camps were branches of Trentham. They were administered from Headquarters, Wellington, and of the three, Tauherenikau is the only one which has continued as a permanent camp, though Rangiotu was used until the 3rd and 4th Battalions of the New Zealand Rifle Brigade had completed their training and departed overseas.

Before the end of July, 1915, Trentham had resumed its busy appearance, but, for reasons of health, the number of men in camp was not allowed to exceed five thousand. On July 16 (a Friday) the Public Works officers went over the ground for the purpose of laying-off a draining and roading scheme. The whole area had to be surveyed, and this was sufficiently completed for large gangs of men to begin work on the Monday morning following. A steam plough and a large swamp plough were used to prepare the ground for the drains and water-channels, and numbers of horses and drays were employed, as well as nearly seven hundred men, for some weeks.

At the same time that the grading of the ground was undertaken, certain alterations in the ventilation of the existing huts was made, the new huts

THE CAMP OF TRENTHAM

being built according to later plans. Every day new huts began to take shape, and as time went on the numbers of tents dwindled and the rows of huts grew. The tents were on the eastern parade-ground, where the 800-yards and 1,000-yards ranges were formerly; the huts were begun in the street behind Headquarters, and extended towards the railway. The removal of the tents and the upraising of the huts moved the Camp towards the railway. To-day it is right up to the boundary fence, and the only permanent tents in the Camp are those of the Engineers, which are built on specially drained and prepared ground.

The question of disposing of the surface-water and drainage from washing-places was one which engaged the attention of the engineers, and the plan which was decided upon and is now in operation provided for a large underground tank, into which the drains were led. This tank is capable of holding twenty-four hours' drainage, and at frequent intervals this accumulation is pumped under pressure to the Hutt River, nearly two miles away, where it discharges into a rapid current. The surface-water flows into a large deep drain, called in Camp parlance the Culebra Cut, which carries it away through Silverstream to the Hutt River at a point further down its stream. For the disposal of the solid waste matter of the Camp, large incinerators have been built, the pattern being one which was designed by the first Camp Quartermaster at Trentham.

It was after Trentham Camp had been in existence for twelve months that May Morn was made, to be an overflow camp in connection with the main camp. The site was at Mangaroa, a few miles north of Upper Hutt. Like the first camp at Trentham, May Morn was a canvas camp, the tents being of the Indian Service pattern. The only wooden buildings were the cook-houses, the Army Service Corps stores, the canteen, and shops and saloons. In every way May Morn was a model camp, especially as regards the sanitary arrangements. The 3rd and 4th Battalions of the New Zealand Rifle Brigade were the troops which first occupied May Morn. In December, 1915, they moved to Rangiotu, and the 11th Infantry Reinforcements then occupied the camp until it was closed in January, 1916.

Trentham Camp to-day contains approximately 300 buildings, of which more than 160 are hutments or barrack-rooms, to use the military term. Since August, 1915, the growth has been remarkable; and in no department has this been more so than in the medical department. The hospital accommodation in those days was very limited and of a makeshift character. The grandstand and tea kiosk in the racecourse, with the jockeys' quarters, were the only buildings available, though the present cottage hospital, provided by a number of New Zealand doctors, was in course of construction.

THE CAMP OF TRENTHAM

The Camp medical staff had to work under very difficult conditions indeed, and sick parades were held in marquees. Now all this is altered; up-to-date, well-built and well-equipped wards have been provided, the sickness in the Camp is always under control and is much lessened, while the routine of the hospitals is carried on without a hitch.

The cottage hospital, already mentioned, is a self-contained ward of 32 beds, with small operating theatre, dispensary, kitchen, duty rooms, bath-rooms, etc. It has one main ward of 12 beds, two two-bed wards, and four single-bed wards. This hospital was equipped by the Base Hospital Committee, with the assistance of several prominent ladies and gentlemen of the Wellington district. Detached a few feet from it are the isolation ward of five single rooms, with bath, lavatory, and duty rooms, and the officers' ward of six beds, four being in single rooms, also with bath and sitting rooms.

After the experience gained in using the octagonal-shaped kiosk in the racecourse, it was decided to adopt the design for Camp hospital works. Private subscriptions to build one of these were given by citizens, chiefly in the Wairarapa, and the new hospital was called the Wairarapa Ward. It has a capacity of 62 beds, and is so built, with movable screens on the windows, that the windows on the sheltered side of the building may be kept open, while the exposed ones are closed. In the centre is a glassed-in office with a raised floor, from which elevation the nurse on duty is able to keep an eye on all her patients without having to visit each bed.

The Wellington Racing Club Ward is a new one, of 24 beds and duty rooms, subdivided into three sections of eight beds each. As its name indicates, this ward was presented by the racing club mentioned, and is used for more acute cases. It has a roomy verandah on the sunny side, so that convalescent patients may lie outside in the daytime.

An important addition to the hospital group of buildings is the new Fever Hospital of 50 beds. It consists of two large pavilions of similar design, and is entirely self-contained. Each block contains three eight-bed wards and three one-bed wards, with offices, duty rooms, etc. In one of the blocks, an eight-bed ward, three single-bed wards, and offices and duty rooms are set aside for cerebro-spinal fever. The remaining wards are disconnected and self-contained, and will be used, when necessary, for convalescent measles cases. The wards all have roomy, glassed-in verandahs facing the sunny side. Of all the hospitals at Trentham, this is the only one which the Government has had to provide, the others being gifts, or partially so, and subsidised only.

THE CAMP OF TRENTHAM

Izard's Convalescent Home is the large and well-appointed home lent by Mr. C. H. Izard to the Defence Department. It is situated in a picturesque spot near Upper Hutt, and contains thirty beds. To it are sent all the convalescent patients from the various wards, thus saving the Department considerable expense which would otherwise be incurred by sending men away for long periods of sick leave. The Home has beautiful grounds, gardens, and tennis and croquet lawns. No anxiety to leave the Home for the arduous rounds of duty is manifested by the patients.

The Casualty Ward is composed of a building of small rooms lent by the Wellington Racing Club, and is used for casual cases, such as epileptics, venereal and skin diseases, and insane patients. The arrangement of the rooms makes the segregation of the patients into groups an easy matter.

The hospital area at Trentham is situated near the main gates, and stretches to the south-west along the railway end of the Camp. A beautification scheme to plant trees and gardens and make the prospect pleasant is well under way, the scheme embracing the approaches to the P.M.O.'s offices and other buildings adjoining, including the laboratory, wherein is conducted the research work necessary in the diagnosing of disease.

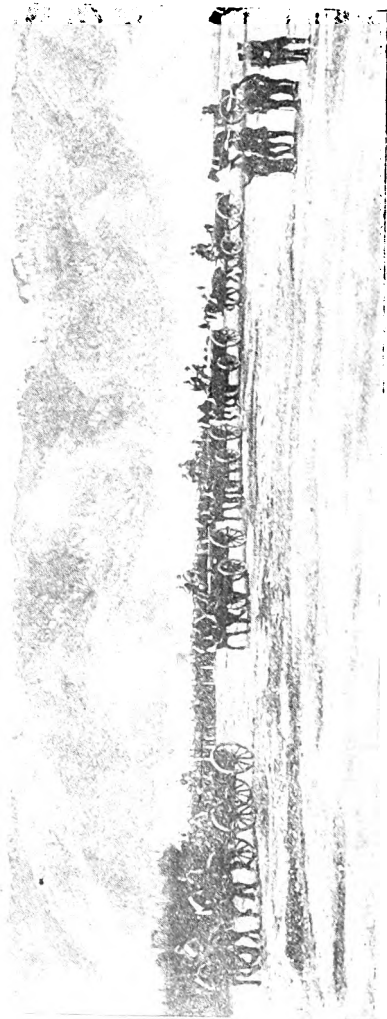
Trentham Camp has its own electric light plant, its own water supply from a reservoir in the hills, a complete postal, telephone, and telegraph system connecting it with the civilian world, hot-water baths, many huge stores and sheds, drying-rooms and offices, as well as numerous club-houses and institutes provided by various bodies, and many shops which supplement the service rendered by the large canteen, or provide supplies of items not included in the canteen's schedule. The maintenance department of the Defence Works Branch now attends to the repairs and new works required in the Camp, this responsibility having been taken over from the Public Works Department in July, 1916.

There has been some speculation expressed from time to time as to the amount of money which has been spent in equipping the Dominion's permanent training-camps. It is interesting to know that the sums spent in providing housing and training grounds for the troops represent a very small proportion of the total cost of making the soldiers ready for the firing-line; it is only a fraction of the cost of clothing and equipping them, and the camps still remain and will no doubt prove of great service after the war.



CAMP HEADQUARTERS STAFF, 1915—*Standing*—Lieut. H. A. Wilson, R.N.Z.A.; Lieut. E. Purdon, N.Z.S.C.; Lieut. A. Cheater; Lieut. P. N. Petty; Lieut. W. O. Bradley, R.N.Z.A.; Capt. D. E. Cardale, N.Z.S.C. (Mounted Rifles Instructor). *Sitting*—Capt. N. P. Adams, N.Z.F.A. (Adjutant); Lieut-Col. H. R. Potter, N.Z.S.C. (Camp Commandant); Col. C. M. Gibbon, I.G.S. (C.G.S.); Lieut-Col. C. R. Macdonald, I.G.S. (Chief Infantry Instructor); Capt. T. McCristell, N.Z.S.C. (Camp Quartermaster). *Absent*—Major J. Mounsey (Assist. Camp Quartermaster); Capt. T. J. Gardiner (Camp Paymaster).

CAMP HEADQUARTERS STAFF, 1916—*Standing*—Lieut. Shepherd (Paymaster); Lieut. N. W. M. Weir, N.Z.S.C.; R.S.M. Luckham; Staff S.M. (W.O.) J. Cummings; Lieut. C. D. Bridge; S.S.M. (W.O.) L. F. McNair; Capt. J. W. Boon. *Sitting*—Lieut. W. Hoar (Infantry Instructor); Lieut. A. Cheater (Infantry Instructor); Capt. W. M. Bell, N.Z.S.C. (Assist. Adjutant); Capt. E. C. Dovey, N.Z.S.C. (Adjutant); Lieut-Col. H. R. Potter, N.Z.S.C. (Camp Commandant); Lieut-Col. P. O. Andrew, N.Z.M.C. (P.M.O.); Capt. E. Purdon, N.Z.S.C. (Chief Musketry Instructor); Major J. Mounsey (Camp Quartermaster).



TRENTHAM CAMP, 1917
MARCH PAST OF ENGINEERS,
TRENTHAM CAMP



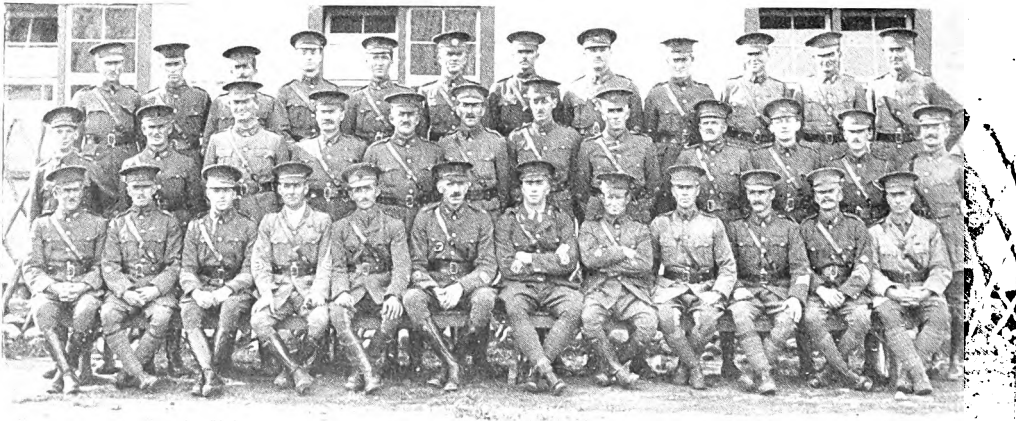
CAMP STAFF, 1917

Back Row—Capt. A. Cheater (Assist. Infantry Instructor); Lieut. Donaldson (Assist. Carvasso (Assist. Director of Supplies); Lieut. Stevenson (Assist. Musketry Instructor); Lieut. McNair (Ordnance Officer); Lieut. Bridge (Officer in Charge Records); Lieut. Thomas (Officer Commanding Details); Lieut. Hoar (Assist. Infantry Instructor).

Second Row—Lieut. Bile (Assist. Engineer Instructor); Lieut. Gulloway (Assist. Infantry Instructor); Lieut. A. A. Luckham (Adjutant 2); Major F. H. Lampen, D.S.O., N.Z.S.C. (Adjutant); Major Tulbot (Investigation Officer); Capt. Boon (Assist. Quartermaster); Lieut. Larsen (Assist. Director of Works); Capt. Wallingford, M.C., N.Z.S.C. (Musketry Instructor).

Sitting—Major D. McKenzie (Chief Record Officer); Major F. Waite, D.S.O. (Chief Engineer Instructor); Major Neave (Assist. Infantry Instructor); Capt. W. M. Bell, N.Z.S.C.; Col. H. R. Potter, C.M.G., N.Z.S.C. (Camp Commandant); Col. C. R. Macdonald, I.G.S. (Chief Infantry Instructor); Lieut.-Col. P. O. Andrew (P.M.O.); Major J. Mounsey (Camp Quartermaster); Capt. E. Purdon, N.Z.S.C. (Musketry Instructor).

Absent—Capt. G. H. Woolley (Assist. Musketry Instructor); Lieut. G. C. Felton (Paymaster).



SERGEANT-MAJOR INSTRUCTORS, PERMANENT STAFF, 1914-15—*Back Row*—S.M.'s Kebble, Lacey, Eastbury, Bale, Henry, Hendy, Blacklin, Bates, Thompson, Dudson, Meecham, Chapman. *Second Row*—S.M.'s Denman, Burr, Bethridge, Smith, Rayburn, Smell, Donaldson, Spencer, Dorizac, Fraser, Gearing, Watt. *Sitting*—R.S.M. Luckham, S.S.M. Colbert (W.O.), Capt. N. P. Adams, Col. H. R. Potter, S.M.'s Steadman, Rowe.

CAMP INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF, 1917—*Back Row*—Sergeant-Instructor R. W. Edwards, S.S.M. (W.O.) J. W. Domney, S.S.M. (W.O.) W. N. Bates, Sergeant-Instructor R. N. Howland, S.S.M. J. S. Thomson, Sergeant-Instructor A. F. Gamage, S.S.M. L. W. Taylor, Sergeant-Instructor M. Hill, S.S.M. J. Ryan, S.S.M. J. H. Keddeh, S.S.M. (W.O.) W. H. Donaldson, S.S.M. (W.O.) C. B. Wright. *Second Row*—S.S.M. S. E. C. Gray, S.S.M. (W.O.) J. H. Levy, S.S.M. E. J. McTigue, S.S.M. J. Milroy, S.S.M. (W.O.) J. Chapelbow, S.S.M. W. Gardiner, S.S.M. (W.O.) A. C. Jameson, Sergeant-Instructor J. Williams, S.S.M. (W.O.) H. L. Frank, Sergeant-Instructor S. F. Schanks, S.S.M. W. H. M. Yarrow, S.S.M. R. Meecham. *Front Row*—S.S.M. C. E. Rogers, S.S.M. A. J. King, Armourer-Sergeant R. Lyons, S.S.M. (W.O.) C. H. Ritzema, S.S.M. (W.O.) R. J. D. Davis, S.S.M. (W.O.) J. Cummings, S.S.M. (W.O.) J. H. Olney, S.S.M. H. Shaw, S.S.M. H. Fretwell, Sergeant-Instructor F. Lyons, Sergeant-Instructor W. Dunleavy, S.S.M. J. Beaumont.

FOLLOW THE DRUMS

*Theirs is the measure that spurs men on,
Rolling gaily, or, hoarse and hollow,
Bids them go where our best have gone,
Theirs are the voices the true men follow.
Theirs is the call to our hearts that comes:
"Follow the Drums!
Follow the Drums!"*



It was a hot forenoon. The Camp railway station shimmered in the heat-rays, and the score of bandsmen who waited looked tired. During four consecutive days they had met every draft of new men and played them into Camp. It was the welcome that is offered to those who have given up everything to follow the drums; and it was a hearty welcome—one that caused the train-weary men to smarten up and march in with swing and dash. But it was liable to make the bandsmen rather tired, for Trentham Camp Band is busy at any time. They were waiting, now, for the last draft, which included some stragglers who had fallen out by the way on their journeys from remote places.

Presently the train came in and paused, in the breathless way that expresses have when ordered to pull up at a station that is not on their schedule. The soldiers in mufti tumbled out, being urged to haste in getting themselves and luggage on to the platform. The train drew out again and left the newcomers in the limelight. Among them was a party of ten stragglers who had no luggage and no hats. Nine of them were huge, powerful-looking men, who appeared to be rather nonplussed by the situation.

"What now, Curly?" they said, addressing the tenth man, who was a short, dark, curly-headed man with a bright eye and a smile.

"This way, boys," said Curly, leading the way towards the first lieutenant who was superintending the detraining of the draft.

He halted and saluted, and his comrades copied his manner carefully. The officer said,

"Where are your hats?"

"We've lost them, sir," the spokesman said, "and our luggage, and jolly near lost ourselves."

"What happened?"

FOLLOW THE DRUMS

The dark man glanced at his comrades, as though to make certain that they were not leaving him in the lurch—behind his back, as it were—and replied,

“Well, sir, we’re from Gisborne. Got on the train at Napier, and all goes well till we gets to Waipuk. Know Waipukurau, sir?”

The lieutenant nodded.

“Well, in we steams into Waipuk. And there’s old Jimmy Mason. Know—of course you wouldn’t!

“‘Hullo, old sons!’ says Jimmy. ‘Come out and have a spot.’

“Well, seeing it was Jimmy, out we hops, leaving all our dunnage in the train.

“‘Here’s plenty of Germans!’ says Jimmy, to cut it short, sir, and just as we tastes it, whoop! goes the engine-whistle. We’re out like red-shanks after her. But it’s no use. The guard waves his hand to us in farewell. Back we goes to talk it over, and bless me, if somebody hadn’t drunk our beer! So there we are, sir—lost our passage, lost our luggage, lost our hats, and lost our beer!”

His silent comrades were moved to expressions of assent to this tale of culminating disaster. Curly watched the officer’s face with anxious eyes. For all his cheeriness, he had a vague idea that he and the nine giants with him were liable to be shot at dawn as deserters. But the officer’s smile was friendly.

“You will find your luggage in camp,” he told them, “and your hats, too. But there’ll be no beer.”

“Oh, that, sir,” said Curly, “that was only a circumstance—one of them, though, that alters cases.”

“Fall in with the others. Here, sergeant, take these men. You will be all right in camp,” was the officer’s dismissal. The band was waiting at the end of the platform—waiting for the budding soldiers. After a few awkward attempts the new men succeeded in forming fours and marched along to the band, which was executing what, to the civilian eye, looked like a quadrille. Even in his drill the bandsman is picturesque.

“Quick march!” the order came.

Boom—boom—boom! The big drum made the air quiver. The band struck up that tune which no one ever seems to remember the name of—the tune that lifts men along and puts a skirl into their blood. The new soldiers held their heads high, and the little dark man called Curly, in his efforts to hold his chin as high as the others, trod the earth like an emperor.

FOLLOW THE DRUMS

Through the camp gates they passed, where the white-belted police stood and the sentries paced on their beats. There was an awakening of interest at the sight of the men who had just joined the colours.

"Hold up your head!" a veteran of six weeks called out to Curly.

"Are we downhearted?" chanted a group at the corner, as the procession turned into a side street.

"NO!" was the answer roared by lusty lungs, and they went gaily on their way behind the band. Cheers greeted them from doorsteps where men of the senior draft in camp lounged with blasé superiority. They were only waiting for their ship, to be off to the war. These new ones were interesting specimens. They deserved to be bucked up and given a hearty welcome.

"Hurrray! Hurrray!" roared the veterans.

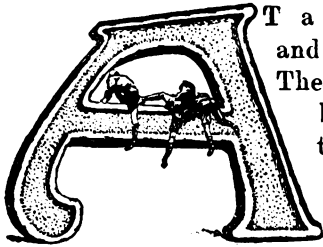
"Hurrray yourselves," replied Curly, in high good humour. "Tell the Bosches the Umty-eighths are coming."

Outside one of the large camp halls the band halted. The column gradually stopped without running right over the band, and stood and waited for further orders. Presently the men were manœuvred into the building and told to strip for medical examination. They had already been examined at the time of enlistment, and the camp examination was only a superficial one, for the weeding-out of men who were palpably unfit. In the draft of that day all passed the test and were marched away on another stage of their journey of initiation as soldiers. Led by their n.c.o., who was beginning to feel proud of them, they swung along to headquarters and were paraded beside the flagstaff, under the blue ensign that flies there from Reveille till Retreat.

So far their names had not been mentioned. To the medical officers who examined them they were merely men who were becoming soldiers. Unless they found one who must be sent out again, they did not bother about names. But it was to be different now. A sergeant-major with a pile of papers approached and began to read out the names which appeared on the papers. These were the enrolment and attestation papers of each man. As his name was called the recruit answered and stepped forward to be given his papers. Then the draft was marched away in its component units, to be dealt with by the Records Department.

THE RECORDS OFFICE

*They nail you down to a number,
And treat your name as a fact;
And then, my son, it's an easy-run,
If you only use some tact.*



T a long table in a large building were seated Curly and Long Mac and the eight others of the party. Their names had been called at the group roll-call beneath the flag; and now they were in charge of the officers of the unit to which they had been allocated. Opposite each man sat an officer or n.c.o. with the new soldier's attestation paper before him; and if an onlooker could have glanced along that row of ten attestation papers he would have read these names, without ever guessing at the men's nick-names which are here written in parentheses:—

"Horace Barley" (Curly).

"Duncan McGregor" (Long Mac).

"John Mills" (men knew him as Millie).

"Arthur Hoe" (Wat was his nickname).

"Benjamin Lusty" (whom the pet name of Blasty pleased).

"Harold Jallow" (abbreviated to Hal).

"Wilfred Race" (just Bill).

"Thomas Crow" (by Curly christened Rooster).

"Michael Laney" (Mick).

"George Dew" (Chinny, because of his double chin).

The foundations of the men's military histories were being laid.

"Your name is Lacey or Laney?"

An n.c.o. held Laney's papers up to the light to read. "How do you spell your surname?"

"M-i-c-h-a-e-l," said Laney.

"That is your Christian name."

"Oh, you mean my maiden name—L-a-n-e-y."

"Are you married or single?"

"Narrowly escaped both. I'm only engaged."

"Your next of kin?"

"My what?"

"Your nearest relative?"

"My nearest relative is in Queensland and all the rest are dead."

THE RECORDS OFFICE

"Then you must give me the name of the one in Queensland and the name of some friend who lives in New Zealand. And your religion?"

"My what?"

"What is your religion?"

"I don't know," said Laney, with hesitation.

"You must belong to some church. Say you belong to something. Are you an Episcopalian?"

"No," said Laney, "I'm an Australian. Look here, sir, what are you short of? I'll belong to that, if you like."

The n.c.o. smiled and wrote down something.

"Was your wife a widow or a spinster?" was the question put to Mills, whose occupation was given as a plumber.

"She was neither—she was a typist," came the astonishing reply.

"You can't remember what name you were baptised?" Bill Race was asked. "You have given your name as Wilfred and signed your paper as Will."

"No, sir. I'm sorry, but I was too young at the time."

"Who is your next-of-kin?" Curly's n.c.o. asked him.

"My mother," said Curly.

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. Barley."

"Her Christian name?"

Curly pondered.

"I'll have to write and ask her," he said at last. "I don't remember ever having heard it. We just called her Mum!"

"Well, tell me when you left home to come into camp."

"Yesterday morning."

The date was entered on the form as the one from which the soldier's pay would begin and his service commence—officially.

When the groups of soldiers had been put through the Records Office, the men were marched away under an n.c.o. to the Camp Quartermaster's stores, while their papers began a career almost as interesting as the military careers of their owners.

"What do you reckon they want all that information for?" asked Wat Hoe, as they marched along. "Asking us all those questions!"

"Oh, just to be able to identify a fellow, I suppose," said Curly. "There must be a lot of chatty information in that Records Office."

Of the bunch of papers constituting each soldier's file which comes to the Records Office, the attestation papers, showing that he has taken the oath of service, and the military history sheet remain in the Records Office

THE RECORDS OFFICE

at the Camp. The military history sheet, on which is shown all information regarding next-of-kin and marriage particulars, is kept up to date concerning posting, transfers from unit to unit or from one arm of the service to another, promotions or reversions. This constitutes the "statement of service," and shows exactly to which unit a soldier was attached and the rank held by him on a given date. The Base Records Office has a special department in the Wellington office for the purpose of summarising and making extracts from Regimental Orders which are received periodically from overseas. The conduct sheets are built up on the information gleaned by the office on the man's first day, and consist of the company conduct sheet and the regimental one. The former is kept by the officer commanding the unit, while the regimental conduct sheet remains at the Records Office, unless the owner of it is being tried by the commanding officer on a charge too serious to be dealt with by the officer commanding the company. Then the sheet is taken to Headquarters, to be returned immediately after the case is concluded. All crimes—to use the word in the military sense—whether company or regimental, are entered on the company sheet, but only the regimental ones appear on the regimental sheet. And it is not only in matters incurring blame that the soldier's regimental sheet is brought out to have entries recorded. Instances of exceptional or meritorious conduct that are brought before the commanding officer's notice are recorded in a man's conduct sheet also. As an example may be quoted a case of a gallant rescue by a soldier of a comrade from drowning in the Hutt River. When the circumstances were laid before the Commandant he ordered them to be recorded in Routine Orders, from which the facts were entered on the soldier's regimental conduct sheet.

The dental card which forms an item of a soldier's papers shows what work has been done to his teeth at the recruiting base and what more has to be done in camp. The card is sent to the Principal Dental Officer in the Camp Dental Hospital, who attends to it, particulars of the man's unit having been endorsed upon it so that he can be found. When all dental work has been completed, the cards, duly filled in, are returned to the Records Office and filed.

The personal files of soldiers move with the soldiers—perhaps not so far, always, but quite as fast. When, later on, Mills, escorted by Curly, who had become a corporal—duly endorsed on his card in the Records—moved over to the Engineers, and when Mike Laney joined the Camp Police, their files had moved from one clerk to another in the same room. Before the men had got themselves and their gear into their new quarters, their personal files were making acquaintance with a new lot of neighbours, and when, in course of time, Chinny Dew went away to join the Artillery at

THE RECORDS OFFICE

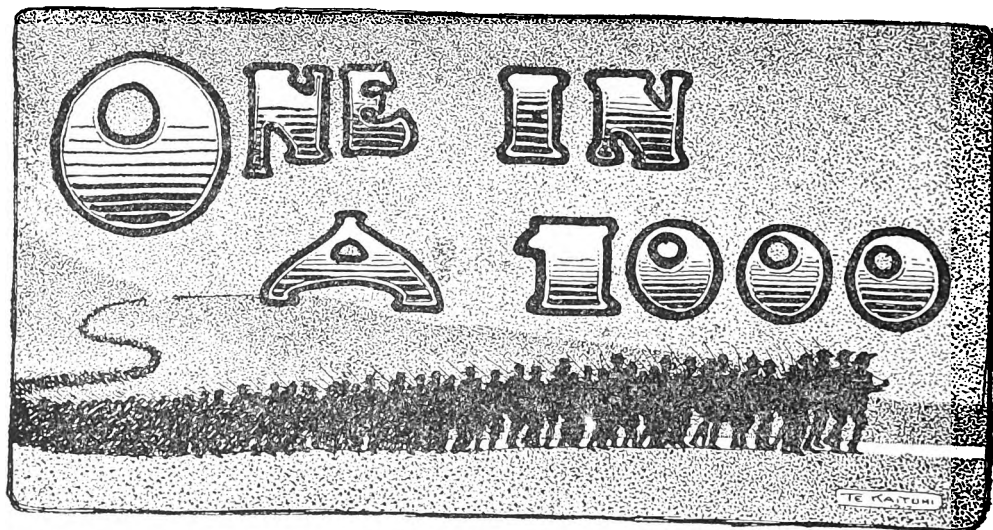
Featherston, his file had a joy ride in an envelope and never came back to Trentham, as it would have done had he stayed in the Infantry and merely gone to Featherston for a time.

Every soldier is given his number when he enters camp, and that number is never changed. Formerly the numbers were "bar numbers"—for example, 5/678—the figure before the bar indicating the particular branch of the forces to which the soldier belonged. The soldier's personal number was placed behind the bar.

In practice this system was found to be cumbersome when men were transferred to different branches of the service, as their personal numbers often coincided with those of men already in that unit. It was decided, therefore, to start a new system commencing with the number 10001. Curly and his friends had numbers which ran into five figures—just plain numbers without any bars. Right through the history of the New Zealand Army No. 01234 indicated Private Wat Hoe—and no one else could ever use it, nor could he ever have another number, not even if he had been able to re-enlist after being discharged as medically unfit, though to mention that circumstance is to run ahead of the story. The files of returned soldiers who are sent to camp and whose service has been continuous are despatched to camp again from the Base Records Office. Such men, if discharged and re-enlisted, have new papers, but their old ones are attached and they take their old numbers again.

In addition to the papers of the personal files, at Trentham a system of index cards has been adopted by means of which track can be kept of men who are in camp or who have been in camp. Their promotions, reversions, transfers, and movements from camp to camp are duly noted. In the fraction of a minute their whole camp careers can be covered by glancing at the cards, which are posted daily from the Routine Orders of Trentham and Featherston Camps and kept in alphabetical order according to Reinforcements.

When the troops sail, their files, after a period of intense activity, go to the Base Records Office at Wellington and remain there, but the cards remain at Trentham.



*"How did you feel as we passed the gate?
Did you think of your bairns and wife?"
"I felt I was one in a thousand, mate,
For the first time in my life."*

ON the day preceding the entry of Curly and his friends, Trentham was a busy place. A thousand men went into camp on that day—the busiest one of the week. They were medically examined, put through the records, allotted to their units, and supplied by the Camp Quartermaster's staff with knives, forks, plates, and pannikins, and then given a good meal of hot meat, vegetables, tea, bread and butter, and jam. Afterwards they were marched to the issue store, which was the busiest spot in the busiest department in the busy camp. The Camp Quartermaster knew they were coming, of course. Like everyone else in authority in camp, he had been making preparations for days, and the machinery of the issue store was oiled and ready. It is not really machinery, though the swift, smooth way in which the work is done suggests the simile. There is a strong human side to the issue store, as there is throughout the camp. The new soldier is strange and nervous and excited on his first day. It is a new and, to some, an upsetting experience. Nowhere is this more noticeable than at the issue store, where the soldiers receive their outfits of clothing. The greatest "grouser" in the ranks was excited when he received his first issue of soldiers' clothes.

On that busy day, not only were raw troops coming in; trained troops were awaiting embarkation overseas; it was the last of these who chaffed

ONE IN A THOUSAND

Curly when marching in. And the work attached to troops departing was as heavy as that of welcoming the incoming soldiers. Curly found that out for himself later on when he embarked.

Draft after draft of new men were marched up to the two doorways, that are sheltered by a wide verandah. They were in fours, and four men entered at a time. Before doing so they were told to unlace both boots and to remember the sizes they took in boots and hats.

"Be sure to get well-fitting boots, and take care of your kit when you get it," they were told.

"I don't remember the size of my hat," a facetious youth said, "but I take fifteens in collars."

"But they don't issue dog-collars here," a quiet-voiced corporal replied.

"Don't get hustled—take your time, but be quick," was the advice given to the first file.

The four men marched into the store. Two followed an orderly down a passage that was stacked with clothing; the other two were taken in hand by another orderly and bade to choose an overcoat. One of them made a choice in ten seconds—it was a happy coincidence in sizes. The other was not so rapid. Hats came next, and then boots. Then they moved on to select denim suits.

"A soldier's feet and head require careful fitting," said the Quartermaster; "they are both inclined to swell at times."

With spare hat jammed on top of his old one, overcoat on, and boots and denims in his hands, the soldier returned to the table where an n.c.o. had the new man's issue card before him. On the floor lay the rest of the issue, neatly laid out on the soldier's oil sheet.

"Keep your eye on your kit," an n.c.o. warned the man. Then the Quartermaster-Sergeant read out:—

"One greatcoat—one hat—one palliasse—one kit-bag—three blankets—one pair boots—two drawers—two shirts—two undershirts—one suit denims—three pairs socks—one jersey—one knife—fork—spoon—one plate—mug—two towels—one waterproof sheet—sign here!"

During this breathless sentence the new soldier listened attentively and with a rather puzzled expression on his face. He was trying to follow the inventory. His anxiety would have been lessened had he remembered that his corporal was standing beside the orderlies who made up the bundle in the waterproof sheet. The eagle eye of this n.c.o. never left the articles as they were deftly placed on the waterproof sheet. If an item had been missing he would have raised a protest, for his orders were to keep silent

ONE IN A THOUSAND

unless he saw a mistake being made. Very rarely has an n.c.o. in this position to raise his voice, mistakes being exceedingly few.

The recruit stepped forward and signed his issue card, upon which the items had been entered before the list was read out. Then he was led outside, staggering under his load. With dozens of others he spread his issue out on the ground and ran over the items. Other n.c.o.'s assisted the new men to take stock, after which everything that could be so disposed of was crammed into the white kit-bag. Over the men's shoulders were hung such trifles as boots, and, having fallen in when this was done, the men were taken away, in squads of about twenty, to their huts, where they would get into their soldier's garb and realise that the plunge into military life had been made.

Led by their smart corporal, a squad tramped away with shouldered burdens. As they passed a cook-house the cooks indulged in humorous remarks.

"What time would you like to be called in the morning, sir?" they cried. "How do you like your eggs boiled?"

A civilian who was not a recruit came in for it, too.

"Why, there's a gentleman without his portmanteau," a cook shouted. "Shall we send a hansom for it, sir?"

"Left! Left!" the corporal said, as though to show his disdain of frivolity. A cook sent a parting shot:

"Don't forget to put your boots out, boys. Number nines, I take."

Long after the bulk of the recruits were in bunk that night the camp remained busy. "Lights out" had sounded long since ere the tired staff was able to follow that sound, soldierly advice.

CAMP QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

*Somebody lost his rifle,
Somebody's window broke,
Somebody's broom, a trifle,
Was "pinched" by another bloke.
And up in the busy office,
They wrote the story down:
Something to pay by Company A,
On account of Smithers and Brown.*



66 **E**VERYTHING movable in Camp, except the A.S.C. and its wagons, is kept track of by the Camp Quartermaster—everybody and everything, from a soldier to an electric light bulb. The Camp Quartermaster knows where they all should be; and if they aren't where they ought to be, he generally knows where they are."

In these words a wise n.c.o. explained certain matters to the recruits, and warned them concerning losses or breakages of equipment or hut fittings and furniture.

"Always report these matters," he said, "and get a new issue. If you don't, you'll have to pay for it."

"And what sort of a cyclone hits you when you report that you've lost anything," asked Curly.

"No sort of a cyclone, unless you have been careless. Then you get it hot—and serve you right, too!"

When the new men, after being equipped, were taken away to their quarters, there was no haphazard selection of huts made. Before the Reinforcement began to mobilise, it was all arranged, down to the last scrubbing-brush in each hut. The huts at Trentham will accommodate two Reinforcements; but there is not much left over. Usually, when a new draft enters Camp, there is another Reinforcement there. There are nine companies in a draft, lettered from A to J. Half of the block of hut buildings is lettered on a plan in such a way that J Company is in the centre of the block of buildings. The other half is lettered in the same manner, but with the letters running in the reverse way, so that J again comes into the middle of the plan. If there is a shortage in one draft and an overflow in the other, here is where the give and take occurs: it is the only semblance of elasticity there is to ease the situation.

An officer of each company of the incoming troops, accompanied by a sergeant-major of the Camp Quartermaster's staff, goes through the huts which his company is to occupy, on the day before the recruits or troops

CAMP QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

come in. Anything that is damaged or missing is noted down by the n.c.o., and the officer signs the list and makes it his business to see that everything is put into order before the troops arrive. Tin wash-basins, scrubbing-brushes, brooms, etc., are supplied in full, and are duly entered up against that company. If a broom, for example, is broken, the Quartermaster's stores will replace it, if the broken one is returned to the barracks store. If it is not returned and is thrown away instead, the value of it must be paid for out of that company's regimental funds. Every article issued to men or to huts must be accounted for—it is a debit that must be liquidated—and the proper way to do so is to take care of the article and return it when the proper time comes, except in regard to the service equipment which is issued to the men to be taken away with them.

The Camp Quartermaster's stores occupy several buildings and are beginning to overflow. The largest of the stores is the bulk store. In it the men's equipment is stored in vast quantities. Boots fill tiers of shelves that rise to the ceilings, tunics make a khaki wall of colour, blankets—a blue shadow of warmth—are alongside them, while equally large supplies of the other articles that are issued fill the store and fill the eye. Order and system are everywhere.

On the eve of a mobilisation the issue store makes out a requisition for the equipment it is likely to want and sends it to the bulk store. It is like a retailer sending an order to a wholesale house. Delivery is made at once, and the smaller issue store looks, for a time, like a left luggage office. Soon every line of goods is stowed away in its appointed racks. When the rush comes on the morrow, it is simple work for the orderlies to make up each man's issue from the racks. The book-keeping is extensive, both before the goods are issued and after, for the issue cards which the men sign have to be filed and repeatedly taken out to have further entries made upon them. Immediately after the issue they are entered in ledgers and filed away. A few days later the boxes of cards, each box representing a company, are taken out again for the second issue to be entered on and signed for. At the issue of rifles and bayonets they come out again, and for the issue of web equipment. When the Reinforcement is on the eve of sailing much of the equipment is returned, and the final issue, including shoes for shipboard, is made. Once more the cards are brought out. Eventually, after everything has been checked by the office and the O.C.'s companies, the cards are taken away by the latter, to be carried wherever the troops go. So far as the Camp Quartermaster is concerned he is finished with them, though a few may come back, ere the ship sails, owing to men missing their passage. Each card must always be where the soldier is to whom it belongs.

CAMP QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

The third building of importance is the barracks store. It is the most interesting, too, though it deals only with stores that are used in camp. There is no glamour of war about it. All the domestic necessities of life are stored there—wash-basins, coffee-pots, metal polish, brooms, cook-tins, fire-bars, paints, and hundreds of other things necessary for training and equipment. Such items as paint, which is used to make distinguishing marks on the sea-kits of departing troops, are not expected to be returned after use; but what may be termed the hardware of the camp sooner or later comes back to the store, either broken or worn out. Often the breaks can be repaired; if not, new ones are issued in place of the returned articles, which are made up into bundles and laid out neatly in the ordnance yard behind the store, to be "Boarded." A list of them is made, and when the Board has deliberated on the worn-out material its verdict is entered on the list and the signatures of the members of the Board appended. Against an entry of old fire-bars, for example, might be written, "To be sent to Headquarters, Buckle Street, for produce." So far as the Camp is concerned, the books are closed by this entry. From Headquarters the iron is sold. Worn-out broomheads might figure thus: "Fifty-six pounds of broomheads to the A.S.C. for bakehouse fires." That ends the broomheads, too. The A.S.C. sends a receipt and an assurance that they have been used as directed.

Adjoining the barracks store is the boot-shop, where repairs are carried out. The floor is covered with boots—newly-soled ones and old road-worn ones that sadly need the cobbler's hand. Often the rush of work is so great that the workers cannot keep pace with it: then a reserve of repaired boots that have been mended in the Headquarters boot-shop in Wellington is called into service. The soldier who brings in a pair of boots, instead of waiting for his own, takes his pick and ensures a comfortable fit from the hundreds of pairs on the floor. It may not always be as comforting as to get his own back, but, after all, every soldier gets two pairs of boots before he sails, so he has choice of wearing. Every item in the C.Q.M. stores is dealt with in thousands, including the ledger accounts, over two thousand being opened every month, while the current ledger accounts always number about eight thousand. Few business firms in the Dominion conduct their businesses on such gigantic lines as do the C.Q.M. stores at Trentham. During the first three months of this year the items issued to soldiers personally—apart from the furnishings of huts—were as follows:—5,557 mess tins and covers, 13,781 jackets, 13,775 trousers, 109 pantaloons, 8,261 putties, 8,702 greatcoats, 8,921 hats and puggarees, 19,190 brass titles, 8,632 palliasses, 8,718 kitbags, 30,798 pairs of blankets, 5,639 pairs of braces, 17,623 boots, 17,498 drawers, 17,500 shirts, 17,501 undershirts, 5,571 shoes, 9,013 denim jackets, 26,238 pairs of socks, 5,535 cholera belts, 5,639

CAMP QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

holdalls, 5,594 sea-kits, 8,733 jerseys, 8,088 tooth-brushes, 8,069 housewives, 8,726 knives, forks, and spoons, 8,719 plates and mugs, 17,418 towels, 9,082 waterproof sheets, 9,085 denim trousers, and 8,263 denim shorts. These figures, multiplied by four, give an amazing total of the amount of equipment required in fitting-out the Infantry and Engineers of the New Zealand Army during one year, and of the extent of the organisation required to keep the stocks in such order that there is never a shortage of any particular line.

An important work of the Quartermaster's stores is the training of quartermasters for service with the drafts of troops proceeding overseas. Each company is allowed one company quartermaster-sergeant, and each regiment one regimental quartermaster-sergeant. These men are selected by the Camp Quartermaster, with due regard to their business ability and to their occupations when civilians. Other things being equal, married men with children are given preference.

The training begins in the stores, where the soldier carries out duties in every branch dealing with clothing and equipping the men. He is trained, also, in the methods of constructing field kitchens, incinerators, latrines, washing and cleaning arrangements, striking and pitching camps, making bivouacs, billeting men, organising ammunition and water supplies, and the drawing and distribution of food to troops. Finally, he is required to pass an examination to qualify for appointment as a quartermaster-sergeant.

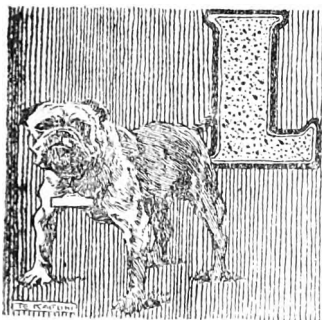
All new soldiers, on entering camp, are taken under the wing of the Q.M.S. They look to him for advice, and he pilots them through their many trials and tribulations, administering here a kind word and there a "blast"—which is the army word for a reprimand—as occasion requires.

The Quartermaster-Sergeant is really the housekeeper of the unit. He works long hours, and on every day of the week, supplying the needs of his n.c.o's and men, from a pair of socks to a tot of rum. Behind him are comprehensive regulations which support his authority in his department: it is a saying that without these it would be impossible for him to keep both feet down and his head up. The Q.M.S. knows the size of every man's uniform in his company, and of his boots and hat, and keeps a record of every article of kit on issue. He attends to the kits of men sick or discharged, transferred or absent, with or without leave; and he controls cooks and fatigues and is responsible that waste of food does not take place.

All these things he learns at the C.Q.M. stores before he is attached to a unit, and he has further training while his company is in camp, for the C.Q.M. stores, in conjunction with the Army Service Corps, control the whole work of feeding every man in camp.

CAMP TOURISTS

*"And here is the clock," says the n.c.o.,
And mops at his dewy brow;
"But what," says the rookie, "I want to know,
Is where do you keep the cow?"*



ATE in the afternoon of their arrival in camp, Curly and his nine companions were grouped gracefully about the steps to the hut in which they had changed from civilians to soldiers. They were admiring one another's uniforms, criticising boots, and making remarks about the little differences which existed between the shape of their trousers and their legs.

"Not bad, taken all round," Long Mac remarked with sarcasm. "Curly is the smartest of the bunch. It's the boots that worry me.

"Take a big enough pair—you can't change 'em," says the officer with the blue uniform. I took his advice, and I could just about swim in them."

Wat Hoe, a still, silent man, took his hat off and examined it thoughtfully. It was a bright brown felt, and the crown stood round and high, with no crease or fold in it. His eyes wandered to the hat and puggaree of a passing soldier, a veteran of the camps.

"Change you hats, mate," said Hoe.

"Don't you," replied the soldier. "That suits your make-up. You can't be a tourist without one of them hats."

After the men had passed, Hoe turned to Curly.

"Who wants to be a tourist?" he asked.

"That's what he said, and I suppose we are, sitting here and watching the passing show, like. Personally, I feel more like a mislaid umbrella that doesn't harmonise with the strange hall-stand. But we'll soon settle down, don't fret. This is going to be an interesting turn, and I'm going to be a corporal."

"That's next to a kernel, ain't it?" asked Blasty, in a loud voice.

"Not exactly, but you're one of the nuts, just the same."

"Come for a walk round," a voice interrupted. "Come and see the camp, your future temporary home."

The group brought its eyes from the dreaming distance to see a corporal standing before them. He was big in build, but not as big as the nine who eyed him calmly and in silence.

CAMP TOURISTS

"Righto," said Curly. "Come on, sons."

The nine rose obediently and joined the walking party. Curly walked with the corporal, Long Mac was at the n.c.o.'s other elbow, and the remaining eight walked behind. The corporal waved a hand.

"Bunch up, there, rear rank, and I'll tell you about the camp."

They looked at Curly and he nodded. So they bunched up.

"This place," said Long Mac, as they walked past headquarters, where the staff officers' horses were being led up and down by orderlies—"this place reminds me of a show—an agricultural show. Big buildings, you know, and crowds of people."

"Seems to me like a factory," said Hoe.

"No, it's a town," corrected the corporal, "and there is the town clock."

They all stared up at the clock in the tower opposite headquarters.

"Set your watches by it. That's Trentham town time," said the n.c.o.

Solemnly they followed his advice, and then passed on to the post office.

"The sixth in importance in New Zealand," said the guide. "More letters, parcels, postal notes, and telegrams pass through that office than there does in a town like—well, like Gisborne, for instance."

"I don't believe you," said Blasty.

"I don't want you to," was the calm retort; "statistics prove it—no need for me to."

He led them into the road again and showed them the Engineers' camp of tents, arranged in neat rows, and with a garden outside the officers' tents.

"Nice cosmos, those," said Mills, who had been fond of his garden at home. "Very nice."

The A.S.C. quarters and the bakery were next observed. The n.c.o. waved his hand towards the distant hills.

"The trenches and rifle ranges are away over there. Now," as they turned from looking, "this is the Soldiers' Club. Come here of an evening and I'll pip any of you at billiards—any of you."

"Don't know about that, son," said Curly. "We'll give it a go, some day, any way."

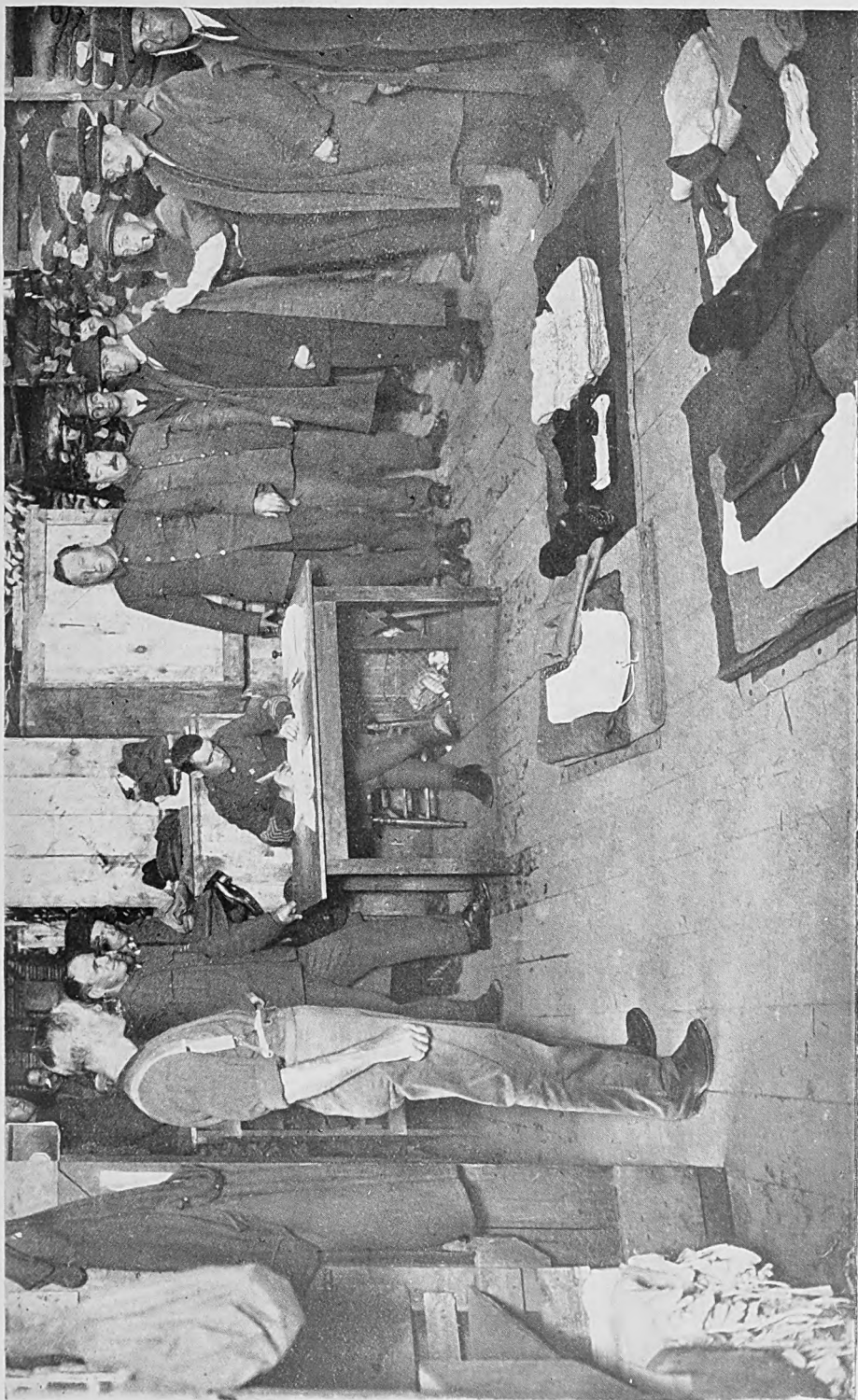
Past the shops and along to the camp gates and guardhouse and the hospital the party went. Other tourists, similarly conducted, were being shown round, too. It was all full of interest to the new men, and the n.c.o.'s seemed to take a pleasure in explaining it. Perhaps they recalled the day when they were new men, walking in new boots and strange clothing in a land full of surprises.



RECRUITS ENTERING CAMP

FIRST ISSUE OF CLOTHING TO RECRUITS OF
2nd REINFORCEMENTS, TRENTHAM, 1914

AN ISSUE OF RIFLES TO THE 9th REINFORCE-
MENTS IN THE OPEN IN 1915 BEFORE THE
ARMOURER'S SHOP WAS BUILT

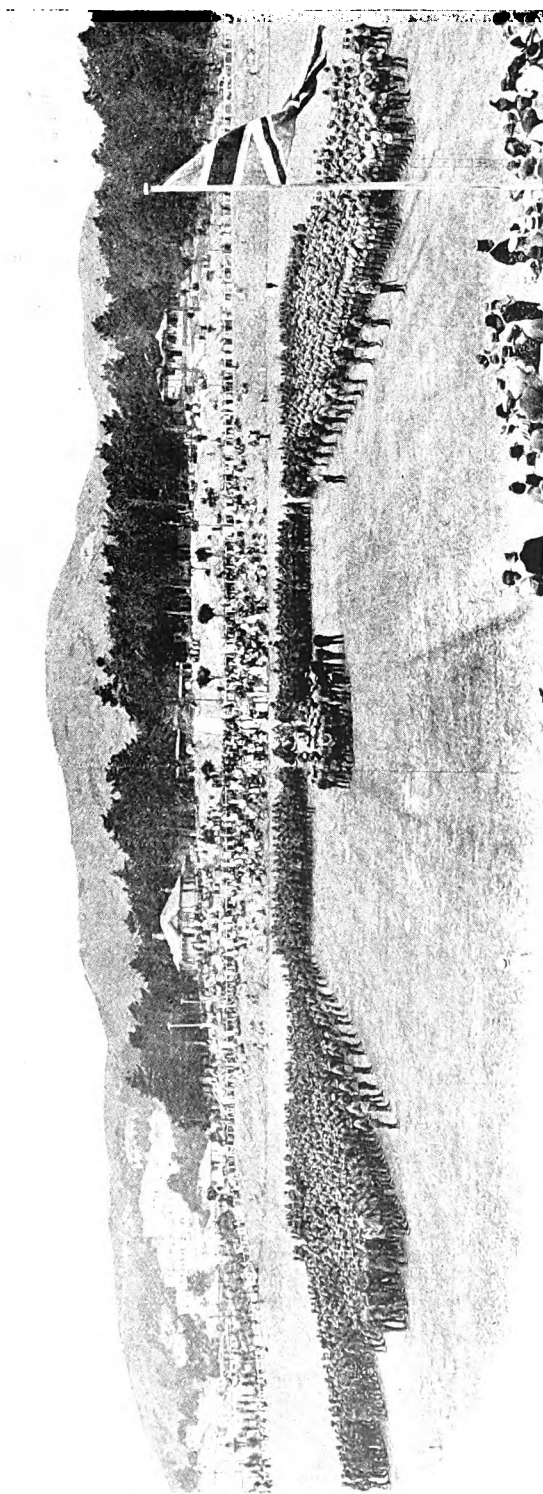


"SIGN HERE"—RECRUITS RECEIVING THEIR FIRST ISSUE OF CLOTHING IN THE ISSUE STORE



RIDING SCHOOL, TRENTHAM, 1915

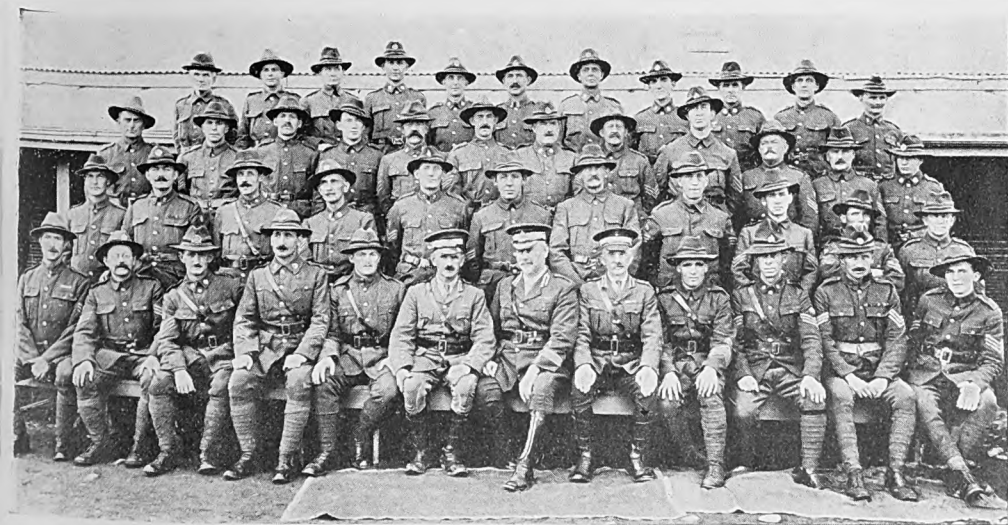
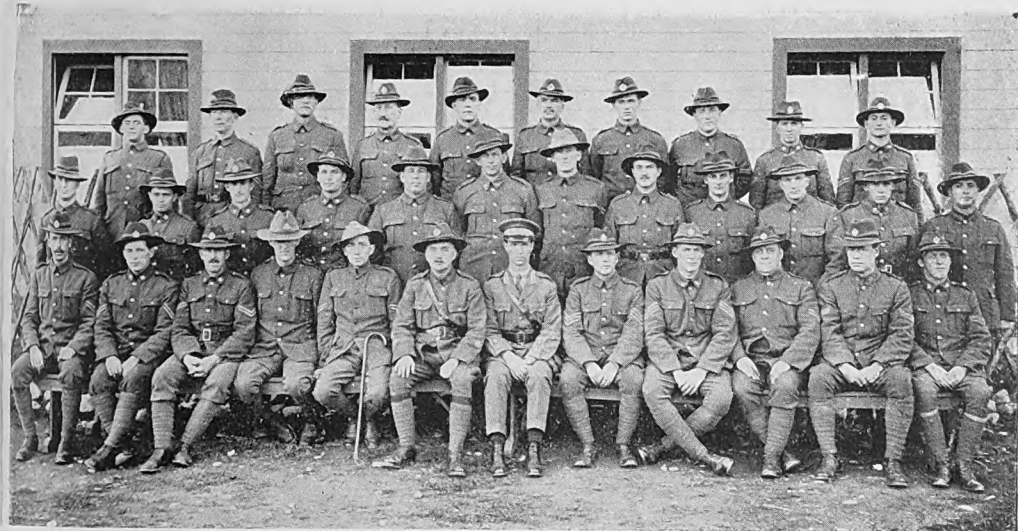
EMBARKATION OF MOUNTED RIFLES
FROM TRENTHAM, 1915



REVIEW OF FOURTH REINFORCEMENTS AND MAORI
CONTINGENT (on right) at Newtown Park, Wellington.

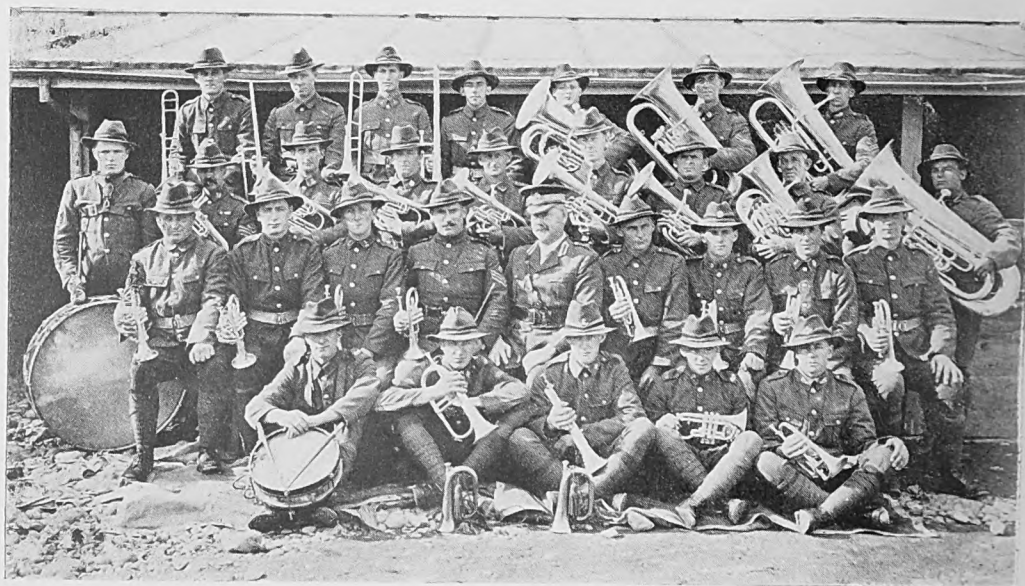


THE RECORDS OFFICE, TRENTHAM CAMP



CAMP RECORDS OFFICE STAFF

CAMP QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE AND STORE
STAFF AND HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS



HOWITZER BATTERY—TRENTHAM, 1915

CAMP MILITARY BAND—Bandmaster F. A. Fox

CAMP TOURISTS

"It's the first two days that are hard," the corporal was telling Curly. "By the end of the second day in Massey's boots you'll want to sit down and swear. Then, all of a sudden you get over it. At the end of a week—after you've had a leave in town in your new uniform—you're just the fellow. And then you never look back."

He paused to show them the Dental Hospital and explain how soldiers were treated there.

"Like going to sleep in an armchair—till you wake up," he said facetiously, and they listened with solemn eyes, except Curly, whose eyes were always twinkling, and Laney, who always wore an air of inscrutable quietness. Back, by a side-road that led them to the shower-baths, the party went, and then the guide said he would show them something they had never seen before, the evening "dismiss."

The sunset was flooding the hills behind the camp with a purple glow; far up the valley light rain-clouds were gathering and moving from the distant mountains towards the camp. A vivid rainbow spanned from hills to hills across the valley. There was not a breath of wind, and the smoke from the camp cook-houses and incinerators rose in black and grey columns.

On the parade-ground 4000 men were drawn up in companies. The khaki mass was relieved by the red of puggarees, the healthy brown of sunburned faces, and the glint of accoutrements. Bugles sounded and the companies wheeled and turned until they were arrayed in a long line facing the camp, where the Camp Band was stationed at the end of one of the streets. As the band burst into martial music the men presented arms and remained at the "present" while the Camp Commandant rode along the lines. It was such a sight as makes the pulses beat faster. Then the band paused. The rifles, moving like parts of one vast machine, leaped to the slope, an order was given, and the band played a lively march. It seemed, then, that the companies began to perform in the intricacies of a gigantic maze. Here one wheeled to the left, another to the right; one came straight towards the road where the band played.

In a few minutes the camp was astir with marching men. On every road and in every lane they moved, no company clashing with the other. Opposite each hut platoons swerved from the ranks and were dismissed, to rush, shouting and singing, into their quarters, tossing off hats and accoutrements and hanging rifles up hastily. In ten minutes the camp was noisy with the voices of healthy, hungry men. Mess orderlies dashed away, and the smell of wholesome food in the still evening air was as balm to the dismissed soldiers.

LIGHTS OUT

*"Lights out," the bugle's callin',
And, if it ain't out quite,
You'll hear the picket bawlin':
"Put out that shining light!"*



LONG MAC and Hoe had proved themselves capable mess orderlies at the first test. From the cook-house to their hut they had sprinted, one bearing a dish of roast beef, potatoes, and vegetables, sufficient for ten men, the other with a huge tea-urn from the capacious spout of which the men poured themselves pannikins of boiling-hot tea. In the light of the softly-glowing electric lamps the ten men disposed of their first course. Then the mess orderlies, it being Tuesday, brought currant pudding, and there was bread and butter and jam to follow.

"If," said William Race, whom men called Bill, "if this is the tucker on Tuesdays, what do they give us on Sundays?"

The Rooster, to whom the question was put, did not know. Yet, had they inquired further, they would have been told that in every cook-house in the Camp there is a messing-sheet showing each day's menu. Since there are seven days in the week, the alternating of items every day makes the menu different on the same day of different weeks. The messing-sheets read as follows:—

Monday.—Breakfast: Porridge, Irish Stew, Bread, Butter, Jam, Tea.
Lunch: Bread, Butter, Cheese, Jam, Tea. Dinner: Mutton (Roast and Boiled), Sauce, Potatoes, Vegetables in season, Bread, Butter, Jam, Tea.

Tuesday.—Breakfast: Porridge, Fried Chops and Onions, Hashed Mutton, Bread, Butter, Jam, Coffee. Lunch: Soup, Bread, Butter, Cheese, Jam, Tea. Dinner: Beef (Roast and Boiled), Gravy, Potatoes, Vegetables in season, Currant Pudding, Bread, Butter, Jam, Tea.

Wednesday.—Breakfast: Porridge Bacon and Mashed Potatoes, Bread, Butter, Jam, Tea. Lunch: Bread, Butter, Cheese, Jam, Tea. Dinner: Mutton (Roast and Boiled), Potatoes, Vegetables in season, Bread and Butter Pudding, Bread, Butter, Jam, Tea.

Thursday.—Breakfast: Porridge, Fried Chops, Onions, Dry Hash, Bread, Butter, Jam, Coffee. Lunch: Soup, Bread, Butter, Cheese, Jam, Tea. Dinner: Beef (Roast and Boiled), Potatoes, Vegetables in season, Bread, Butter, Jam, Tea.

“LIGHTS OUT”

Friday.—Breakfast: Porridge, Sausages, Bread, Butter, Jam, Tea.
Lunch: Bread, Butter, Cheese, Jam, Tea. Dinner: Mutton (Roast and Boiled), Potatoes, Vegetables in season, Treacle or Jam Pudding, Bread, Butter, Jam, Tea.

Saturday.—Breakfast: Porridge, Fried Chops and Onions, Curried Mutton Stew, Bread, Butter, Jam, Coffee. Dinner: Beef (Roast and Boiled), Potatoes, Vegetables in season, Bread, Butter, Jam, Tea.
Tea: Welsh Rabbit, Bread, Butter, Cheese, Jam, Tea.

Sunday.—Breakfast: Porridge, Bacon and Mashed Potatoes, Bread, Butter, Jam, Tea. Dinner: Mutton (Roast and Boiled), Potatoes, Vegetables in season, Sago or Tapioca Pudding, Bread, Butter, Jam, Tea. Tea: Bread, Butter, Cheese, Jam, Tea.

The mess orderlies were gathering up the plates and knives and pannikins and taking them to the washing-up benches near the cook-house. Curly was smoking an evening pipe. It was still daylight outside the huts, and he strolled towards Headquarters. At that instant the steam whistle, which is used to signal certain hours of the day, blew hoarsely. When it had ceased blowing, the buglers sounded the Retreat. It was a brisk soldiers' call, yet had notes that were rich and rounded. As they played, the blue ensign was lowered slowly to earth, to be gathered in and stowed away. Curly noticed that every man stood at attention while the Retreat was sounding. He placed his heels together and stood very rigid, too, till the flag was lowered.

“What do you call that?” he asked a soldier.

“That's the end of the day,” said the soldier—“what they call the Retreat.”

“Thanks,” said Curly. “Rather fine, I think.”

“You bet!” was the reply. “But wait till you hear Reveille!”

The new soldier strolled along the lighted street. At a building with the sign “Gospel Hall” above its doorway he paused, and finally entered. There were writing-tables there, and he sat down to write a letter home to his mother. He told her briefly about his experiences in camp. Putting the letter in his pocket, he went out again, and presently came to the Church of England Institute. There was a writing-room there, too, adjoining the large hall. Curly's eyes twinkled. An idea had occurred to him. He would write another letter home on the notepaper of this Institute.

“It will open their eyes to know how they provide for soldiers here,” he soliloquised.

"LIGHTS OUT"

This was only a short note. Then he went further along the street and saw, in a bunch, the Methodist, Y.M.C.A., Presbyterian, and Catholic Institutes, all roomy, attractive places.

"This is making it too hot," thought Curly. "However, here goes."

He went into each of them in turn and wrote more letters.

"Now for the canteen and some cigarette," was his next thought. But, opposite the canteen he saw the Salvation Army Institute. He was a persistent person, and he wrote another letter to his mother on Salvation Army notepaper. He could see no more institutes, so he called at the canteen and bought his cigarettes. Then to the post office.

"Seven penny-ha'penny stamps, please," he said to the clerk.

"What do you want penny-ha'pennies for?" asked the clerk.

"Why do you want to know?" asked Curly.

"Because soldiers in camp only have to put a penny stamp on their letters—that's why."

"Well, I'll save money if I do nothing else in camp," said Curly, "and the more letters I write, the more money I'll save. Thank you, son."

Having posted his letters, he went back to his hut and found Long Mac and Hoe struggling with the problem of making their beds with the blankets that had been issued to them.

"I think I can do it better than that. A corporal at the store was telling me how to do it. 'Fold one this way and one that way,' he says, 'and put the single blanket that way. Sleep warm, my son, even if it takes a lot of time to make your bed. Half the sick parades are caused by sleeping cold,' he says. That's right, I do believe—anyhow, it's near enough. We can touch 'em up at bedtime. Let's go and look at the shops and have a game of billiards."

Sounds of singing came from one of the halls, where a concert was in progress. A concertina wheezed in a hut over the way. Someone was step-dancing further along the lines. They passed on, over the railway siding, and gazed in the shop windows for half-an-hour. Then they wandered back to the saloons and watched the billiards for an hour—they felt too shy to play. As they made their way back to their hut they heard a bugler sounding the First Post. The silver notes seemed to soar to the stars that shone so clearly in the skies. But there were slow, reluctant notes at the end.

"Sounds like a first warning. Let us go to bed," quoth Curly.

"LIGHTS OUT"

They were between the blankets when the Last Post sounded. Its golden notes rose, it seemed, on rushing wings that carried the sound to the very gates of heaven—that was how the big, quiet man Mills, who had loved his garden, put it.

"It's a second warning, any way," said Hoe. "What's the next, Curly?"

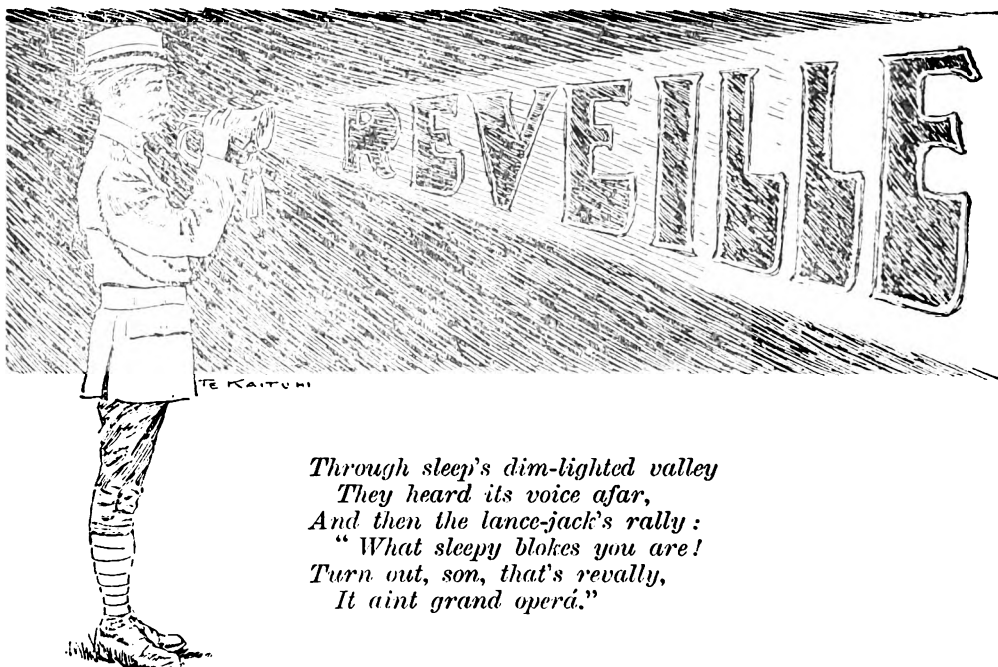
"Lights out," was the sleepy reply.

Presently it came, husky and slow.

"Lights—out! Lights—out!"—just those slow notes and nothing more.

"An' pleasant dreams," added Curly, as the n.c.o. snapped off the electric light.





*Through sleep's dim-lighted valley
They heard its voice afar,
And then the lance-jack's rally:
"What sleepy blokes you are!
Turn out, son, that's revally,
It aint grand opérá."*

THE sun was rising above the hills behind the camp when a bugle called. It had scarcely ceased when another took up the call and sent it echoing softly up the valley.

"That is a pretty tune," a man in Curly's hut remarked. At that moment a lance-corporal entered the hut.

"Pretty tune! Here, that's revally! Turn out, you men! Snoring here like millionaires! Show a leg!"

The hut was all activity after that. Men, half-dressed, took wash-bowls, soap, and towels across to the covered washing-places, where there are rows of taps, and splashed and spluttered. Others were shaving, and a few trotted off to the bath-house to have a cold shower. At half-past six the platoons fell in and were taken for a half-hour's march, to be taught march-discipline. The new men learned in this short tramp what marching really means.

"It was the row of the boots on the gravel that surprised me. I suppose it is always like that, and a man will get used to it," said Curly at breakfast, when the men were discussing their new surroundings and work. He was right—the sound is in the ears of officers and men all the time; only the first few front files in the column, who are able to see the roadway ahead, are not obsessed by it. On the march, at every quarter-hourly halt, the leading company falls to the rear and the second one takes

REVEILLE

the lead. It is much easier to march at the head of the column, and one of the reasons is that the sound of the marching column is behind the men—not ahead of them and about them, as well as behind them. The leading company misses the dust, too, and sees where it is going.

There is something irresistibly impressive in the sound of marching troops, especially at night. In the stillness the stride—stride—stride can be heard a long way off, and on night marches there are no other sounds, except the whispering of orders, which is not a sound that carries far. The column comes into hearing; louder and louder grows the beat of boots on the gravel; and then it passes away, grows fainter and fainter in the distance, and one realises that a large body of troops has passed, borne on thousands of booted feet that made the same steady stride—stride—stride that is the symbol of marching men.

It would seem strange to a civilian to be suddenly placed between two marching companies. He would think, at first, that the noise of the boots would subside presently; no doubt the men ahead of him and behind him were crossing rough metal. Then he would realise that the sound was the usual accompaniment of marching. It would fascinate him, this ceaseless, rhythmic beat that came from far ahead and could be heard far behind him, and seeming to warn all other sounds away.

“Stride—stride—stride—stride!” Never a miss in the regular beat. It would perhaps come to the civilian that he would like to stop it, if only for an instant—would like to hear a mis-step. He would hear plenty of these among a body of new men. If he had marched behind Chinny Dew, for example, for five minutes he would have had no need to complain of monotony of sound.

The platoons fell in again at half-past eight to go on their first parade. Their platoon sergeant, a hardy-looking young n.c.o., inspected them to see that they were all properly shaved and washed and their boots cleaned.

“You must clean the heels of your boots as well as the toes,” he told Lusty.

“Yes, sir,” said the big man. The platoon commander had reached the last man, when the company sergeant-major, with a fine pair of lungs, shouted,

“Markers!”

One man from each platoon doubled out, and the four were placed at distances of seven paces from one another. They were the right markers of each platoon. The commander handed them over to the platoon sergeant, who had a bustling way but smiling eyes.

REVEILLE

"Fall in on your markers!" the sergeant-major with the big voice ordered. "Lively, now!"

"What, in Jerusalem, does that mean?" Long Mac muttered to Curly.

"Just line up behind those fellows at the end, that's all. Watch me!"

The ranks were formed up a pace and a-half in the rear of the markers. The company sergeant-major bellowed,

"Attention! Right dress!"

A shuffling of feet followed—much anxious glancing along the lines of manly chests that were disguised in the loose denims. When the lines looked fairly straight and the shuffling was finished, the company sergeant-major reported to the company commander that the parade was present and correct. The company was ready to march off.

On arriving at the racecourse, the order was,

"Company markers!"

Again markers were placed and the four platoons of each company became a conglomerate body by "marching up on their markers." Reports were collected by the senior sergeant-major from the company sergeants-major and the parade was then handed over by the staff sergeant-major to the instructor in charge, the staff sergeant-major reporting,

"Parade present, sir!"

His compelling eye happened to be focussed upon Wat Hoe at the moment. That sensitive soldier began to feel that he was the parade, and a severe attack of stage-fright was only averted by the instructor rapping out,

"Attention!"

The officers commanding companies were to march their handsome-looking bodies of men to their respective parade-grounds—an order which the O.C.C.'s acknowledged by saluting. The companies were marched up, and on their parade-grounds were broken up into squads of from twelve to fifteen men, to be taken in hand by a corporal or sergeant or sergeant-major, and the new men began to learn their drill.

The squad containing Curly and his comrades was in charge of a boyish-looking corporal who knew his drill. He had spent three months in camp before these, his trusty warriors, were sent in, so he knew more than they did or thought they did.

"The work you are going to do now is simple and elementary," he said. "Use your common sense and don't get fussed. Squad, 'shun!"

The squad "'Shunned" rather well.

"Stand at ease!"

They drooped visibly, with their feet glued to the ground.

REVEILLE

"We're going to do turnings, now," said the n.c.o.—"One two—like that. Attention! Right turn—one, two! That man"—singling out the Rooster—"Lift your feet smartly—one, two! That's better!"

From dozens of squads on the parade-ground the voices of the n.c.o.'s sounded. It was a clear, sunny morning, and the voices carried. One squad was learning to salute. From a distance the men looked like animated semaphores, while their n.c.o., saluting beautifully, tried to instruct them in this soldiers' art. For an hour the drill went on. Then all the squads began to pace slowly, like men on a balancing-board, across their parade-ground. Every now and then they paused, only to resume their ludicrous, slow marching.

"This gives you poise and ease in marching," an n.c.o. said. He walked up to his resting squad, talking as he did so, and with a hand on the shoulders of two men absently kicked a stone away that lay between them.

"Yes. Squad, slow march!"

The two men referred to looked relieved. They thought he was going to use them as demonstrators.

From a quarter-past ten till half-past ten there was a welcome rest and smoke-oh, during which the platoon commander gave a little lecture on discipline. Another spell of drill followed, and in the rest between eleven and a quarter past the men had to answer questions on the lecture they had heard. At noon the troops were marched off to their private parade-grounds and dismissed to their huts.

Bugles sounded the "dress for parade" at one o'clock, and the afternoon was like the morning, except that there was a lecture on the etiquette of saluting—a most important matter when a soldier is on sentry duty. Not only must he be able to distinguish officers by their stars and other emblems of rank: he must also know when to turn out the guard and whom to salute and how to do it. At first it was puzzling, and all hands were glad when companies were formed in close column of mass by the senior instructor and, preceded by the Camp Band, were marched off.

As the men scattered to their huts after being dismissed, Curly met the chief instructor, and, to his surprise, the officer stopped and spoke.

"How do you like the life, so far?" he asked.

"Oh, all right," replied Curly. "I'm quite satisfied. But my mates are quarrelling with their boots, sir."

"You feel it tiring to the feet at first," said the instructor, "but that wears off."

REVEILLE

"Honestly I expected to get a stiffer day than this," continued Curly. "It was much easier than we expected. I like it all right, sir."

But there was one tired man in the hut, who, feeling petulant, complained about his potatoes, saying they were undercooked. It was when the officer of the day and the orderly-sergeant made their rounds from hut to hut with the question,

"Any complaints?"

"Yes, sir," said Chinny Dew—"potatoes, sir."

Word was accordingly sent to the Assistant Camp Quartermaster, and he came to the hut some time later. The senior n.c.o. called the men in the hut to attention.

"I am given to understand, men," he said, "that the potatoes you are having this evening are undercooked. "Is that so?"

Silence.

"Come on, now—you are quite in order in complaining if the matter is not trivial. Which mess complained?"

There are three messes or tables in each hut. None replied.

"Was it No. 1?"

"No, sir."

"No. 2?"

"No, sir,"

"No. 3?"

"Yes, sir," a timid voice said. It was Chinny Dew, very red and nervous.

"Let me see those undercooked potatoes."

"Well, sir," said Chinny Dew, "we've eaten them. You see, they were rather large, but we managed to get them down with plenty of gravy."

When the Assistant Camp Quartermaster had gone, someone chaffed Chinny Dew about his appetite and his temper.

"If you have another day like that you will eat the crockery."

But the next day it rained, and they were given instruction in a hall regarding their rifles and equipment and work, including the proper method of putting on putties. Day after day, during the first fortnight, they progressed in their exercises and infantry work, and presently arrived at the stage when serious attention began to be paid to musketry, one half of the day being devoted to that and the other half to infantry training.

FULL UNIFORMS

*A button is a button
Or a brooch, as it may be;
All depending on the lady
And a soldier's gallantry.*



NE jacket—one pair trousers—one pair putties—one puggaree—two titles—one pair boots—one pair denim shorts — one housewife — one tooth-brush — sign here!"

The rapidly-spoken words were like music in the ears of Curly and Mick Laney. They were getting their uniforms. It was a moment of excitement to these lovers of smart appearances.

Long Mac and Hoe were pleased, too, but not so exuberantly. They tried everything on in the issue store very calmly. Lusty and Chinney Dew were studiously indifferent, and Mills and Race and Crow and Jallow were not more demonstrative than usual.

"It means that we'll have to put putties on, now," said Dew. "We'll have to learn how to do it."

"Learn! I know already!" said Curly. "Didn't the corporal show us?"

They were standing outside the store, waiting to be marched to their hut.

"And we get our rifles and equipment this afternoon," said Laney.

"Then you'll have to clean your rifle," said Dew.

"Hark to him!" said Curly. "Here's a man who is dying to join the Artillery objecting to cleaning his rifle. Don't you know, Chinny, that the Infantry is the best-off of all, because they haven't any gear or horses to worry about—only their rifles; and they'll lie quiet and won't kick you or bite you."

"I'd sooner clean a shovel than a rifle," said Mills, the silent.

"Squad! Left turn, quick march!" their n.c.o. ordered. They turned quite nimbly and marched away, carrying their new issue of uniforms.

"Seems to me," said Curly to Long Mac, who marched beside him, "that this little team is bucking up since I brought you safely into camp. Something in the Trentham air. We'll be having an argument next!"

"Silence, there! Stop talking!" said the corporal.

FULL UNIFORMS

Curly marched on in silence, but his eye watched enviously the chevrons on the corporal's sleeve. At their hut they had time to try on their uniforms. Curly went to help Mills to put on his putties. While he was away from his bunk Dew changed Curly's tunic for Mac's, Mac being at the moment bent double, in the effort to get his boots on. When the Scot had succeeded and was all ready but his tunic, the corporal returned and said,

"McGregor, here. I want you."

Mac jerked himself into Curly's tunic and went out hurriedly, while Chinny Dew nearly had apoplexy at the sight of the big man in Curly's short tunic. When Curly came to get into the one that lay on his bunk, it covered him like a pilot's jacket, except that it was longer.

"I must have brought the wrong tunic," said Curly, his cheeriness vanished in the face of this calamity.

"Take it back, Curly. Make them change it," said Dew, and Laney endorsed his advice.

"I'm going to," said Curly. He put on his denim coat, took the misfit garment on his arm, and steamed back to the issue store—steamed is the word, for he was boiling inwardly.

A quartermaster-sergeant listened to him calmly.

"We can't change things. You had your choice," he said.

"But—" Curly's indignation made him speechless.

Just then the Camp Quartermaster himself passed.

"What is this, laddie?" he asked.

Curly told him.

"It will soon shrink," said the C.Q.M.

"Shrink!" exclaimed Curly. "Why, I can get out of it without unbuttoning it."

"Let me see you do it."

Curly put it on, buttoned it up, and pulled it over his head.

"My word, you're right," said the C.Q.M. "How did you come to get that misfit?"

The arrival of an n.c.o. and a long, angry soldier stopped Curly's explanation on his lips. It was Long Mac with Curly's tunic.

"This man wants to change his tunic, sir," said the n.c.o. "Says it is too small."

"Put it on!" ordered the Camp Quartermaster. Mac obeyed, and stood like a skewered pigeon. The officer glanced at Curly.

"Are you two in the same hut?"

"Yes, sir."

FULL UNIFORMS

"This is some joker's work. Get into your proper tunics."

The riddle, for such it was to Curly and Long Mac, was solved.

"I said an argument was likely to happen," said Curly; "but it will be a fight when I find out who did this."

"Wait till you've had your town leave," advised the cautious Mac. "You might get C.B., and then your uniform won't be any use."

Curly, being a sunny-natured soldier, took the advice, and soon forgot the trouble in the excitement of receiving his rifle and sling, pull-through, oil-bottle, protector, bayonet and scabbard, web equipment, and his mess-tin and cover. The much-used issue-cards came out again for the entry to be made and signed. As well as that, the numbers of the rifles and bayonets were entered in a big book. No matter what happened to a man's rifle after that, it was a debit against him which could not be wiped out except by the return of rifle No. 01587, or whatever the number was. If he lost it and it was found, there would be no doubt as to whose it was—which was vaguely comforting, if he looked at it in the right light, for the C.Q.M. takes care to see that the man will get credit for it when returned.

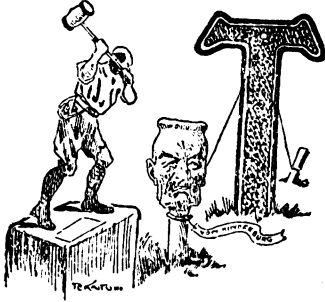
The rows of rifles in the hut gave a more soldierly appearance to it.

"Look at them," said Curly, "and tell me that horses or guns can be stacked up as neat and clean as that."

But he only won grunts from Mills and Dew, who were busily cleaning their buttons and brass titles.

TOWN LEAVE

*Curly was kissin' the barmaid,
An' the others were tellin' their sins
But they all were "mum,"
When the picket come,
An' standin' steady as pins.*



THE names of the men who were to go on leave had been posted in the hut, and those of Curly, Long Mac, and Hoe were included. The orderly-sergeant was busy making out leave passes and collecting shillings from the soldiers to pay for their tickets. Presently he dashed away to Headquarters to have the leave passes stamped and to buy railway tickets for the men of his unit who were to visit the city that night.

What is really a branch booking office for the railways is established at Headquarters, and all soldiers' tickets for the troop trains are issued there. When the sergeant returned, Curly could not help asking him if it was all right. The sergeant said it was and would continue to be if Curly did not miss the troop-train back to camp. If he did, it would mean orderly-room and C.B. Curly protested that he had only missed one troop-train in his life, to which the sergeant replied that he knew all about that, and the matter dropped.

As soon as drill was finished in the afternoon, Curly and Mac and Hoe made frantic haste to get into their uniforms with shining buttons and their clean boots and putties. Then, with the others of their company who had leave, they paraded outside the huts and were given their passes and rail tickets. An officer and n.c.o. took them to the main gates, where some hundreds of soldiers were forming a column of route at one side of the roadway. The gates were shut by the police on duty, only individuals with special passes being allowed in or out. When the column was completed, the Captain of the Day took charge of it, while officers of whose units more than twenty men were going on leave accompanied it. The gates were flung open, the order to march was given, and the light-hearted soldiers stepped out for the railway station.

The train was waiting there—a long train of seated wagons and carriages. But the men at the head of the column did not march into the first carriage they came to. They passed along the platform till the rear of the column was opposite a carriage. The order to halt was given.

TOWN LEAVE

"Left turn!" was the next order, and then the men streamed into the carriages. In three minutes every man was on the train, the officers had entered their carriage at the rear of the train, and the guard was giving the signal to start. As the train steamed out, Curly said:

"Well, that was simple. I can't see how a fellow could miss a train, that way."

With scarcely a pause the train rushed onwards, and reached Wellington at about six o'clock. The lights were just beginning to show their golden beams in the gathering darkness, and the thrill of being free from duty and in the city at night made the three soldiers as gay as the rest.

"What about something to eat?" said Hoe.

"Just the thing," agreed Curly. "Trust the rake to show us round. Lead on, Sir Galahad!"

They were crossing the street, when Long Mac stopped, at the risk of being run over, and read aloud from an illuminated sign, "Soldiers' Club." "Look, boys, there's a club for us round the corner! Let us go there!"

The others read the sign, too.

"Sounds cheap, eh, Mac?" laughed Curly.

"Nay, it sounds decent," corrected Mac.

Dozens of men in khaki were hurrying across the road, up the rise, and round the corner, and the three followed and came to a brightly-lighted building on the doorway of which was the legend, "All Soldiers Welcome."

They entered and found themselves in a cosy hall with billiard tables, lounges, chairs, and reading matter, and a stage and piano. Leading from it was a writing-room and a bathroom where hot baths could be had. Smiling matrons and pretty girls flitted here and there, and the stream of khaki through the open door steadily increased. A little at sea in these surroundings, Curly suggested that they should sit down and watch the show. They did so, and immediately appeared before them a vision, who asked them if they did not want some tea. They sprang to attention—Hoe saluted with his wrong hand, but that was overlooked—and said,

"Yes, please."

"Come this way, then. You're new men, aren't you? At least, we've not seen you here before."

"Yes, we're just in off the grass, miss," said Curly, recovering his aplomb. "Gettin' mouthed and handled a bit, just now, and taught our paces."

"Well, you all look all right," said the vision, and fixed her eyes on Long Mac, who blushed. "Now, sit at this table and we'll look after you."

TOWN LEAVE

When they rose to leave and make room for others who were waiting, Long Mac put a shilling on the table.

"Oh, there's nothing to pay," a lady told him. "This is all free to soldiers."

"I'd rather, if you please, ma'am," Mac said, nervously. "You see, I came because I liked to come, and not because it was cheap. It'll be a subscription, ma'am."

"Thank you," she said, as he followed Curly and Hoe, and smiled again at his quaintness and the rugged simplicity of him.

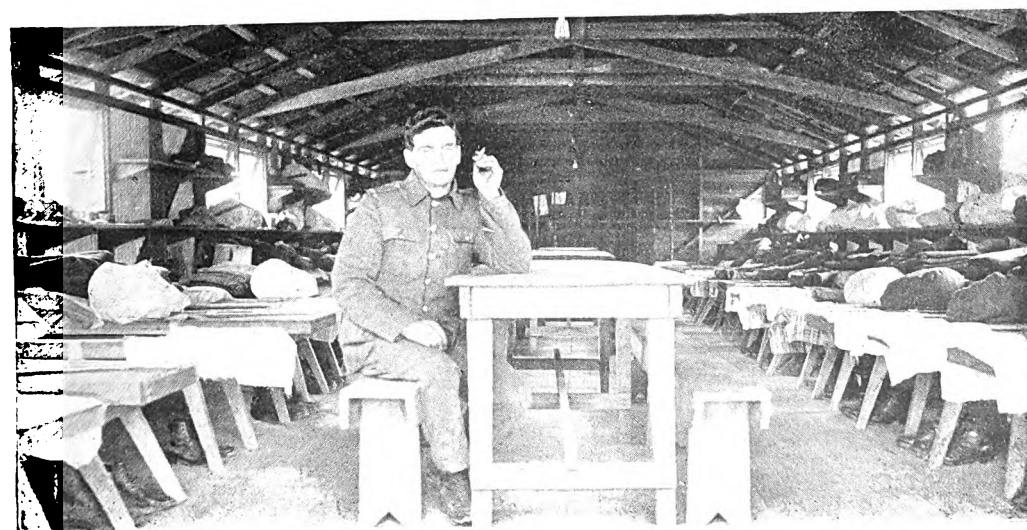
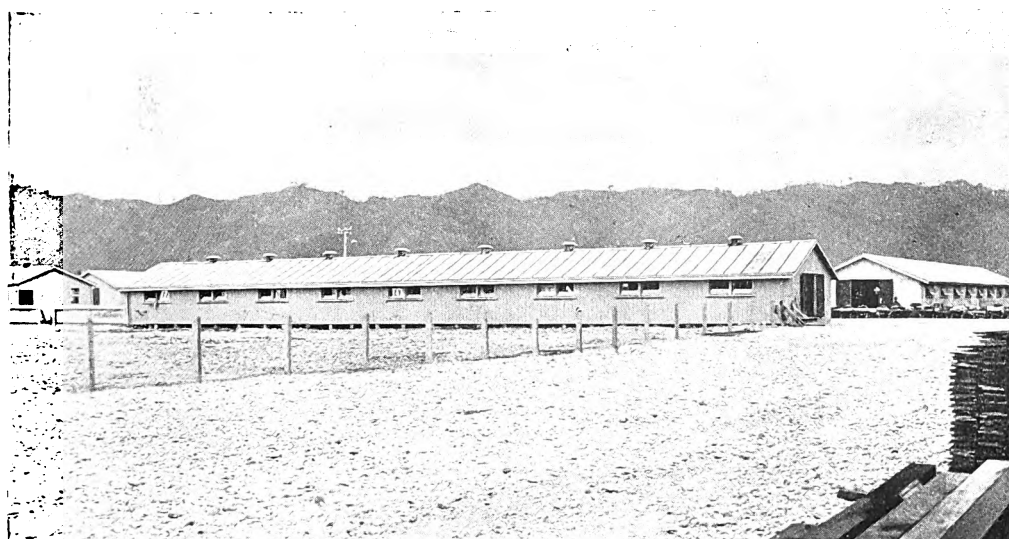
Hundreds of soldiers had their meal at this Soldiers' Club, which is controlled by Wellington ladies and financed by them and other patriotic citizens. In the kitchen, huge coppers boiled the water to make tea and coffee in quantities that, large as they were, were all too little to meet the demand. Women and girls waited upon the soldiers, and when the meal was over it took the staff of voluntary workers nearly two hours to wash up and clear away and get ready for the supper rush, which would come about ten o'clock.

As Curly and Mac and Hoe strolled along the Quay, they heard the tramp of marching feet. They stopped, and saw, on the other side of the road, the town picket coming from the railway station. As they watched, the picket halted and a corporal and three men detached themselves from it and marched to the Soldiers' Club. The remainder of the picket, consisting of a sergeant, a corporal, and ten men, under the subaltern of the day, went on their way. There was a businesslike determination about the picket's stride: it brought the camp discipline into the city streets, so far as the soldiers were concerned.

The town picket had halted again, outside the Police Station. The subaltern of the day, who was in charge of the picket, entered the station to see whether any soldiers had been taken there. All was clear, so he and his men set off smartly again, and passed along the main streets to the corner of Cuba Street and Manners Street. There he detailed them for their work of the evening. In pairs they patrolled the streets and visited hotels, restaurants, and other places to see that there were no disorderly soldiers. One hour before the troop train was due to leave for the Camp, the picket assembled. Once more they marched through the streets. With them marched a few soldiers who had needed looking after. The Red Caps, who are the town military police, were in charge at the railway station, and there were camp military police on the train. The picket's duty for the evening was finished, save that they took charge of all prisoners of that evening and carried them under escort to the camp, where the prisoners would be handed over to the Quarter Guard.

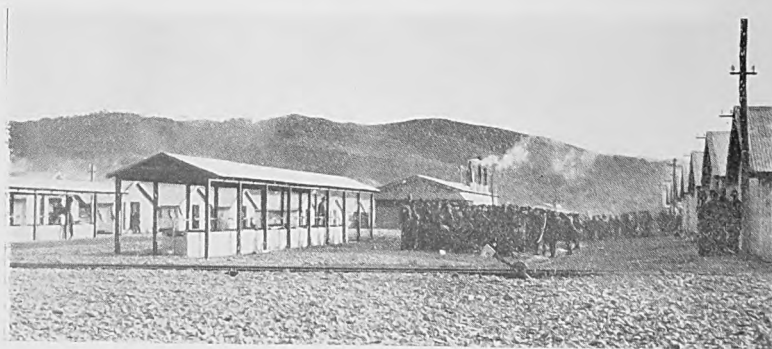
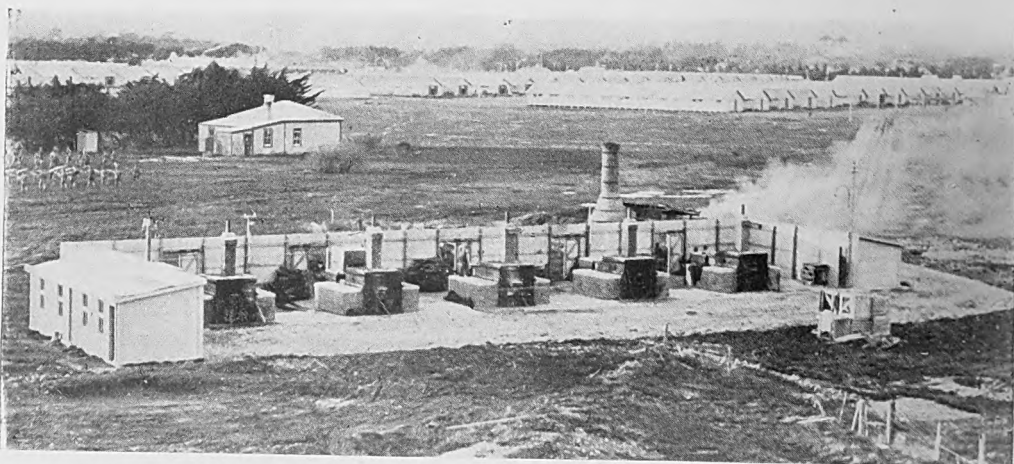


A SECTION OF THE BULK STORES, SHOWING UNDERCLOTHING AND UNIFORMS



OUTSIDE VIEW OF MEN'S HUTMENT

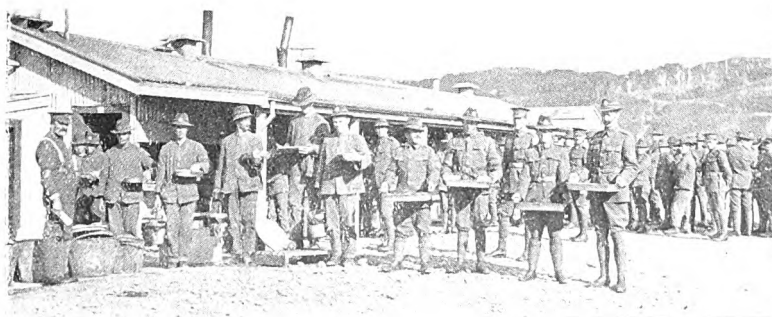
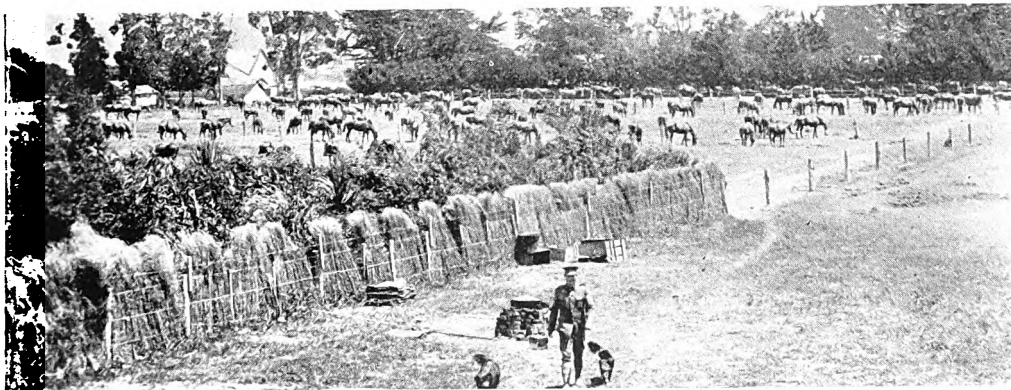
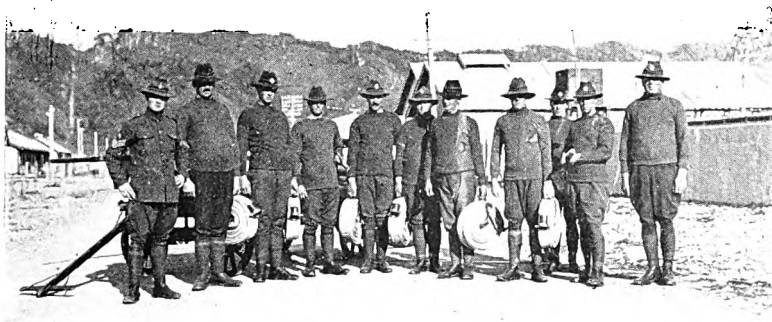
INSIDE VIEW OF MEN'S HUTMENT. Each hut holds 30 men.



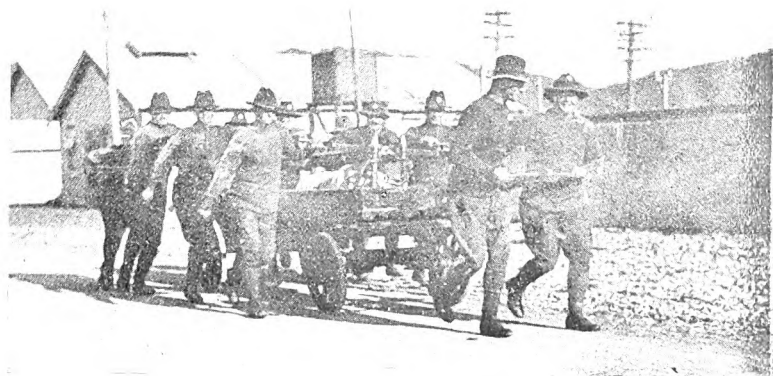
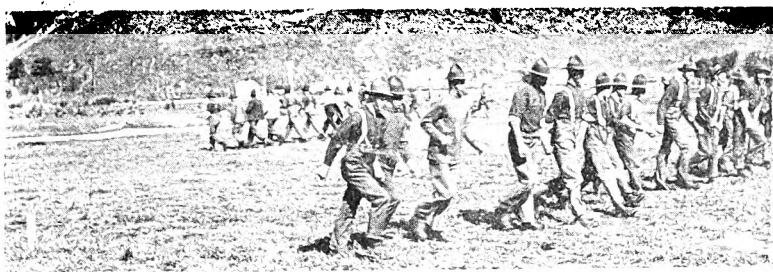
AIRING TENTS—TROOPS AT BREAKFAST

CAMP INCINERATORS

STREET SCENE, SHEWING ABLUTION
STAND AND COOK HOUSE



TRENTHAM FIRE BRIGADE
 REMOUNT DEPOT AT UPPER HUTT
 MESS ORDERLIES RECEIVING HOT
 MEALS FROM COOK HOUSE



THE RAGGED LINE - RECRUITS LEARNING TO
MARCH AND DRESS

INSIDE VIEW OF CANTEEN AT NIGHT

MORNING FIRE DRILL AT TRENTHAM



MOUNTED RIFLES ON TREK, TRENTHAM, 1915

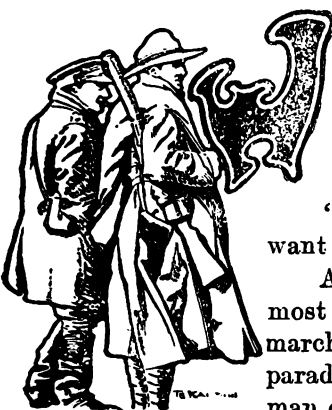
COTTAGE HOSPITAL — TRENTHAM CAMP

BAND PLAYING

MEDICAL INSPECTION OF LINES

SICK PARADES

*He was going to explain his plan,
And show us, drawn in chalk,
His patent kind o' watering can
With tulips on its stalk.
But nurse, she says: "Now, little man,
You know you musn't talk."*



AT HOE was ill.

"I don't know whether it is rheumatism or influenza I've got," he said to Curly. "I'm aching all over and feel crook. I used to have rheumatism bad when I worked on the railway job a couple of years ago."

"Better tell the corporal, in the morning, that you want to see the doctor," was Curly's wise remark.

At half-past seven the next morning, Wat Hoe, looking most unlike the man that his cheery name suggested, marched with five others, in charge of their corporal, to sick parade, which was held in the medical inspection hut. Each man carried with him his devotional books and shaving gear—for so it is ordained in the Army, where cleanliness is ever held to be next to godliness. They took these things in case of being ordered into hospital. Hoe joined the little gathering that was seated in the large waiting-room. Each man was given a slip of white paper, on which was written his name and age and the unit to which he belonged. In a little while a medical orderly came along and took all their temperatures, the thermometer being carefully sterilised between patients. The temperatures were entered on the slips of paper, too, and then the sick parade waited to be called, by companies, to appear before the doctors. They were rather a cheery party, on the whole, and some interesting discussions were interrupted from time to time by the men from certain companies being called by the sergeant at the doorway. But Wat Hoe was a dumb dog; his head throbbed and he longed to lie down and shut his eyes. At last the call came and he and his comrades marched in and halted at the table, where a medical officer was seated. Laid out before the officer was the company sick-parade sheet—compiled by the corporal—which gave the names of the sick men and particulars as to their ages and the huts from which they came.

"Private Hoe!" said the medical officer. Wat Hoe saluted. He was asked some leading questions which he answered briefly and truthfully. His white slip had been laid before the medical officer, who noted the entry concerning Hoe's temperature.

SICK PARADES

"You have a very bad cold," was the verdict. "You will be excused from duty for twenty-four hours. You must go through the vapourising-room and attend every four hours at the dispensary for medicine. You will have no leave at night till you are better."

So Wat Hoe went through the vapourising-room and received medicine, and felt better towards evening. But on the next morning he felt much worse; his temperature was over 100 and he was marked "Hospital." Thereupon an n.c.o. of the N.Z.M.C. took charge of him and marched him to the Cottage Hospital. He was told to sit down in a comfortable chair, and the n.c.o. took down the names of his next-of-kin and other items of his personal history. A feeling of rest and comfort began to steal over Hoe, and he was in a day-dream when the n.c.o. told him to come along to the bathroom. A good hot bath followed, he changed into hospital clothing, and was placed in a comfortable bed. In the meantime his work-a-day clothes had been collected, and he signed a voucher showing what clothes and valuables he had handed in and another one which concerned the issue of hospital clothes.

For four days Wat Hoe stayed in hospital. He was treated well by doctors and nurses, and began to mend rapidly. The medical officer in charge decided that a few days at the Izard Convalescent Home would do him good; so he was taken in an ambulance to that place of rest, and found himself among fifteen or twenty other convalescents in what was still a comfortable country house. There was tennis to play, if he chose—which he didn't, as his life had not given him much opportunity to study the game. But croquet and quoits suited him, and there were cards and gramophones and other recreations designed to pass the time pleasantly. A few days of this soon set Wat Hoe up. He returned to the lines feeling distinctly better.

A week later he woke up with severe rheumatic pains, and had to report sick again. For six days he had attended sick parades, when one morning he was suddenly confronted with a medical officer who ordered him to attend at ten o'clock that morning for a special examination by the medical officer of the day. At this examination, which was a thorough one, careful notes were taken of his case.

"You've had rheumatism before?" he was asked.

"Yes, sir, when I worked on the railway jobs, cutting sleepers in the bush. My nerves stood out like red pins' heads all over my arms, I was that bad."

Everything was written down, and at the conclusion of the examination Hoe was told to attend at a sitting of the Medical Board next morning.

SICK PARADES

His comrades were concerned when they heard his story.

"Looks as though we are about to lose Wat," Curly said to Long Mac—"rheumatism he says it is."

"Yes, he's full of it, though he hasn't had any signs of it for a couple of years. He should have told the doctor at Gisborne about it when we were being examined. My word, it will break his heart if he gets pushed out!"

Mac was not given to exaggeration; yet in this case he was guilty of it, for Wat Hoe went out, sure enough, but his heart did not break. The reason of this was, no doubt, that other muscles in his body had monopolised the available pain, and he needed his heart to keep his spirits up.

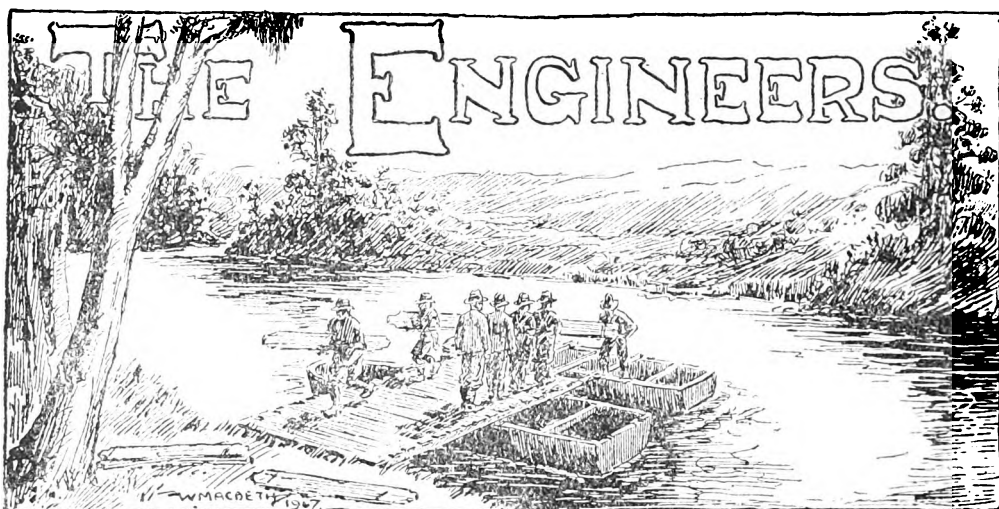
The Medical Board consisted of two medical officers whom he had not seen before. But they evidently had a complete life history of Wat Hoe before them, as well as the report of the Camp doctor concerning his recent illness. What he heard them say was something about "C2"—that was all. On the next day he was paraded and told that he was to be discharged from the forces—to be exact, he was given leave without pay, with permission to wear civilian clothes, until he should be called up for home service.

To the Camp Quartermaster's stores he and a dozen others were marched. They wore civilian clothing and looked a sad little party among the burly men in khaki. They handed their camp kits to men of the C.Q.M. stores, who carefully checked over every item and put their kits away. To Headquarters the squad was taken next. There they were paid in full up to the day of leaving, and given permanent passes and free railway tickets to their homes, with meal tickets to be used on the way. Just at noon, when the troops were coming in from parade, Wat Hoe was ready to go. Curly and Long Mac and Blasty, Bill Race and the Rooster and Mick Laney, and Jallow and Millie, walked to the gates with him and cheered him up with chaff and promises to come and see him when they got their leave.

"Well, so long mates!" he said at last. "I must be going, and you want to get your lunch. So long!"

"So long, Wat!" they said, and shook hands with him.

It was then that Wat Hoe's heart would have just about broken if there hadn't been so many other parts of him that kept giving him twinges from time to time. Besides, Wat Hoe was game and could take his gruel. But it was tough, all the same.



*Sturdy and strong and soldierly,
To us the squad appears ;
The women are waving their handkerchiefs,
The men are hoarse with cheers
For the handy men, the dandy men—
The men of the Engineers.*

A "SOLDIER first and an engineer after" is the motto of the sapper. Not until the elementary portions of Infantry Training, 1914, have been mastered and Table A—the recruit's course of musketry—left behind does the month-old sapper proceed to the trenches, the brushwood on the hill, and the bridging of the Hutt River.

The field engineer is the handy man of the Army. When other people get into difficulties the sapper is called in. It may be to go over the parapet to clear some barbed-wire obstacles; or perhaps it is nothing more exciting than a very determined leakage of hot water from that rendezvous of dirty men, the Divisional Baths. Kipling makes his sappers modestly sing—

*"We are the men who do something all round,
With the rank and the pay of a sapper."*

The men with the blue puggaree—the sign of the Engineers—have traditions. Before the New Zealand Engineers were thought of the Royal Engineers had made their mark. The men of the New Zealand Engineers have a very high standard set by the parent corps. In New Zealand and

THE ENGINEERS

Gallipoli and France, officers and n.c.o's of the Royal Engineers have steadied the Dominion organisation, and no sketch of the work of the New Zealand Engineers would be complete without this fact being fully recognised. And now it is the proud boast of the New Zealand Engineers that, though few numerically in comparison with the other arms, they hold the record for decorations and awards in the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. To this it may be added that ninety per cent. of the four field companies in France have been trained at Trentham.

Every morning the squads of engineers may be seen marching out. The men are in four stages of training, for, unlike the infantry, the sapper completes the whole of his course at Trentham. And the radius of their operations extends from the parade-ground to the trenches, to the manuka scrub on the hill, and away to the river at Silverstream.

The recruit squad spends much of its time on the parade-ground, working at the new bayonet-fighting and physical drill. These two phases of training inculcate in the recruit the soldierly virtues of fitness and confidence. Here, also, the sapper learns to handle the rifle from the musketry point of view; he gets his aiming and firing instruction, and, having fired his Table A, he is ready to proceed to the trenches, where his training in military engineering really begins.

In many ways engineering as the soldier needs it is quite distinct from civil engineering. Although the first principles must necessarily be the same, the application is very different. The civil engineer goes in for every labour-saving device and costly machinery. In the Army it is a question of men. Labour is plentiful and the exigencies of the situation, such as concealing the work from the enemy, must be borne in mind. So it often happens that men who shone in their civil work find themselves at sea when military engineering is first encountered. At Trentham every man is a tradesman or a professional engineer. But in the second month of the training each man, whatever his previous occupation, marches forth in the morning in his denims, armed with the very elementary pick and shovel. And down in that maze of earthworks known as "the trenches" he gradually acquires much knowledge. He learns the uses of a traverse; he realises that if his communication trenches are made straight they may be enfiladed—that is, exposed to a devastating enemy fire—and in a few weeks his talk is all of A frames, revetments, and duckwalks. In this month he touches on the elementary principles employed in bridging, such as the proper tying of knots, the raising of sheers and derricks; and he probes into the deep mysteries of stresses and strains on spars and cordage.

THE ENGINEERS

The digging of trenches leads to the question of providing support for the walls or sides. If these are not supported they are liable to fall in after rain. Troops moving through the trenches brush against the sides and help to break down the earth—and made-up earth will not stand in any case unless it has a considerable slope. So the engineers devise revetments. Anything that is used to support steep earth walls is a revetment. Sods, sandbags, corrugated iron, brushwood, expanded metal, and wire netting are pressed into the service. In France the Allies use tremendous quantities of sandbags and metal revetments. Owing to the blockade the Germans are denied the use of sandbags, and they use, instead, great quantities of brushwood hurdles which are made in the forests by civilian labour. As manuka is plentiful around Trentham, brushwood is largely used for revetting. Anyone trained with hurdles can always manage galvanised iron later on. Every day, up in the sweet-smelling manuka, men cut the long growths and build them into hurdles, gabions, and fascines.

Down at the river on a sunny morning the engineers were at work. Wagons carrying pontoons drew up at the river-bank; the heavy-looking pontoons that were made by the engineers on their training-grounds were swiftly unloaded and launched. Men and baulks of timber moved rapidly and accurately like pawns and kings on a chessboard—indeed, the cross-bearers of the bridges are called chesses—and rafts were formed which grew into a bridge that spanned the swiftly-flowing stream. It was an example of what men can do with regulation material. But the sapper is often in the position of the Israelites who were expected to make good bricks without straw—though even if he had no straw he would devise some other way of building a bridge; but give him some trusses of straw or hay and the bridge is half-built.

The trusses of straw were tumbled out of the wagons and some tarpaulins were lashed round them, so that numerous large and awkward parcels were made. Then they were launched, with booms and distance-pieces to keep them in proper formation, the distance-pieces acting as road-bearers, upon which the chesses or roadway planks are laid, and lo! a steady and stable footbridge reaches from shore to shore.

The average civilian has some idea of the capacity of casks. The sapper is concerned not so much with what amount of liquid a cask will hold as with what amount it will keep out, and, in doing so, provide sufficient buoyancy to carry a bridge and all the military loads likely to be imposed upon it. He multiplies the number of gallons by nine and arrives at the safe buoyancy in pounds.

THE ENGINEERS

On that autumn morning there were casks afloat in the cool, clear water, and men busy lashing them together, until a third bridge had been built. Perhaps it was the ease and skill of the thing which filled an eager sapper with an undue sense of the omnipotence of the New Zealand Engineers. At any rate, he stepped off a plank into the water, and was hauled out unceremoniously by a burly second-lieutenant and another sapper.

"That is one thing that we cannot do yet, Mills," said the officer—"we can't walk on the water!"

"No, sir," said Mills, and went hurriedly back to the work he had been doing.

Like many other recruit sappers, Mills was accumulating a store of knowledge he had never dreamed of in his plumbing experiences—a store of knowledge that would stand him in good stead on that eventful day when he would take his place in one of the veteran field companies which are now doing such magnificent work as part of the Expeditionary Force. The work of those companies is sufficient testimony to the soundness of the training at Trentham.



TRAINING INFANTRY

*The stride-stride of the Infantry
Is a stirring sound to hear.
Hats off to the Infantry,
And give the boys a cheer!
They're going forth to battle now,
They're fighting far away;
And which of you will follow them
And which of you will stay?*



THE training of the New Zealand Infantry Reinforcements is divided into two stages, namely (1) the preliminary training of officers and n.c.o.'s, and (2) the training of the reinforcement as a whole.

During the first period of training, which consists of a twelve weeks' course, the officers and n.c.o.'s carry out all the work in which they will have to instruct their reinforcement later on, the object of the course being to turn the officers and n.c.o.'s into efficient instructors.

The preliminary course includes drill, musketry, bayonet-fighting, engineering, map-reading, attack and defence, outposts and other field work. In addition, instruction is given in details of law and administration.

Elementary drill is taught during the first two weeks, and the officer or n.c.o. begins to learn how to march and how to handle his rifle. In the next four weeks he begins to master elementary drill movements and the correct fire positions. He also learns how to give fire orders and to control the fire of his men, and at the latter end of the sixth week he fires a course of musketry on the range. Bayonet-fighting commences in the third week, and an hour is devoted daily to this important branch of training throughout the remainder of the course. Physical training also starts in the third week, half an hour being devoted daily to this subject for the remainder of the course.

The seventh and eighth weeks are devoted to platoon and company training. The object of platoon training is to fit the man to take his place in the company when it carries out company training. Thus, for example, each man receives individual instruction in the duties of a sentry, so that when his company is carrying out outpost duties later on he knows what to do should he be posted as a sentry.

Platoon training consists of the following subjects:—The drill of the attack, defence, outposts, advance guard, etc. In the attack drill the officer

TRAINING INFANTRY

or n.c.o. learns first how the company moves in the attack under the enemy's artillery fire. He then learns the various methods of extending when the enemy's rifle and machine-gun fire necessitate a more open formation. He next learns how the line advances by means of rushes so as to avoid casualties. He is then shown how a firing-line is reinforced, and how it reorganises on the arrival of the reinforcements. Next he is shown the method of fixing bayonets under fire and the necessity for carrying the rifle in a special manner when the bayonet is fixed. The final stage of the attack has now been reached, and the class of officers and n.c.o.'s is shown how to carry out the charge and how to re-form rapidly afterwards. Practice is next given in the advance from 600 to 200 yards, one platoon carrying this out while the remainder watch and criticise. Lastly, the company is formed up in artillery formation and the extensions, which were carried out previously by sections working independently, are now carried out by the company as a whole. This completes the attack drill.

Drill in the defence is carried out on similar lines, the various phases of the defence being dealt with in turn.

Outpost drill consists of instruction in sentry duties, piquet duties, patrols, and the method of throwing out a covering party. In carrying out sentry duties each officer or n.c.o. in turn acts as a sentry and learns first what a sentry must know. Next he learns how to handle any situation which may arise, such as the approach of a flag of truce, a deserter from the enemy, an inhabitant, or any enemy's patrol. Lastly, he learns what action to take if the enemy attacks. Having mastered the duties of a sentry by day, he then is practised in carrying them out as if it were dark.

Instruction is next given in piquet duties. A portion of the class is posted as a piquet and, in the hearing of the remainder, told off to its various duties. The work of an outpost patrol is next carried out, culminating in a patrol being given a definite task and situations being created which the patrol leader has to use his initiative to cope with. The remainder of the class watch the operations, which are made more real by the use of blank cartridge.

Instruction in advanced guard drill is divided into two stages. The company is first formed up as a vanguard, so that every one may see the composition of and the distances between the various portions. The action of each portion, as the enemy's resistance is encountered, is then practised. Thus, for example, the leading portion—the point, consisting of an n.c.o. and four others—is placed out in full view of the remainder of the class. The point is fired on, and the action of the n.c.o. in command is seen and criticised.

TRAINING INFANTRY

This completes the principal subjects taught in platoon training.

Company training then commences, the class of officers and n.c.o.'s acting as a company. The main subjects are the company in the attack, the company in defence, the outpost company, and the vanguard company. All these exercises are carried out on new grounds, so as to train officers and n.c.o.'s in the use of ground. Where the exercise requires it, a few of the class are detailed to act as the enemy and blank cartridge is used.

At the end of the eighth week the class is marched out for an all-night bivouac, when all the officers and n.c.o.'s receive instruction in cooking in the field, the choice and protection of the water-supply, sanitation, pitching bivouacs, etc. Day and night outposts are practised. Finally a night march is carried out under tactical conditions. This entails the loading of the baggage, the cleaning of the bivouacs, the withdrawal of the outposts, and training generally in moving quietly and secretly under cover of darkness.

The last month of the training of the class is devoted principally to the education of the officers and n.c.o.'s in the responsibilities of their positions. The ninth week is occupied in military law and administration generally, and particularly in that part of it which is experienced in their ordinary daily routine. It includes the method of dealing with military offenders and the principles of military justice and discipline. During this week the responsibilities of their positions are impressed upon members of the class by lectures on the customs and traditions of the service.

The tenth week is chiefly devoted to instruction in military topography. This begins with map-reading and the use of the compass, and is followed by practical schemes in a compass march, the reconnoitring of a line of advance with the compass, the enlarging of a map, and the plotting of the result of the reconnaissance on it. Finally the officers make a sketch of an enemy position from their own front-line trenches. During this week advanced instruction in musketry is also carried out.

The eleventh week is spent in tactical instruction in lessons learnt from the present war. Field engineering and entrenching are also carried out, when the class has the opportunity, also, of working in a system of model trenches. At the end of this week the officers and n.c.o.'s are given a few days' leave before plunging into their tasks of imparting to a new reinforcement the knowledge they have acquired.

The training of the troops occupies sixteen weeks in normal circumstances. During the first two weeks they are trained without arms, and in the succeeding three weeks they are taught elementary drill and musketry instruction. Bayonet-fighting commences with the fourth week, and is carried out for half an hour daily throughout the course of training, physical

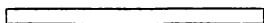
TRAINING INFANTRY

drill being also a permanent feature of the training. The following three weeks are devoted to drill and musketry instruction and firing of Table A—the recruits' course of musketry.

The ninth, tenth, and half of the eleventh weeks are a series of drill, individual training, and musketry instruction. At this stage the draft is given leave till the end of the twelfth week, and on returning to camp the thirteenth week is devoted to platoon training. During the fourteenth week, the company training, which the platoon training leads up to, is gone through. The week culminates in a march over the Rimutaka Hill and one all-night bivouac, followed by day and night outposts, a night march, and an attack at dawn. The march into camp follows, and the fifteenth week is taken up by the firing of Table B—the trained soldier's course of musketry.

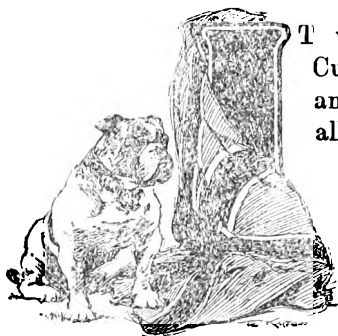
During the remainder of the time instruction is given in administrative work, with a little trench warfare and ceremonial work, and an inspection of the draft is made by His Excellency the Governor.

In the case of earlier reinforcements the whole of this training in infantry work was carried out at Trentham, but now that there are two camps the work is divided between them. Throughout the training, on an average, two hours a week are devoted to night drill and elementary night training, the duties of sentries by night and of patrols, and the work of entrenching by night. Towards the end of the course the time given to night work is increased up to six hours a week.



ELEMENTARY MUSKETRY

*The way they raked the landscape
Gave everyone a thrill;
'Twas well that lack of bullets,
Quite matched their lack of skill;
For Blasty chipped a chimney,
And Long Mac winged a hill.*



It was the beginning of their third week in camp—Curly and Race, the Rooster and Blasty, Long Mac and Jallow. Wat Hoe had been discharged as medically unfit, Dew had gone to the Artillery, Laney to the Police, and Mills to the Engineers. The six still stuck together, though on that particular day Jallow was hut orderly. The remaining five formed part of a squad of twelve men who were receiving instruction in elementary musketry. Seated on their oil-sheets, in a semicircle, they were listening to their instructor's words of wisdom concerning the care and cleaning of rifles in all sorts of emergencies. He explained and gave the names of the essential parts of the rifle and also cleaned the rifle thoroughly as a practical demonstration of how it should be done, using a pull-through, oil and flannelette, while the squad followed his example till their rifles were clean.

To explain what the sights were for and how to adjust them and take a correct aim with them was the next step. A wooden figure representing a man and painted khaki colour, with a six-inch black bull's-eye on a white board at the foot, had been set up about 100 yards away. A rifle was placed on a low iron tripod, which held the weapon firmly in position.

"Now I will aim at the bull's-eye," the instructor said. "It is a six-o'clock aim—that is, at the lowest point of the middle of the target."

He lay down beside the rifle and ran his eye along the sights. When he had the rifle sighted upon the bull's-eye—not the middle of it, but at its lowest point—he ordered man after man to step out and look along the rifle sights, so as to see what the target looked like through them. He told them they were to try their hands at sighting the rifle in the tripod. Curly was called first. He moved the rifle muzzle till he found the figure of the man, and then depressed the barrel till the black bull was covered by the foresight.

"That's right, I think," he said.

ELEMENTARY MUSKETRY

The instructor cuddled the rifle-stock, his right eye looked unerringly along the sights.

"A little too much to the right. Have another go."

At the next trial Curly got the mark pretty accurately, though he was still a little high.

Blasty was the next. Rifles and he were strangers, save for a few erratic shots at the moving ducks in a shooting-gallery. For several seconds after he had heaved himself into position the muzzle of the rifle continued to point at a chimney of the incinerator.

"Close your left eye—not both! Don't try to keep both eyes open!" said the instructor. Blasty laughed nervously and said,

"It won't shut itself. I'll have to shut it."

With a rapid movement he closed it with his left hand and grabbed his rifle again. His left eye remained closed. The instructor smiled, but only said,

"Aim for the bottom of the centre of the black mark—low down. Can't you see it?"

"I think that's got him," said Blasty.

"You want to train that eye," said the instructor. "A bit awkward to have to use your hand to shut it!"

The Rooster stepped forward with confidence when his turn came, and he aimed the rifle fairly at the midriff of the pale, flat target.

"Too high!" was the verdict. "You'd miss your man if he was charging at you with fixed bayonet."

They were told to seat themselves again, and, with rifles across their knees, to practise pressing the triggers.

"The whole art of marksmanship lies in this," the instructor said. "The eye and the mind and the finger must be in perfect unison, and you must stop breathing when you press the trigger." They tried and tried, the click and rattle of triggers making a jingling noise. From the semi-circle of seated men, who seemed to be playing with their rifles, individuals were called up to be taught how to do the action correctly. The recruit gripped the small of the butt of the rifle, the instructor placed his hand over the recruit's hand and showed exactly how the pressure should be applied. Long Mac's hand was a huge one and the instructor's was a small one. It looked as though it never could make the big red hand do the thing correctly. And when their positions were reversed—in order to see if the lesson had been learned—the instructor's hand was lost to sight. But Long Mac showed that the lesson had not been wasted; and when the others

ELEMENTARY MUSKETRY

had been through the same schooling they were told that they would now do some exercises to strengthen the muscles that are used when firing.

The interested looks on the men's faces changed to expressions of anxiety.

"What d'ye reckon this will be?" Blasty whispered to Curly.

"Extracts from the Spanish Inquisition," said Curly—"thumbscrews and racks, you know, and things to pull your joints out of their grooves. Cheer up!"

Curly spoke in jest; yet their muscles ached when the arm and finger muscle exercises were finished. But the relief of being dismissed from musketry training for that day made them forget their aches.

On the second day Jallow was with them, and by a strange mischance the instructor pounced upon him as the "awful example" to demonstrate the intricacies of aiming-practice. The way in which he handled his rifle—as though he and it had never met before—tested the instructor's temper. And whenever Curly caught Jallow's eye, he chuckled at the figure cut by the ex-hut orderly.

"What is the matter with you?" the instructor asked. "Don't you remember what I taught you yesterday?"

"No, sir," said Jallow.

"You don't! Why, may I ask?"

"Because I wasn't here, sir. I was hut orderly yesterday, sir."

"Oh! Get back to your place. Come here, that man!"

Curly was screwing up his left eye at Jallow in a grimace. He thought it was the man next to him who was called.

"It is you I mean, Lord Nelson!" said the instructor, while the class giggled as Curly was motioned to step forward and demonstrate.

Clock! Clock! Rattle! Snap!—the class played with their rifle-bolts until they could load speedily. The next step was holding and loading their rifles in standing, prone, kneeling, and sitting positions. Then followed the methods of firing from various kinds of cover, such as walls, sandbags, and folds in the ground, after which came the inevitable muscle exercises.

The days that followed led them deeper and deeper into the mysteries of musketry. The twelve were told off into two ranks. The men of one rank had their rifles; the others held to their eyes metal discs which had holes in their centres, with an aiming-mark above the holes. The marksmen, lying prone, aimed for the marks, while the men who looked through the holes, also lying prone, criticised the aim.

ELEMENTARY MUSKETRY

"The object of this," the instructor explained, "is to teach men to take a quick shot and to know exactly where their rifles are pointing at the moment of pressing the trigger."

Making allowance for wind was the next lesson. "Aiming off for wind" it is called. After hearing the directions which followed clock-face comparisons, Long Mac held his head up as though he was smelling the wind.

"What do you make the wind?" asked Curly, smiling at the big man's earnestness.

"About half-past ten, within a second or two," was the cautious answer.

In allowing for movement of the target, the men were told that they must observe the speed of a man walking across the line of fire, of a man running, and of a horse galloping. Bill Race had never fired at any of these moving objects; but he knew, or his eye knew, just how fast a grey duck on the wing would move, or a rabbit dashing from cover to cover. To him and to all of them this practice was an absorbing one, which made them yearn for the time to come to test the theory.

The class was engaged at practice in snap-shooting at the eye discs one day, when the Chief Musketry Instructor came across to watch them—it was just before Jallow was passed into the awkward squad, or the special squad, to give it its polite name. There was a great rattling of bolts and triggers, and the voice of Jallow, with his eye to the disc opposite Long Mac, rose monotonously,

"Correct, correct, correct!"

So he went on announcing that Long Mac was getting a hit at every shot. At the end of five rounds the instructor said to Long Mac,

"You must be a most marvellous shot if you got correct every time!"

Long Mac flushed and said,

"Yes, sir."

"Now go on and let me check you," said the instructor.

Long Mac aimed for the disc. Snap went the trigger.

"A little off to the right," was the verdict.

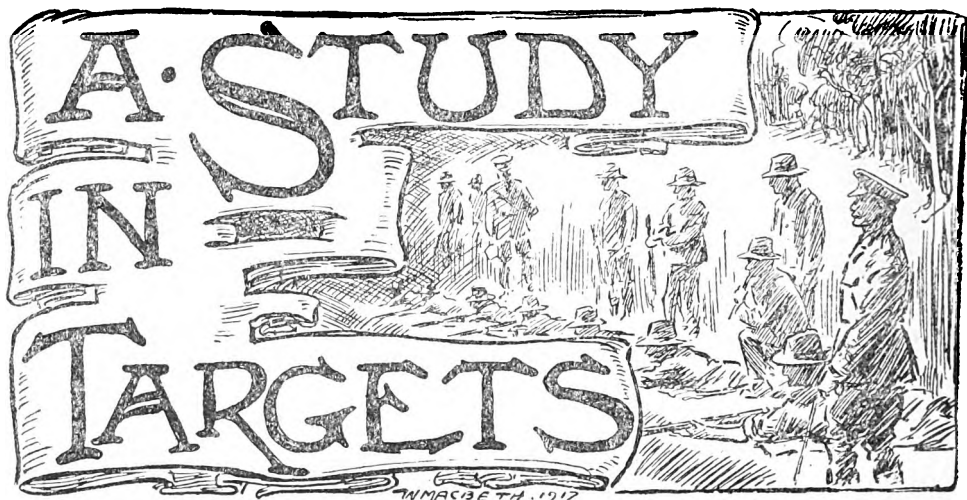
Again a rapid snap.

"Too high!"

Snap!

"Correct!"

That was too much for the long man's nerves, and his rifle's muzzle worked all round the timepiece in the ensuing shots, while he blessed Jallow for thus bringing the blaze of notoriety upon him.

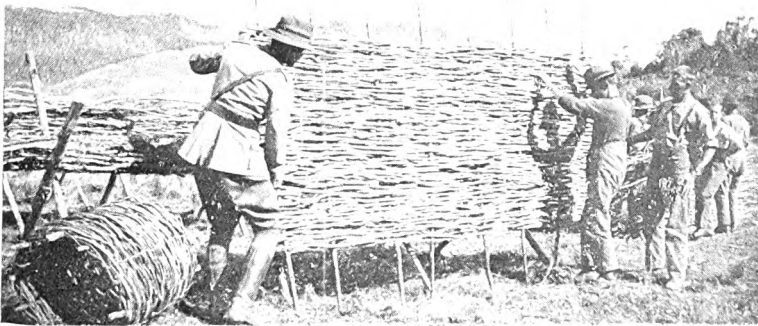
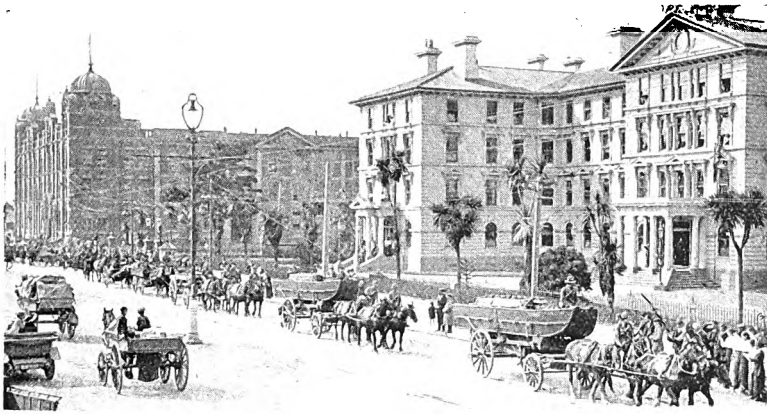


*The targets rise high before us
And dip again from view,
Like dumb men in a chorus,
Gesticulating through
The rifles' song, uproarious,
That echoes to the blue.*

AND on wet days, I suppose, the soldiers in camp just do nothing," is a remark frequently made by civilians when discussing the camps.

If any of these people had happened to look in at a certain hut at Trentham on a wet day, they would have been surprised at the activity that was being displayed. The orderly arrangement of tables, beds, and forms had been upset and Long Mac was doing his best to hide his length and breadth from the enemy, while he aimed with his rifle, from behind the shelter of a table, at a long landscape target which was displayed on the end wall of the hut.

To get back to the beginning of the morning's work, a parcel wrapped in a dripping waterproof sheet had been brought into the hut. It contained a bundle of pictures, called landscape targets, which showed typical scenes of English and Continental countrysides. One of these was hung up, and the instructor did his best to teach the squad how to pick up any point described on the target. There was a house in the distance and a tree on the crest of a hill, with some poplars and willows lower down. Taking the house as a landmark, the instructor told the squad to fire at a certain poplar tree, "two fingers right of the house." It seemed simple enough, but to make the lesson more effective the six soldiers whose acquaintance



**2nd FIELD COMPANY N.Z. ENGINEERS, N.Z.E.F., EN ROUTE
FROM TRENTHAM CAMP FOR EMBARKATION**

THE ENGINEERS' CANVAS CAMP

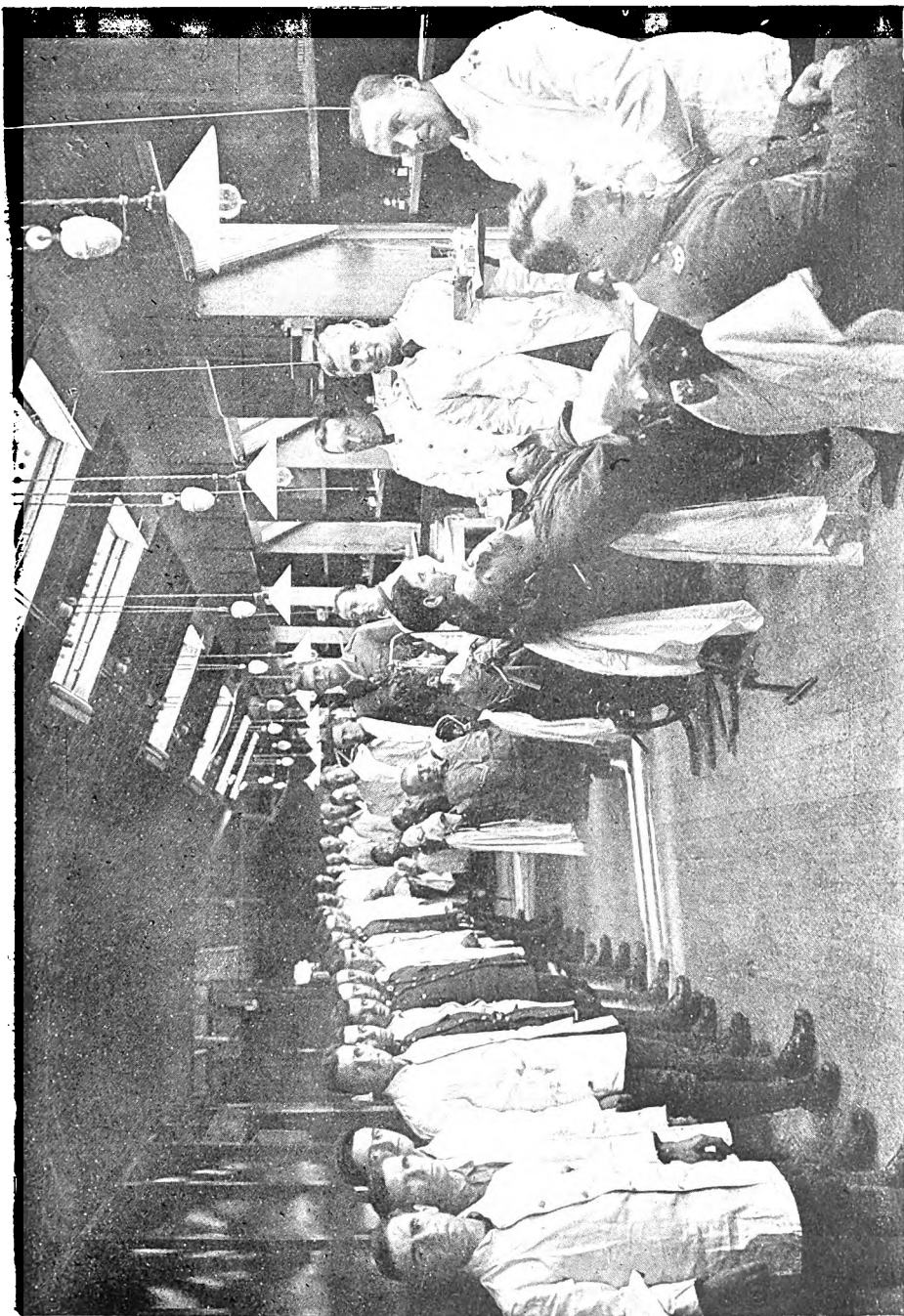
REVTMENTS MADE FROM MANUKA



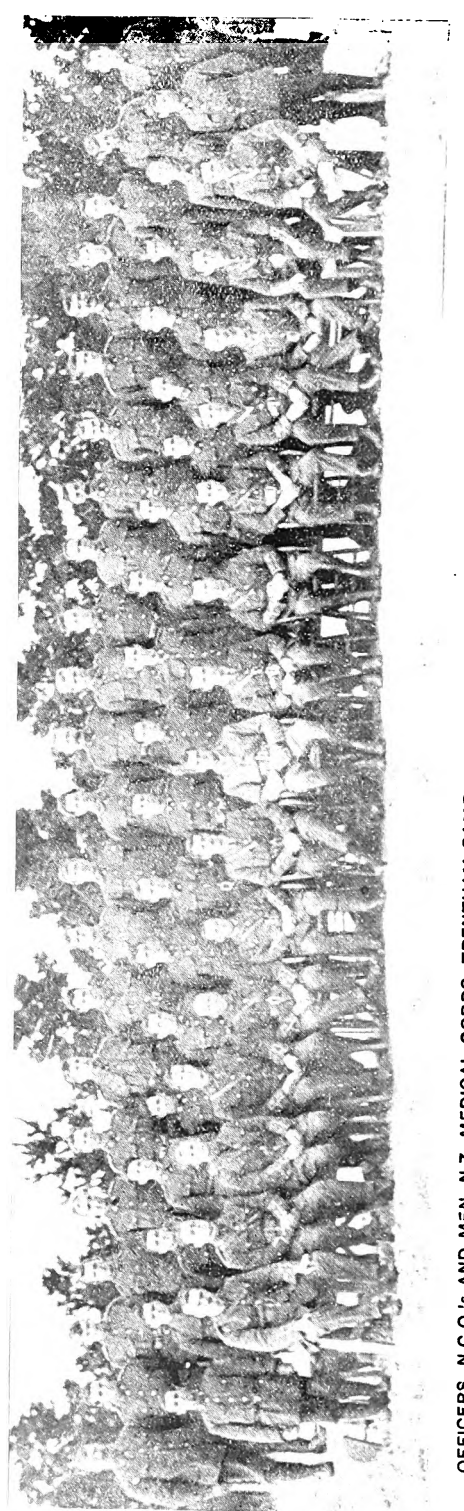
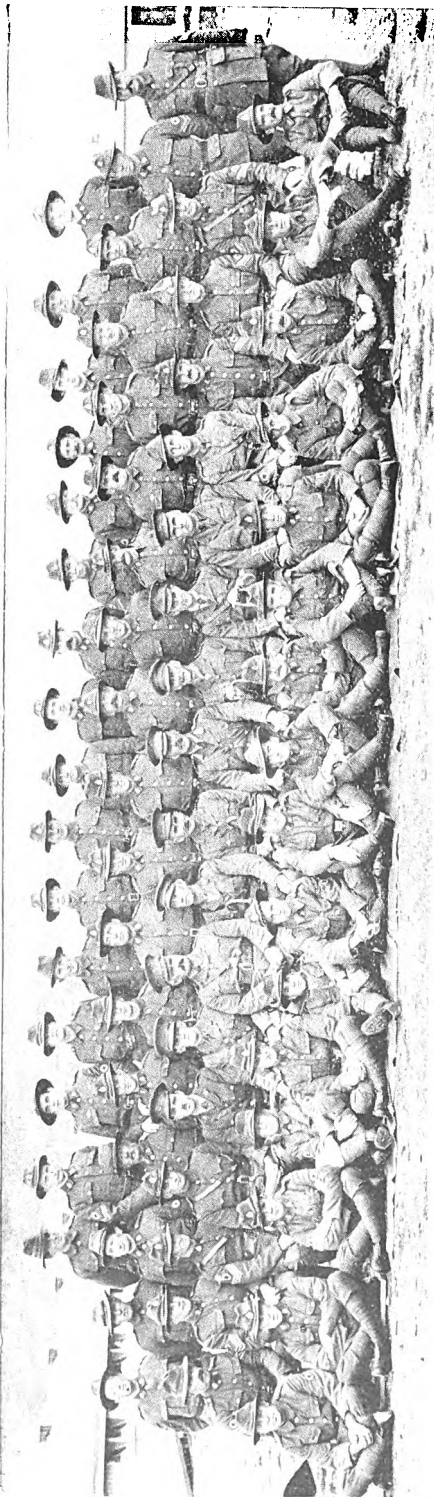
A TYPICAL ENGINEERS' DRAFT
STAFF—ORDNANCE STORE AND
MUSKETRY WORKSHOPS



SQUAD OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS RECEIVING
A LECTURE BY MEANS OF A LANDSCAPE TARGET
SNAPSHOOTING AT AN AIMING DISC
THE TRIANGULAR METHOD OF TESTING AIM FOR AC-
CURACY AND CONSISTENCY



IN THE DENTAL SURGERY AT TRENTHAM CAMP



OFFICERS, N.C.O.'s AND MEN, N.Z. MEDICAL CORPS, TRENTHAM CAMP
OFFICERS, N.C.O.'s AND MEN, N.Z. DENTAL CORPS, TRENTHAM CAMP

A STUDY IN TARGETS

we have made were lined up at a short distance from the target. Having heard the instructor's order, they all stared at the target to try and locate the tree. After a pause, the squad was turned right about, and each man in turn came up and pointed out the place he would have fired at. Curly and Long Mac and Bill found the right place. The Rooster pointed to a willow, Blasty chose a poplar, but not the correct one, and Jallow pointed vaguely at several trees and admitted that he was not at all sure about the matter.

After this came the practice in firing from cover, during which the furniture of the hut was made into a barricade. The men all enjoyed this, and when smoke-oh! came, instead of listening to the rain drumming dismally on the roof, they argued about the scene in Flanders and what they would do if a Boche suddenly showed his head out of a chimney or a tree. Jallow and Blasty became quite heated over it.

The landscape target was replaced by one similar to those used on the ranges—the lower half coloured dull green and the upper half light-grey, with a dark-brown patch in the centre. This patch was enclosed in two blue-pencil rings. A long pole with a metal disc at its end was brought in, the disc being painted white on one side and black on the other; and a red and white flag was also produced. Then the squad was given instruction in the method of signalling shots at the targets in the butts. This feature of musketry knowledge having been absorbed, the usual lively quarter of an hour was spent in muscle exercises, and then there was some practice in rapid loading with dummy cartridges as a final exercise of the morning's work.

During the days of glorious fine weather preceding the wet days the six men had learned a good deal about musketry. They had found targets—and a number of objects that were not targets—on a real landscape, and thereby proved that their eyesight was unimpaired, though there were some town-bred men in the squads who found their eyes not in focus for seeing over long distances—they were so accustomed to have their horizon bounded by bricks and mortar or wood and paint.

On the green slope behind the 25-yards range the tests were made. A number of variously-painted silhouettes had been planted among the grass and scrub, and even the instructors had to be very wide-awake to keep them in view. But some of the men were quite confident that they could see them.

"Hands up, those men who can see twenty targets or more," the instructor said. All told, there were fifteen silhouettes on the hill. Three men put up their hands.

A STUDY IN TARGETS

"I can see fifty-seven," said Jallow, whose lips had been moving rapidly for some seconds; "I counted them and there are fifty-seven."

He rather took the instructor's breath away, until it was found that Jallow had been counting some pegs above the targets. There were sixty of them, and Jallow had not seen any of the silhouettes. One of the other men had counted the dark tufts of native plants, and the third said he had made a mistake and would look again. Curly found ten targets and described their positions accurately. Long Mac very cautiously admitted that he had seen five for sure, and more maybe. Blasty was quieter than he had been for days, and rubbed his eyes several times. He was as enthusiastic as ever, though he failed to find any of the targets at first. But the lesson taught them all to use their eyes.

Judging distances was another lesson which was taught by actual practice. The squad was lined up and told that a flag on a short stick that was visible in front of them was exactly one hundred yards distant.

"Look at it well and measure the ground between you and it with your eye," the instructor said. They made the ground feel quite ashamed of itself, so diligently did they stare at it.

"About turn!" came the order. "Now march forward, and halt when you judge you are one hundred yards from those gum-trees."

They marched forward, and there was nothing remarkable about that: they knew how to march. It was when they began to halt that the oddness of the thing appeared. Bill Race stopped first. When the others kept moving he changed his mind and was about to follow, but the instructor stopped him.

"Stand still! Don't move!"

Blasty stopped like a collision and stood like a statue about twenty yards ahead of Bill. Long Mac put on the brake near him, and the Rooster dropped anchor a little further on. Curly was the next to stop. Jallow was evidently thinking of something else, and didn't stop till every man in the squad had come to a standstill. Then he looked over his shoulder, took two more steps, and stopped. A tape measure was run over the ground and a flag put up at the correct distance, which was midway between the Rooster and Long Mac, who were about five yards out; Race was forty yards short, and Blasty twenty, while Curly was ten and Jallow thirty yards over.

"I'll do better next time," Jallow said; "I was thinking about those targets at the time and forgot."

A STUDY IN TARGETS

Up till now the squad had had only inanimate targets to watch. Now a number of fatigue-men were sent out to various distances, and the soldiers were taught to "aim off for movement." The fatigue-men—soldiers in their denims—walked and doubled across the line of fire, and the squads were taught to aim in front of the moving men, according to their speed, the instructor checking their aim by means of the aim-corrector. Snapshooting (aiming quickly and accurately) and rapid fire (maintaining a high rate of speed in firing, combined with accuracy) were subjects which now came in for much attention. In their study of the "triangle of error"—which is the name given to a handy means of checking a man's aim—Blasty made his first "bull" in connection with musketry, though it was not the kind that the white disc goes up for. Curly was moving a disc that he held over a white board, and Blasty was looking along the sights of the rifle in the tripod.

"Just a bit to the left," said Blasty—"a bit more."

The disc moved to the right. Blasty had forgotten that his left was Curly's right.

"Oh," he said, "I mean the other left!"

He waved his hand in the direction he meant and struck the butt of the carefully-placed rifle.

"Dear me!" said the instructor, or words to that effect, and patiently set to work to aim that rifle anew. Curly and Blasty had an argument that evening as to whose fault it was and the exact words the instructor used.

When they aimed at service targets a few days later they felt that they were approaching the real thing. A long row of rifles were set up in tripods, with men standing in two ranks behind them. The instructor waved a flag and the sound of a rifle-shot was heard, coming from the front. For a moment nothing was visible. Then came another shot, and a man was seen in the act of firing. The flag waved again and he disappeared.

"Mark down!" said the instructor.

The front rank stepped forward to the tripods and aimed the rifles at the place where they judged the man had appeared.

"Stand clear!" was the next order. The flag waved and the distant man reappeared. Then the instructor checked the aiming of the rifles and pointed out the errors. Some of the men of the squads had never seen the man at all, owing to his uniform's colour resembling the colour of the ground. Blasty was one of these. His rifle was aimed fair for a military policeman who was returning from guard duty at the reservoir in the hills.

A STUDY IN TARGETS

The elementary training which was imparted was greater, perhaps, than the amount actually absorbed by the pupils, but any lack was quickly discovered by the standard tests which are designed to show whether the soldier is sufficiently advanced in both theoretical and practical work to warrant his being sent on the range. But the whole of the training led to the range at last, and thither the cheerful six wended their way one bright morning, with mingled feelings of pleasure and trepidation.

It was a memorable day, a notable occasion. After an early breakfast the company was marched down to the range to begin firing the recruits' course of musketry. Anxiety was shown on the faces of some of those who had never fired a rifle in their lives.

"Does she kick?" a lad asked a non-commissioned officer.

"Like the devil, if you don't hold her tight!"

"I'll hold her tight all right!"

"A chap told me last night," said Blasty, "that he got his shoulder dislocated at his first shot. What do you think?"

"I don't care if she kicks me over the canteen," said Curly, "I'm going to hit the bull!"

It would not be fair to tell of many things which took place at that first trial; but every man emerged from the test feeling much happier and keen to do some more shooting.

When the platoons forming the company went each to its allotted section of the range, to be split up again into small squads, they found the markers already in the butts. A red flag waved at each end, and the targets were being carried out from the sheds and put in position. A small party arrived presently at the firing-point with a portable telephone and some flags; they were for communication between the firing-point and the butts. Ammunition had been drawn, each platoon placing its supply in a convenient position. Each squad was told off to a target, the men who were to fire first and the register-keepers going right up to the mound, while two other lines remained some distance in the rear.

Everything was ready; the red flags at the butts were withdrawn, the officer in charge ordered the flag on the firing-point to be lowered. Not till then was ammunition issued to those who were about to fire. Up came the targets! The range was 100 yards, and each man fired five shots, the practice being known as "grouping." Then they were taken up to the target, the groups measured, points scored in the books, and their faults explained to them. The next shoot was at 200 yards, and later from the same distance with bayonets fixed. During a week they worked long hours

A STUDY IN TARGETS

on the ranges, firing from cover, snapshooting, and firing rapid, and by degrees the ranges lengthened, till they were firing with greatly increased confidence and better marksmanship at the 600 yards range. When the whole of the six learned that they had qualified and would not be drafted into a special squad for further practice they were happy men.

After a morning spent on the range, the squads were taken out for firing at the landscape targets; and the men found that the shooting was of an entirely different character. The pictures were set up 25 yards away—scenes in Flanders and France—tall poplars, bare slopes, straight roads, trim houses and church-towers.

“It’s a pity to spoil it with a bullet!” said Bill Race.

“Supposin’ you can hit it, that is,” added Long Mac.

“I’ll bet you that none of you hits the target,” said Curly, who knew something.

“Done!” they said.

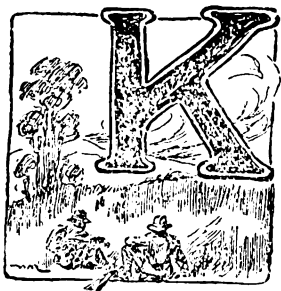
“Ah! It’s a shame to take your money!” laughed Curly. “See what they’re putting up.”

The range men were placing screens of brown paper above the targets, and the men were ordered to sight their rifles at a long range. Although they aimed at the trees, the churches, the roads, the bridges, or the church spires, according to the way in which each man interpreted the fire-orders, the bullets struck the brown paper screens above the targets. From their positions it was simple work for the accuracy of the shooting to be judged. Sometimes the fire was directed on one point, at other times on a number of points simultaneously, and occasionally it was distributed between two points. But Curly won his bet; the picture targets were undamaged, as the squad found when, after each shoot, they were taken up to see their handiwork and receive instructions for future guidance. They found that they made many errors at the outset and improved rapidly with practice.

The difficulty of getting each man to recognise and fire at the spot indicated in the fire order was only brought home to them after making several attempts. Perhaps the target was a tiny tuft of grass or a small fold in the ground. It had not a large number above it, as the targets on the ranges have, to guide the firer. Moreover, the fire orders are condensed like telegrams; all superfluous words are dispensed with. So that many who had done well at the ranges found there was much remaining of musketry yet to be mastered.

THE DENTIST'S CHAIR

*The soldier's smile's a winning smile
That carries all before it—
From officer to rank and file,
No lady will ignore it.*



EEP still; it won't take a minute! Breathe through your nose!"

Long Mac was in a dentist's chair at the Camp Dental Hospital; he was one of a long row of patients who were being attended to by white-coated officers of the New Zealand Dental Corps. The way in which Long Mac came to be in that chair at that particular time was this: when he enlisted, a dentist examined Long Mac's teeth and made "a plan of his mouth," according to Long Mac. It really was a chart which showed the state of his teeth, and it was charted on a form so prepared that if the paper had been curved in front of the patient's mouth it would have corresponded, in its details, with the arrangement of the teeth in the mouth. A perpendicular line divided the mouth in the centre, while a horizontal line ran along between the edges of the teeth, that the mouth was divided into four sections, and the extractions or fillings needed in each section were noted by the examining dentist. When Long Mac entered camp this dental card came with his papers and was sent on to the Camp Dental Hospital. He was one of those who had not time to have his teeth attended to between enlistment and going in. But Curly and Hoe had been able to have this done by some of the civilian dentists in their town, who, like many others in New Zealand, devote a good deal of time to soldiers' work, the cost being borne partly by the dentists and partly by the Government, while the soldier pays nothing at all.

Long Mac's dental card having reached the Dental Hospital, an orderly clerk sent an appointment card, accompanied by a letter from the Camp Adjutant to the officer commanding Long Mac's company, and a corporal took Long Mac and several others, including Blasty, to the dentist at the appointed time. As Long Mac said, "it saved a fellow a lot of worry making up his mind to go to the dentist."

Blasty was in the chair next to Long Mac, and he was watching with fascination while the dental officer filled a spoon with plaster of Paris from a basin which an orderly held and poured the white liquid into Long Mac's mouth. The Scotsman was very calm and was breathing through his

THE DENTIST'S CHAIR

nose rather loudly. There was a metal mould in his mouth fitted against his toothless upper gums. Into this the plaster was going, so as to take an impression of the gums. But to Blasty's simple mind it seemed that the fluid was being absorbed by Long Mac, and he felt relieved when the basin and spoon were taken away. He just caught Long Mac's eye, when his own dentist told him to lean his head back; after that his own affairs absorbed his attention, though Blasty's dread of pain far exceeded the reality, it being one of the chief aims of the busy camp dentists to treat the soldiers as painlessly as possible. That they have succeeded in this direction is plainly shown on the placid faces of the men who are waiting their turn and are able to see, through the open doorway, how their comrades in the chairs are faring.

Long Mac was dismissed presently, and the date for the next appointment was entered on a card by the operator, for the information of the orderly who sends out the notices of appointments. Then the cast of Mac's mouth was sent into the laboratory, where primus stoves and vulcanisers hissed and roared and busy mechanics sat at benches and worked at dentures in all stages of manufacture, from the plaster of Paris to the neat brown vulcanite denture with ivory-coloured teeth firmly and accurately set in it. Soldiers' dentures (artificial teeth) are made much stronger than are those of civilians, it being recognised that they must be able to stand the extra strain caused by the hard fare of trench life.

During the month in which Long Mac went through the dentist's hands—which was some time ago, he being in the firing-line now—the Dental Hospital at Trentham carried out 2940 fillings and 200 root fillings. The number of teeth extracted was 1851, dentures made 350, while 59 dentures were repaired and 888 smaller operations carried out. Altogether 3318 attendances upon soldiers were accomplished by a staff of eleven officers and eight mechanics, who were assisted by orderlies. Since then the hospital has been enlarged and a separate laboratory provided, while the staff consists of eighteen officers and sixty-three n.c.o.'s and men, the n.c.o.'s and men being under a regimental sergeant-major. And the enlarged building is more than six times the size of the first dental hospital to be used at Trentham. This was established, in a building 24ft. by 20ft., with a staff of two officers, one dental mechanic, and one orderly, on January 1, 1916.

The New Zealand Dental Corps is the youngest unit of the Army. When the war broke out there was no dental corps in the British Army, dentists being attached to the Army Medical Corps. The New Zealand Dental Corps was established in November, 1915, as a separate unit and dental hospitals were built in the different camps. It has been estimated by men who know

THE DENTIST'S CHAIR

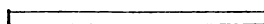
that in the early stages of the war fully 15 per cent. of the British and French Armies were invalided back because of systemic troubles caused by diseased teeth; and in regard to New Zealand, it is an indisputable fact that quite 30 per cent.—that is, 600 men out of a draft of 2000—could never sail as fit men were it not for the work of the New Zealand Dental Corps. In addition to this, the remainder of the troops who require it receive treatment and thus, as far as possible, avoid pain and dental trouble when at the front.

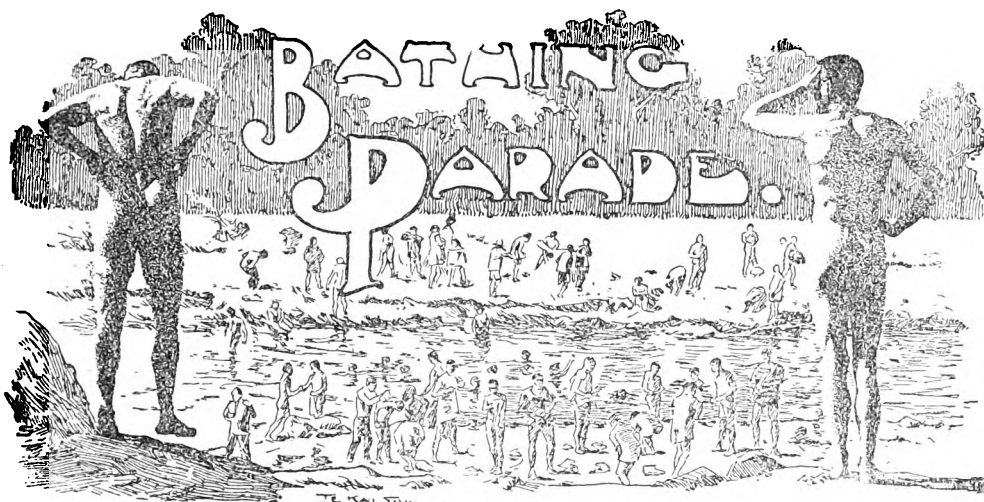
“Feel all right now?” the dental officer asked the Rooster, who had had two teeth extracted under a local anæsthetic, in the special room provided.

“Yeth,” said the Rooster, lisping as people do who have lost some teeth —“yeth, ith thith thepeaking that annoyth me—thath all.”

As he passed out to the waiting-room, where Long Mac was holding his hat, he heard Jallow say to an officer,

“But we’re busy, sir. I don’t know if I can spare time to come back. Haven’t you got any slop-made sets of teeth that would fit me?”





*"What is the matter?" the sergeant said,
 "This," said the raw recruit,
 "How can you tell, when it's bathing parade,
 Who you have got to salute?"*

THE bathing-place at the river is more than a mile from Camp, across the railway and the main road. On the far side of the road an old dray-track winds down to a creek and crosses it by a ford. The soldiers' road swings to the left and crosses on a bridge that is only a skeleton. Four planks, about eighteen inches apart, are all the decking it boasts. But that is all that is required by soldiers marching in fours. On the other side of the creek a way has been fenced off through grazing paddocks. Here, too, instead of the usual three tracks found in country roads, there are four, for the marching men always keep their formation, and they have worn four clear paths. So it is at another bridge on the borders of a heavily-bushed portion of the land: the four tracks are clearly defined. Then they merge with one wide path which dives into the gloom of bush, which shuts out all but tiny glimpses of the sky. And the soldiers' road loses itself in a grassy, open paddock. From this point there are two ways to the river. It is not advisable that all the men should congregate at one point, for with 2500 men in the water, a considerable stretch of river is required. Beyond the grass paddock the river rushes along. It is rather narrow in its shingle bed, for on the opposite side the hills rise almost precipitously with bush, broom, and tree-ferns growing in profusion to the highest ridge. Birds flit about, and the river chatters and sings on its way. In the open paddock thrushes and starlings run about on the grass.

BATHING PARADES

But in the dim aisles of the thick bush all is quiet. If one goes there before the marching troops pass, small wrens and robins and wagtails may be seen fitting noiselessly about. A rabbit will hop quietly out of cover, to stare at the intruder, and move slowly away again. For a time the stillness is remarkable. But, in the distance, the whirr of a side-drum is heard, and the voices of men singing, as they pass along the four-way road, while the grazing cattle in the paddocks watch with curious eyes. They are crossing the bridge; the leaders darken the glare of the sky in the opening which barely admits the path. At once the quiet bush echoes and throbs and re-echoes to the drum and the voices and the tramping feet. The wrens and robins have gone; after a terrified backward look, the rabbits have fled, too.

The company is just finishing a chorus: "Who-who-who-who's your lady friend?"

There's a muddy place to be passed, and each strives to dodge it and push someone else in. The officer marching briskly in the lead says "Left! Left!" and the drum emphasises the step—"B-r-r-r-m! B-r-r-r-m!" it throbs, its clamour suddenly becoming less as the drummer passes out into the open again. Down to the river they go, happy as skylarking boys. Company after company follows, the bagpipes sounding weirdly in the bush colonnades, and the bugles splitting the sombre silence.

The bank of the river is soon a scene of animation. Most of the men are out of their clothes and into the water in a brace of shakes; others are slower, and some don't bathe at all; they do a little washing instead, this being allowed. Even so, many of the washers are chaffed, and some hurry through in time for a hasty dip ere the company resumes its clothes and sets off again for the Camp. With the majority of the men in the water the river looks like a surf beach in summer, and the noise is astonishing, though when it is analysed it is found to be great in volume by reason of the multiplication of many individual noises, and not by any special individual effort. There is a great commotion near a rock which overlooks a deep pool. This is a favourite diving-place—in fact, diving-places are so few that it is regarded as the only satisfactory one.

A large soldier is poised in readiness to dive, but lingers in the warm sunshine.

"Hurry up, Mac! Make up your mind," shouts a man in the water.

Mac goes in with a fine splash. He comes up with streaming face, brushes the water out of his eyes and is after Curly, the man who chaffed him. But that nimble one is already in the shallows, splashing vigorously to cover his retreat. The rock is a favourite spot, undoubtedly, but as it is on the far side of the river the initial plunge of the dip cannot be taken

BATHING PARADES

from it. Those who are not so keen on diving to await their turn in the queue, splash in the shallows or swim and float contentedly; some only paddle. Every man, including the washermen, must bathe their feet, for the feet are important attributes in marching and must be kept fit and clean.

To the civilian, the bathing parades in the river seem a mighty confusion of men, long arrays of clothes, and much upheaval of waters. Yet there is order all the time. Not a man could disappear without his disappearance being noted. At every bathing parade, each company has four life-savers on duty. They stand, ready for action, at points along the portion of the river occupied by the company. Usually they are men who were members of surf rescue clubs in their civilian days. Their presence gives the timorous ones confidence.

It seems that the fun is still at its height when a whistle blows, the signal for dressing. Out of the water the swimmers come like seals, dripping and breathless from their play. Towels are busy, and the men get into their clothes in quick time, while the four life-savers, one of whom is Mick Laney, splash across to the rock and enjoy ten minutes' diving and swimming, amid the banter of the men.

"How'd you like that handsome bloke to rescue your best girl?" a soldier asks his friend.

"He'd have to black his face first," is the reply. "I'm the only handsome bloke she'll look at."

"Hi, Napoleon!" to a posing diver, "get off the rock!"

"That's one for little Mary!" as the diver strikes the water heavily.

The company does not wait for the four to dress. They will follow on later. The drum stutters and falls into its rhythmic clatter. Soon it is muffled by the bush. So, out again, and by the four-track way to the main road to the Camp. Approaching the guard, the officer smartens the men up in their marching, and three hundred clean, shining faces salute the guard with half-turned glances as they pass.

In the roomy bath-house the fifty men made noise enough. Those who were undressed urged their slower comrades to hurry up.

"Jimmy's shying at his 'weekly' again," one man said. "See that he gets it good and hot this time, Tommy!"

Tommy promised he would see to it. The n.c.o. in charge began to hurry the men who were slow, though the whole business of undressing had not taken long. The men in the loft, where the tanks and taps are, heard the order for the men to step under the showers. An Irishman was singing "Killarney," and a chorus had begun the chant, "Here we are again!"

BATHING PARADES

Suddenly the whistle of the speaking-tube screamed. It was the signal for hot water. Almost simultaneously the whistle from the other bath-house sounded. Both taps were turned—they are like steam valves and worked by a small wheel. There was a moment of quietness while the water travelled from the tanks to the showers. Then, as it hissed down upon bare shoulders and tousled heads, exclamations, yells, and whistling arose.

"Hoo!" shouted Lusty; "that'll take the hide off you, Billy!"

"Look, you're getting red all over," retorted Bill—"like a lobster!"

The happy chorus was still going strongly. The men were as happy as sandboys under the warm flow of water. But the gauge in the tank was moving. These squads had had their share of hot water. The taps turned and the showers ceased. Then the voices changed their tones to one of expostulation. They wanted more hot water. Both whistles screamed.

"Give us just a drop more," a voice cajoled.

"Can't be done!" replied one of the operators, through the sizzle of the steam as it heated more tanks of water for the squads that were to follow. "Are you ready for the cold?" he added. "Stand by—here she comes!"

He spun the cold water tap with a will, and the fifty voices took on another and a sadder note, which was followed by the sound of clean, healthy soldiers singing as they stepped from under the showers and rubbed themselves down with their towels. The man at the wheel shut off the water and turned his attention to the tanks that would be needed for the next batch.

The other operator of taps and gauges was a grim kind of humorist.

When the request for hot water was made he answered cheerily.

"Right oh, boys! Just this once I'll do it. Stand by!"

Instead of giving them more hot water he turned on a deluge of cold. The uproar which followed suggested that the fifty men were being murdered. Through the din could be distinguished dire threats upon the life of the joker; but the victims of his practical joking saw the fun, as healthy men usually do, and were soon rubbing themselves down, while another fifty took their places under the hot showers.

Squad after squad, the two companies underwent bathing parade. The stars were out and the street lamps were burning in the Camp when the last lot were finished. But there was hot water for all, the steam from the big boiler being directed first into one and then into another of the four big tanks, under the skilful handling of the men at the taps and gauges. The sallies of the men were a continuous fusillade of wit and sarcasm, and the humorist in the loft worked his chilly jest with the cold water with considerable success from time to time.

CAMP POLICE

*They're juggling fellows, who can palm
A bad man's rage away,
And make him feel as cool and calm
As ice-cream wrapped in hay.*



ALL day long and until last thing at night a corporal and two lance-corporals of the Camp Police are on duty at the main Camp gates. The hours observed by them are two hours on and four hours off, and the two who are off rest in a tent near at hand, unless an occasion arises which demands their presence to assist their comrade who is on duty, in checking passes or in keeping undesirables out of the Camp.

These men of the Camp Police are familiar figures at the Camp gates, and the civilian mind is prone to regard them solely as the guardians of the gate. But the Camp Police have many duties to perform—duties which require tact and a show of strength and size. Recruits to this force are drawn from the Reinforcements in camp by the Camp Provo'-Sergeant-Major, who is in charge of the police. They must be from 5ft. 9in. to 6ft. in height, weigh 12st. and upwards, and belong to the Second Division under the Military Service Act. They do all the despatch work, as well as acting as guards and patrols in the Camp and on the neighbouring roads. The reservoir from which the Camp water-supply is drawn is in a gully in the hills behind the Camp, and more than a mile distant. Night and day three members of the Camp Police Force guard the reservoir, the guard being changed once in every 24 hours. Two mounted men patrol the roads between Upper Hutt and the Camp during the day, to look for stragglers, while in the evening there are four or five police on duty at the hotels at Trentham and Upper Hutt between 7 o'clock and midnight. The railway stations at Heretaunga and Trentham are also places where the big white-belted men are on duty all day.

The Camp hot-water shower-baths are open between 6 a.m. and 9 p.m. There are police on duty there all the time, and when the baths are busy, which is between 6 and 9 o'clock in the evening, policemen in the loft of the building regulate the supply of water to the showers below. Referring to this duty, the Camp Standing Orders read:—

CAMP POLICE

“The Camp Military Police will control the water-supply, which will be turned on for a period of 45 seconds; there will be a pause of 60 seconds for soaping, after which the water will be again turned on for 60 seconds.”

So that the Camp Police have an important duty here, too.

When Orderly Room is held in the Commandant's office at 8.30 every morning, defaulters are escorted thither by the Camp Police, who are also in charge of all men in detention. During the day a sergeant of police calls the defaulters' roll at various stated times, when the men who are confined to barracks are summoned by a bugle sounding “Defaulters.”

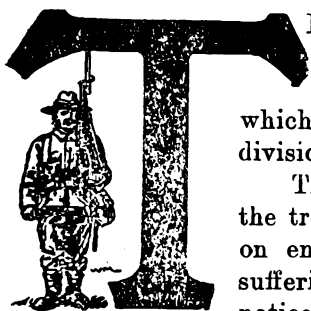
To all parts of New Zealand the Camp Police provide escorts for prisoners, and on every troop train there are three of them under an n.c.o. of police, while civilian trains also are subjects of their attention. And even this does not close the list of the duties of the Camp Police, for they are the fire brigade of the Camp. They undergo regular training in fire-fighting with a manual engine which pumps the water from huge underground cisterns situated in various parts of the Camp. In the big fire which broke out in the Camp a year ago the Camp Police achieved wonders with their manual engine, which was worked, in the later stages of the fight with the flames, by crews from the Reinforcements in Camp, the firemen working the nozzles like trained fire-fighters, as indeed they are.

This was the force which Mick Laney had joined and in which he found good comradeship among the athletic men composing it. And in leisure time he entered into the spirit of the impromptu boxing and wrestling matches which went on in the long police hut when the men were off duty. They were all seasoned men, he found, and tough and agile; even the corporal who weighed 19st. was an athlete. And he learned, very soon, that the handling of obstreperous men was accomplished by tact and a show of strength more than by the application of muscular force.



THE MEDICAL SIDE OF CAMP

*Stretcher beds, stretcher beds, stretcher parade;
Boots in perfection of dressing array'd,
Tinware that glitters and blankets that lie
Skilfully folded and all "apple-pie."
Turn but one moment, and say: "What is up?"
"Only we're after the P.M.O.'s cup."*



THE medical administration of Trentham Camp deals with the personal examination and inspection of troops, the treatment of the sick, and the inspection of the Camp, which is divided, for medical purposes, into the hospital division, observation huts, and the camp division.

The personal examination of troops practically means that the troops are under constant medical supervision. Every man on entering Camp is examined. All unlikely men—those suffering from infectious or contagious disease or from any noticeable infirmity or disability—are weeded out and again examined, and either sent into hospital for treatment, returned to their unit as fit, or put down for examination by the visiting Medical Board at its next sitting. In this case a full report is made to the Principal Medical Officer, who sends it on to the Board. As a fourth alternative, the men are ordered to attend sick parades for treatment.

While in camp all soldiers have to undergo medical examination for infectious disease twice a week. In addition to this, as soon as possible after arrival in camp, and again just before embarking, the whole of each Reinforcement is paraded for throat examination. At this parade a swab is taken and sealed up in a phial. These swabs are immediately forwarded to the laboratory for microscopical examination, and the result of this is advised to Camp on the same day.

If the test shows that any man is a carrier of infectious organisms, he is isolated in a special camp set aside for the purpose. These men in isolation are paraded twice a day at the inhaling-room, where the fumes of chemicals are inhaled, with the result that the germs are destroyed. The state of their throats is tested every morning by means of swabbing, and no man is released until two clear swabs have been obtained. This system has proved successful in checking the spread of such diseases as cerebro-spinal fever and diphtheria. Men are inspected, also, on leaving camp or for embarkation, the examination in the latter case being more complete.

Apart from these regular examinations by the doctors, the soldier in Camp who makes acquaintance with the Camp hospitals does so by the

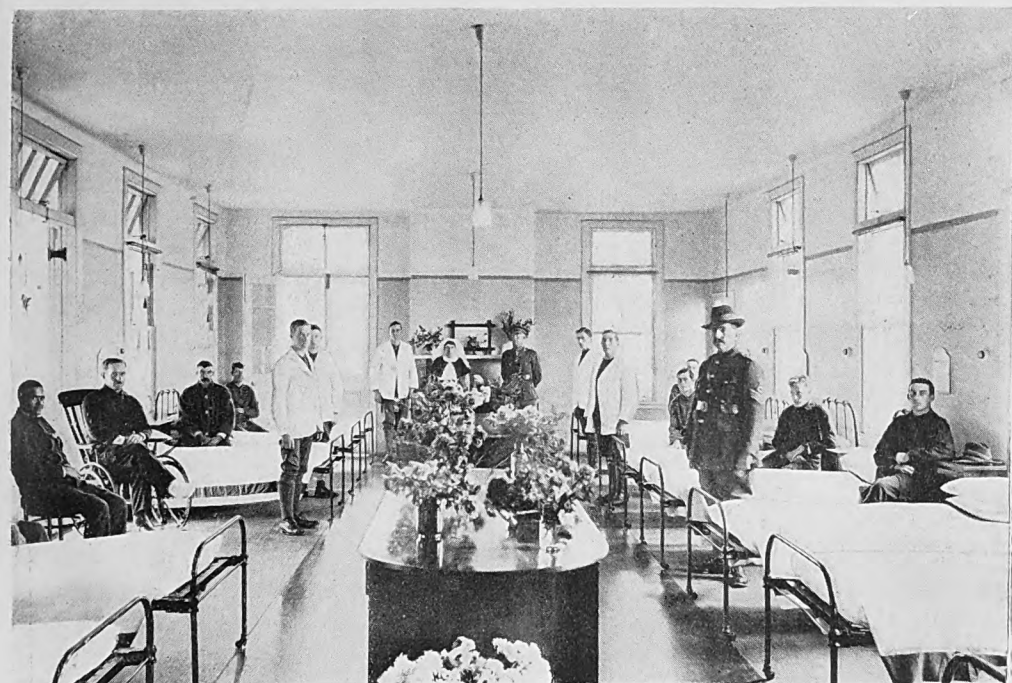
THE MEDICAL SIDE OF CAMP

medium of the sick parade. Any man who feels ill and wishes to report sick is paraded at the medical inspection hut by the orderly corporal of his unit. This n.c.o. fills in a slip with the particulars of the man's name, unit, and symptoms, and when the men on sick parade are called in from the large waiting-room by the medical officers, their corporals accompany them and lay the slips of paper before the medical officer. Particulars of the patients' temperatures are taken while in the waiting-room by the medical orderlies, and with this information before them the medical officers—there are usually three or more in attendance—proceed to diagnose the cases and to prescribe for them. If ill enough to warrant it, the soldier may be sent into hospital or be taken to the observation hut. Others may be ordered light duty or be given medicine, with exemption from duty.

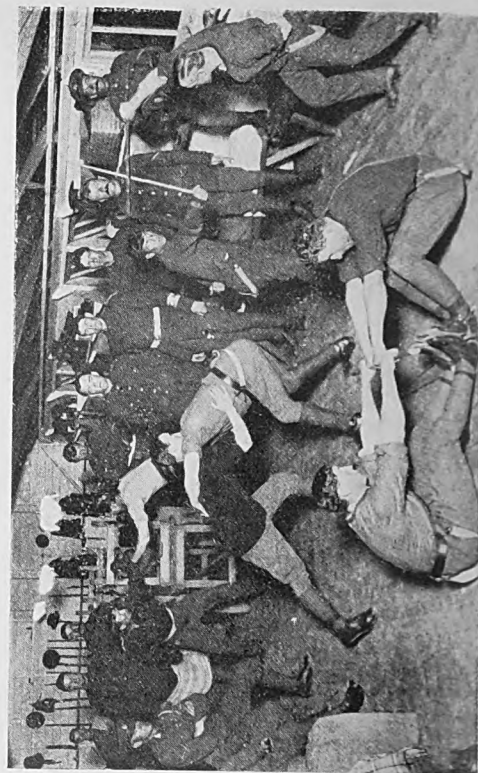
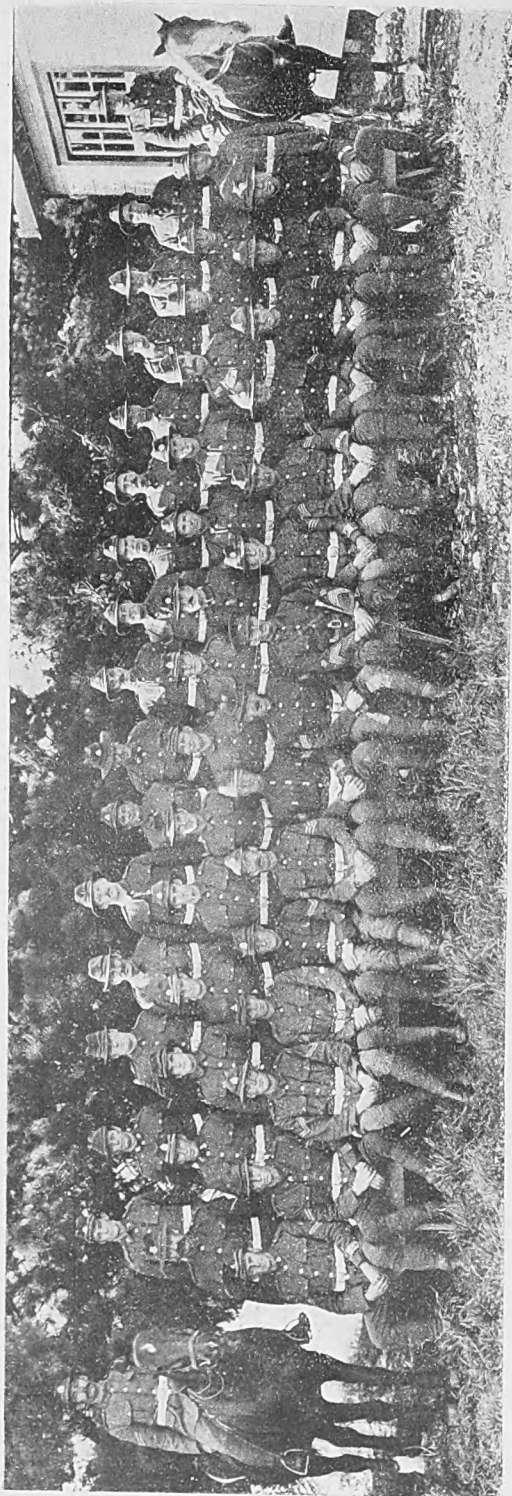
The observation hut is one in which men are detained day by day, when not ill enough to warrant their being put in hospital, but who are considered as unfit to remain in the Camp. In the observation hut they get a comfortable bed and rest, with medical attendance and food. Hospital orderlies are in charge, and the patients receive the same treatment as if in hospital, except that they are classed as "sick in lines."

When admitted to hospital, the men are taken to the ward to which they are posted, and fitted out with a hospital kit. This consists of plate, basin, mug, knife, fork, spoon, towel, coat, trousers, pyjamas, pillow-case, sheets, socks, shirts, and slippers. Blankets and mattresses are provided in the wards. Their own kits are then placed in the pack store until they are discharged from hospital. On admission to hospital the man is immediately seen by the medical officer in charge and treatment ordered. The Hospital Records Office is at once notified of his admission, and his next of kin is communicated with by telegram, advising the nature of his sickness and his condition at that time.

The hospital buildings, as already mentioned in an earlier chapter, include the Cottage Hospital, Wairarapa Ward, Wellington Racing Club Ward, the Fever Hospital, Izard's Convalescent Home, and the Casualty Ward. All of these wards are staffed by medical officers, nurses, ward-masters, and orderlies of the New Zealand Medical Corps, their establishment being over one hundred strong. The staff consists of eight medical officers, one sanitary officer, one quartermaster, nine nurses, and ninety n.c.o.'s and men, all of whom are specially trained for the work. The hospital has its own laboratory, and an important branch is that of the chiropodist and his staff, who are kept constantly employed in tending the soldiers' feet.



MAIN WARD, COTTAGE
HOSPITAL
BATHING PARADE,
HUTT RIVER

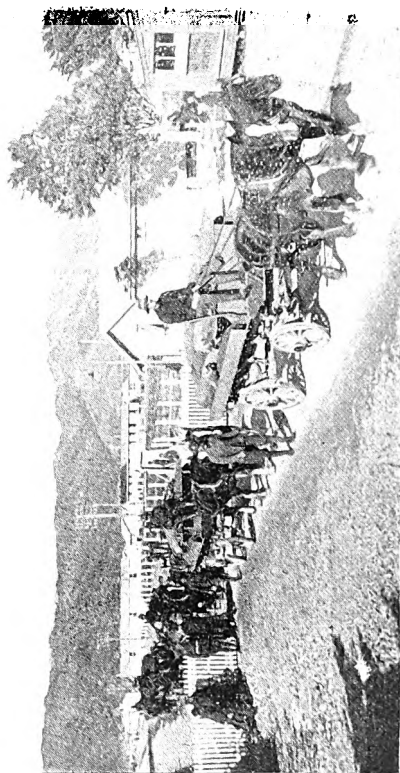
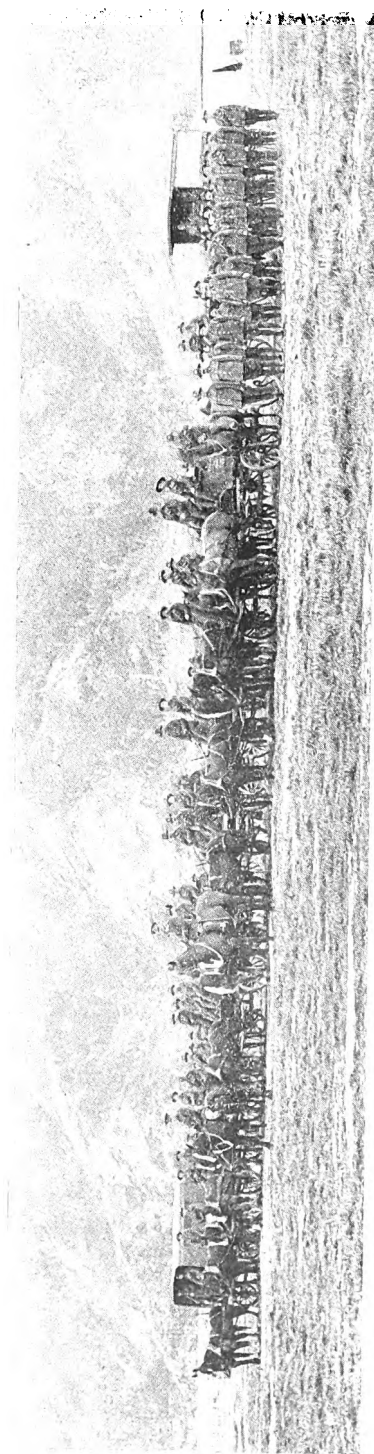


CAMP MILITARY POLICE
KEEPING FIT, Camp Military Police at Exercise

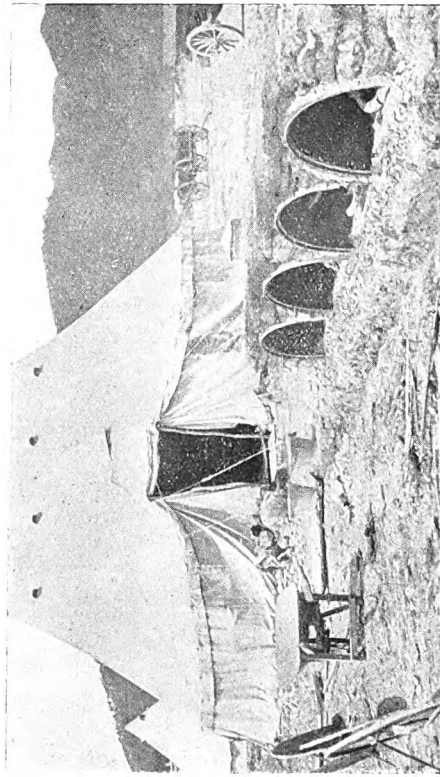
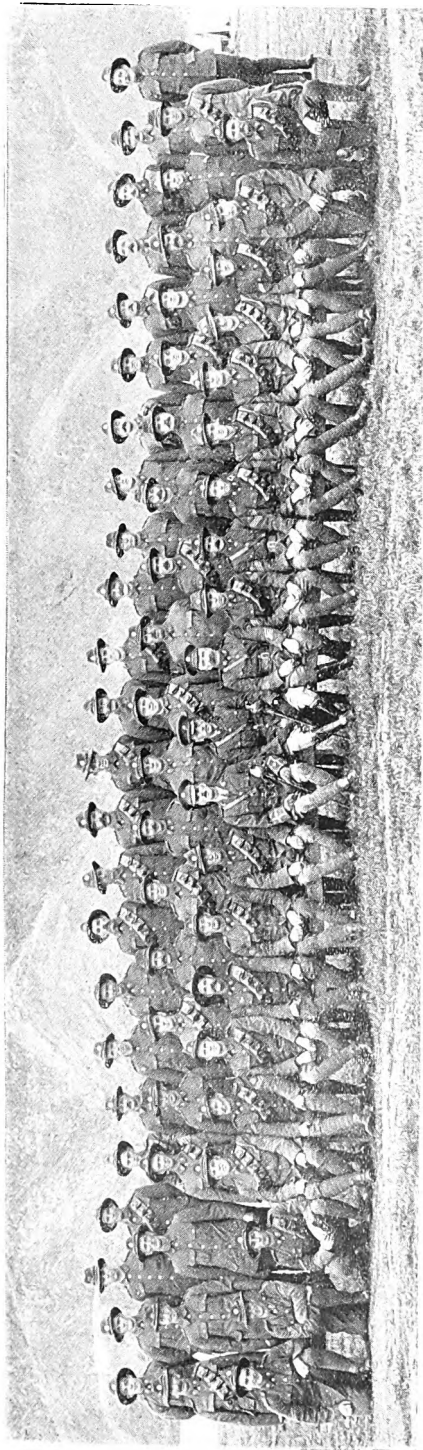


MUSKETRY FIELD PRACTICES. A company of Infantry about to deliver a burst of "rapid fire."

A Company of Infantry in the Attack who have occupied an enemy's trench, which has been devastated by Artillery Fire, and endeavour to rebuild the trench by means of sandbags, but are surprised by a counter attack which they now have to beat off.



ARMY SERVICE CORPS. Transport Sections
 Section moving out to meet troops
 at Kaitoke



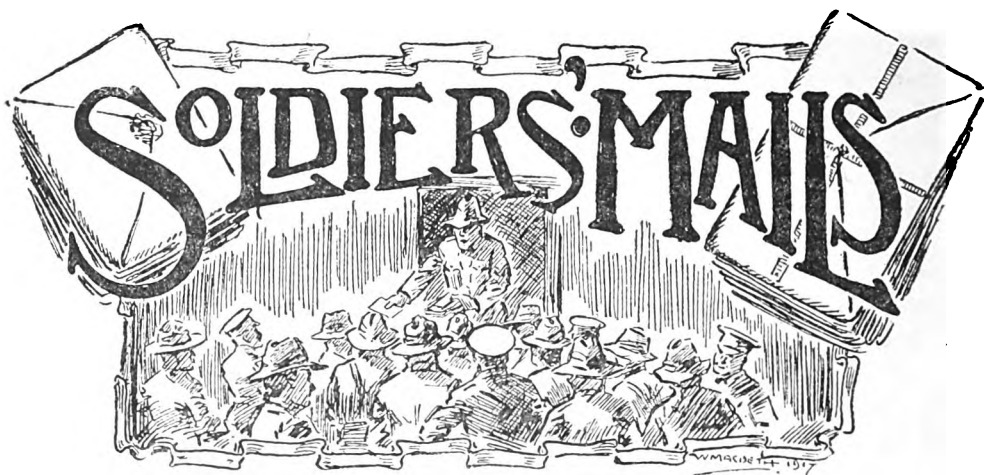
ARMY SERVICE CORPS—Supply and Transport Depot Staffs
CAMP BAKERY—First Field Ovens and Marquee for Storing Bread

THE MEDICAL SIDE OF CAMP

To encourage competition in cleanliness among the troops, a silver challenge cup presented by medical officers is held for one week by the company whose huts have been kept in the best order during the preceding week. In addition to this, the winners and runners-up are given extra leave from Camp. There is no doubt that a keen interest in cleanliness has been fostered among the troops, and this renders the work of inspecting their huts all the more arduous.

The inspection of the Camp by medical officers entails frequent visits to the lines, ablution stands, baths, officers' mess, hutments, latrines, cook-houses, dining-rooms, drying-rooms, canteen—both when closed and when open—shops, halls and institutes, guard-rooms, incinerators, and horse lines. The inspection of meat, milk, and foodstuffs of all kinds is carried out daily, and no hesitation is shown in condemning any quantity that is considered to be unfit for consumption. Every day the whole of the Camp is inspected at least three times, except under exceptional circumstances. The supervision of the Camp includes the inspection of certain residences within a radius of one mile of the Camp, since under new regulations the jurisdiction of the military authorities has been extended to include that area. The medical officer of the day at Trentham Camp also superintends the attendance on civilians and the wives and families of soldiers living in the district near the Camp, there being no civilian doctor resident in the locality. Like his fellow officers in the fighting forces, the orderly medical officer has a busy time during his twenty-four hours of continuous duty. Every man who is to be "boarded" before the visiting Medical Board must be examined first by the orderly officer, and he has to attend to casualties and inspect prisoners brought to Camp by the night picket on the last train from town.

Inoculation of troops with typhoid anti-bacillus just before sailing is another heavy duty of the Camp medical staff, and in the camp division the sanitary officer has to see that all sanitary arrangements are fully and carefully carried out.



*They move us round from hut to hut,
We change from camp to camp;
We're gipsies dressed in khaki, but
A bloomin' postage stamp
Can follow us with both eyes shut
However far we tramp.*

CURLY was orderly corporal of his company. He stood at the top of the steps of his hut with a bundle of letters in his hands and a pile of newspapers beside him. Below, grouped about the steps, were dozens of men; and the throng was constantly changing its individuals as letters were claimed and taken away and new claimants hurried up to receive their mail.

"William Race!"

"Here, Curly!"

The letter was handed over.

"D. McGregor. Where's Long Mac?"

Long Mac was there, and he was handed a card for a parcel which awaited him at the Camp post office.

"I'll see you later, Mac," said Curly. "Might be a hamper from home. B. Lusty!"

"Here!" shouted Blasty.

"All right. Don't tell it aloud!" said Curly. "They'll be after you for fatigues if they know you're here."

Freely interspersed with personal and critical remarks, the mail was delivered rapidly, and it was a mail equal to that of a large New

SOLDIERS' MAILS

Zealand township. Curly, as orderly corporal, had gone to the post office and collected the letters and newspapers—the parcels would have overloaded him altogether, so he delivered the cards of advice to the recipients and left them to personally collect their packages. The orderly corporals or orderly sergeants of all the units in Camp performed the same duty, and in this way twice daily a mail only surpassed in size by that of the four New Zealand cities was swiftly and safely delivered. It may be mentioned that the sick men in hospital received their mail just as expeditiously as the men who were hale and hearty.

Almost from its opening, which took place on the day that Trentham Camp was opened, the post office has been a busy one. It began as a military post office in a large marquee, while the telegraphic portion of the work was carried on in an old shed without a floor. Later on the whole of the post office was moved to the present building, to which additions have been made from time to time. With the departure of the first postmaster to the front as a postal sorter in a field post office, the Trentham Camp post office resumed its civilian role, and it is now the only civilian department in the Camp, though most of its staff of fourteen wear khaki as Territorials. Busy as the office is on frequent occasions, no rush has ever equalled that which took place on July 9, 1915, when 7000 men were moved out of the Camp to various relief camps. Almost every man had parcels of personal effects and other valuables to post home, and it looked, at first, as though there was going to be confusion. The postmaster in khaki, however, was equal to the occasion. He realised that there would not be time to weigh and stamp each parcel. He had the troops marshalled in ranks and told to file between two huge mail-baskets.

“Throw your parcels into that basket, your money into this one,” he ordered. “Nothing less than 2s. will be taken and no change will be given.”

The plan worked admirably. As the parcels-baskets filled, empty ones were substituted, and the men filed past in a continuous stream, while the florins and half-crowns gleamed in the lamplight—for it happened in the evening. And in a very short time all the parcels had been “posted,” while the poundage made a heavy weight in the bottom of a basket. The postal staff worked all night, weighing and stamping the parcels, which reached their destinations in the ordinary way.

When rushes occur to-day, the staff does not resort to these rough-and-ready methods, though a greater degree of celerity on the part of the soldiers has to be asked for than is required in normal times. The two weeks preceding the departure of a Reinforcement overseas are always the busiest times for the post office. During such a week as many as 30,000

SOLDIERS' MAILS

letters have been posted, as well as 400 registered letters and packets totalling 2000, while 600 parcels, weighing nearly two tons, were sent through the post. The inwards mail of that week was 27,000 ordinary letters and 150 registered ones, and 4000 packets, while parcels numbered 1000, of a weight exceeding two tons. The amount of money handled during the week on account of money-order and Savings Bank business was £6000. The day before the sailing of a draft, 1000 telegrams were forwarded and 650 received, the work being done by a staff of five operators and all the sending of telegrams finished by 9 p.m.

It is not only the magnitude of the work, but the detailed care taken, which makes the post office staff a busy one. For every parcel that comes in, a notice is sent to the soldier that it is addressed to, and if he fails to call for it that day, another notice is sent out the next day, while the cards of advice which accompany each parcel through the post are filed in such a way that the non-delivery of any parcel is constantly noticed by the clerk in charge. Very few parcels remain unclaimed in the Camp post office. At the same time, there are occasions when parcels of perishable goods arrive in the post in a condition which renders delivery impossible.

A pint of strawberries in a paper bag, for example, made the passage perilous from Auckland. The address was written on the paper bag, to which, also, the stamps were affixed. It was an unrecognisable mass when it arrived, and the clerk entered details of its condition in a book kept for the purpose, and the parcel was sent to the incinerator. This course is followed in all cases where the contents of a parcel are unfit for use. At the same time, the soldiers to whom they are addressed are notified of what has happened. The entries in this book are interesting.

"Eggs rotten, cake affected," is the touching tale of one of them; while there is a downright ring of truth in the entry, "Contents very offensive."

Sometimes it is possible to save part of a parcel: this was done in the case of a mixed consignment which did not travel well and won this comment in the ledger:

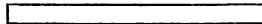
"All bad fruit destroyed. Remainder, consisting fruit and sweets, delivered."

The same exact care shown in delivering parcels or parts of them to their rightful owners is taken with letters and telegrams, and the greatest aid which the staff has in this work is the alphabetical roll. This is a card register containing the name of every soldier who has passed through Trentham Camp since the beginning of the post office there. If any article is wrongly or inadequately addressed—and there are hundreds of them—reference is made to the roll, which always solves the puzzle. Usually the

SOLDIERS' MAILS.

errors in address are due to the writer having included the number of a man's hut and omitted his company or Reinforcement. The roll quickly tells, with the aid of the two busy clerks, that Private J. Gray, of the 17th Reinforcements, is in B Company, while Private J. Gray, of the 18ths, is in J Company. This duplication of names does not often exhibit itself in wrongly-addressed letters, but there are frequently several men of the same names in one company, and this fact makes it a matter of special caution in delivering parcels, registered letters, or telegraphic money-orders to the men who appear at the post office to claim them. Questions have to be asked and answered correctly before the article is handed over.

The staff of the Trentham Camp post office is constantly moving into the fighting ranks of the Army. Already fifteen have gone, and the young man who to-day hands out the mails, sorted into companies, to the orderly corporals may to-morrow be standing at the foot of the hut steps while a corporal like Curly hands him out his letters from home, or a card informing him that a parcel awaits him at the post office.



COMMANDANT'S ORDERLY-ROOM

*An thus it fell that Private Blight
Began to court disaster,
When he came into Camp one night
And kissed the Quartermaster.*



ORDERLY-ROOM—the Camp Commandant's Orderly-room, which is a higher court than the Orderly-room of the officer commanding a company—was about to begin.

"What is the list like?" the Commandant asked, as he took off his top coat and sat down at his table. It was half-past eight o'clock on a dull winter's morning, and a wood fire crackled in the grate, giving a glow to the room that was in contrast to the nip in the air outside.

"Eight cases, sir," replied the adjutant from his desk, which was near the Commandant's—"chiefly overstaying leave," he added.

"Very good; I'm ready," said the Commandant, briskly. The Camp-sergeant-major—a warrant officer who stood at attention near the door—saluted and left the room. His voice could be heard outside, where the eight cases were paraded with military police as guardians. The tramp of marching men sounded in the porch and the door opened smartly.

"Quick march!" said the Camp-sergeant-major, and led the file into the room. Close on his heels came a lance-corporal of police, then the accused—there were two of them—then a corporal of police. After him came an n.c.o. and the officer commanding the company to which the transgressors belonged. When the file was opposite the Commandant's desk, the order came,

"Halt! Left turn!"

The file halted and turned like a piece of machinery, and the two accused, who wore no hats, were facing the Commandant. The sergeant-major called their names—

"John Bull!"

"Here, sir!"

"Stephen Gay!"

"Sir!"

The adjutant rose with papers in his hand and read—

"No. 512860, Private J. Bull, B Company, 13th Reinforcements, charged at Trentham on 5/6/16—" Details of the omissions of duty, with evidence read from telegrams and letters, followed the charge.

COMMANDANT'S ORDERLY-ROOM

"Sergeant Rock!" said the Commandant. The sergeant stiffened.

"Sir! On May 25 I was orderly sergeant. When I called the roll at tattoo the accused were not present, having overstayed their leave from 4.30 p.m. on May 25 till 5 p.m. on June 4, sir."

He saluted immaculately. The Commandant looked at Bull.

"What have you to say to this, Bull?" he asked in brisk, pleasant tones.

"I went to Auckland, sir, to see a friend. There I heard he was in Palmerston, so I came back to Palmerston and found he had gone to Auckland to see me. We had passed on the way. I hadn't seen him for years, and I wanted to see him before we sailed, so I waited till he came back. Turned out that he had been waiting for me in Auckland, too."

"Ah! A species of see-saw! You men must realise that you are soldiers now and on active service. You can't do just as you like, and, what's more, if you do this sort of thing at the front you'll find yourselves up against a brick wall. What have you to say, Gay?"

"Nothing, sir. I overstayed at the request of friends. I rely on you for leniency, sir."

"What are their characters?" asked the Commandant, turning to the officer commanding.

"Very good, sir."

"Well, I'll be lenient with you this time—fourteen days' C.B. and forfeit pay while absent."

C.B., it may be explained, means confined to barracks.

"Ten days' pay, sir," said the adjutant, who was writing the sentences down on his charge-sheet.

"Left turn! Quick march!" The sergeant-major rapped out the order so smartly that his words followed the Colonel's without a pause between them. The file tramped out, except that the policeman who had led it on entering remained standing at attention. He acted as a human buffer to check the progress of succeeding files that marched headlong into the room. Off-stage the tramp of feet died away, only to increase in volume again as the next case approached and the door flew open. Beside the motionless lance-corporal of police the accused halted and left-turned. He, too, had overstayed his leave, having wished to see his sister, who was absent from home when he arrived there on final leave.

"What is his character?" came the question, when the case had been heard.

COMMANDANT'S ORDERLY ROOM

"Very good indeed, sir," the officer commanding answered. "This man was a conscientious objector—"

"I remember the case," said the Commandant, who had been looking at the soldier with steady, measuring gaze.

"But he changed his opinion," continued the officer commanding, "and said he would give it a go. And he has given it a really good go."

The Commandant glanced at the charge-sheet before him.

"I'll dismiss the case," he said. "But I warn you, as I have others, that this sort of thing will get you into very serious trouble."

"Left turn! Quick march!"

Tramp! tramp! tramp! went the ammunition boots. The door snapped to after the disappearing file. It sprang open, as though in astonishment, in less than twenty seconds, and the countenance of the young soldier who was ushered in expressed surprise, too. When he reached the statuesque lance-corporal he turned and faced the Commandant.

"Halt! Left turn!" came the usual order. Having anticipated it without knowledge, he left-turned again, and found the other policeman confronting him. That couldn't be right, he judged, so he went right about and again met with the arm of the law.

"Left turn!"

The order put him right. He stood with a half-smile on his face. He was charged with disobeying an order given by an n.c.o. Evidence having been given by two n.c.o.'s, the question was put,

"What have you to say, Mullin?"

He stepped forward, confidentially, to be nearer the Commandant's ear.

"One pace to the rear, march! Attention! Stand at attention!"

The sergeant-major spoke in sharp, shocked tones. Mullin obeyed, and went on—

"You see, sir, it's like this. This gentleman"—indicating the corporal whose orders he had disobeyed—"this gentleman is always nagging at me. Seems to have taken a dislike to me, sir. And what I want to ask you, sir—"

He hesitated.

"Yes, go on," said the Colonel.

"Couldn't you get him moved to another company, sir?"

There was silence in the room, save for the crackling of the fire.

"The Army, Mullin," said the Commandant kindly, "is a place where a man must do as he is told and not, always, what he wants to do. Always obey orders and you will get on. What is the man's character?"

COMMANDANT'S ORDERLY-ROOM

The officer commanding stepped forward and laid the soldier's company conduct-sheet before the Commandant.

Outside in the waiting ranks Private Jallow was muttering to himself, while man after man went into orderly-room and came out. Jallow had overstayed leave, to the amazement of his comrades. He was always so law-abiding.

"It's a woman, I'm sure," Curly said to Long Mac. But the story that Jallow was repeating to himself to get it letter-perfect did not include a woman. Suddenly he found himself being ushered into the Commandant's room.

"What have you to say?"

The question offered no loopholes.

"I tried hard to board the ferry-boat at Lyttelton, sir," said Jallow, while Curly the corporal and the officer commanding their company opened their eyes ever so slightly, "but the Customs officer said she was full."

"Can you verify this?" the Commandant asked the officer commanding.

"No, sir. He only had leave to go to Wellington. I did not know he had been to Lyttelton."

Jallow began to swallow and get red.

"Tell me the truth," the Colonel said. "You don't tell lies very well."

Like a man who descends from balancing himself on high wires, Jallow stepped on to the flagstones of truth. Bad companions had led him to miss his train and overstay leave. A weak, good nature had been his downfall.

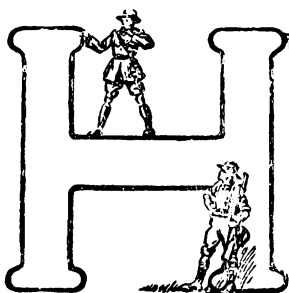
"You are on active service. Seven days' C.B.!"

"Left turn! Quick march!"

"Two days' pay, sir," said the adjutant, hurriedly writing up his last sheet, so that the officers commanding could read the sentences, in confirmation of them, to the men paraded outside. The lance-corporal of police went out, too, and the door closed quietly and conclusively. Orderly-room was over.

PAY DAY

*Fightin' for our Sovereign,
And scrappin' for the Crown;
Thank our stars it's pay day,
For we haven't got a "brown."*



"ULLO! It's pay-day in Camp to-day!" a civilian said, as he watched a grey-painted cart rumble along the city street.

The Army Service Corps cart, in which, besides the driver, were an armed guard and huge black boxes, drove up to the Lambton Railway Station. The men, with fixed bayonets, stood by while the heavy boxes were carried to the guard's van. Then they entered the van and sat on the boxes. They were burglar-proof boxes, without a doubt. The Bill Sykes or Dick Turpin who tackled that proposition would have been a hero. At Trentham another Army Service Corps cart took up the boxes, carrying them to the Camp pay office, the escort marching alongside. It was pay-day in Camp, and the boxes contained something in coin and notes for every man in the Camp, as well as other amounts for payment of sundry items incurred by the Camp.

Once a fortnight pay-day comes round for the soldier in Camp. It is the day when the ghost walks—Saint Sovereign's Day it has been called. From the pay office to the troops, the money passes through many swift fingers which count it and distribute it to officers commanding companies, according to returns which have been furnished by each company. These returns show how many men have to be paid, what allotments are in operation, what amounts of pay have been forfeited, sick leave granted, extra duty pay due, and give particulars of transfers, kit deficiencies, promotions, reductions, and fines incurred, as well as other items. This is called an acquittance roll, and it is accompanied by a specification of the cash required.

Before the Army Service Corps cart with its guarded hoard draws up at the pay office, these rolls have been checked with the records in the office, which day by day are kept up to date by reference to routine orders. When this has been completed and the money has been counted out, it is handed over to the officers commanding and the ceremony of pay-day begins.

Every soldier has his pay-book. It is his badge of credit as a soldier, and he would not lose it for worlds. The officer commanding takes his place at a table in a hut. The men are marshalled in platoons outside by an n.c.o., and, two at a time, their names are called and the men enter, with pay-books open in their hands. The officer commanding takes the books,

PAY DAY

and, while a subaltern enters the amount in each book, the O.C. hands over the cash to the men. On his pay-sheet, opposite their names and amount of pay, the men sign, so that both they and the O.C. have records of the transaction. The two men salute and retire, while the n.c.o. at the door calls the names of two others. With a company at its full strength of 180 men pay-day is a long process for the O.C., though possibly not more so than it seems to the men whose turn comes late in the ceremony.

When the last officer and man have been paid there is often some money unclaimed, through various causes. A summary of the payments made is compiled, and with the acquittance roll and unpaid money is handed into the pay office, where the clerks again check up and make the necessary entries on the pay-cards of the men, which are kept in cabinets in the office.

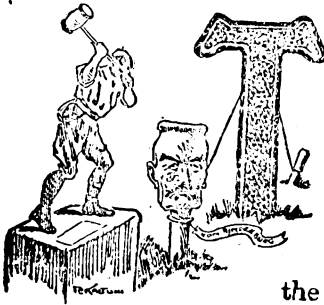
The four clerks who attend to the pay work of each Reinforcement in Camp are receiving their training in the work so that they will know how to carry on when on active service. They never attend to any Reinforcement but their own, and when it sails they sail with it. The payment of men on Headquarters staff, such as Camp Quartermaster's Stores, Army Service Corps, Medical and Dental Corps, and others, is a separate task. For the whole of the pay system ledger cards are kept, one for every man in Camp; and as Trentham is the mobilising camp for Infantry, the most numerous branch of the Army, many thousands of ledger accounts are opened during the year. Trentham is also the embarking camp for the Infantry, and the cleaning-up of the ledger accounts, checking them with embarkation roll, and other duties, including the transfer of the cards to Wellington, has to be undertaken as soon as a draft has sailed. Throughout its work the Pay Office is intimately associated with the Records Department, from which the initial information for the compilation of the ledger accounts is obtained.

The staff of the Pay Office consists of the main staff, which is engaged in paying the troops, and other branches which are occupied in attending to allotments and allowances, collecting Camp revenue and paying out sums for expenses incurred by soldiers when travelling to Camp and when on final leave or travelling on duty. The scheduling for payment by Wellington of separation, children's, and widowed mothers' allowances, as well as the allotments of pay made by men themselves, involves a great deal of detail work and correspondence, as birth and marriage certificates have to be checked and the information given by the men carefully verified.

Like other large Camp departments, the Pay Office is a busy place—much busier than the men might think who in a few brief moments draw their pay from their O.C., or by the dependents who receive their allotments and allowances with machine-like regularity once a fortnight.

THE A.S.C.

*Their wagon wheels are turning
From early dawn till dark,
Their bakehouse fires are burning
When dreams the nested lark.
By hill-top and by hollow,
Where'er the troops may be,
While there's a way to follow,
You'll find the A.S.C.*



TROOPS were returning to Trentham from Featherston, whither they had gone by rail several weeks before to undergo, in the sister Camp, further training in the arts of war. They were moving back by route march over the Rimutaka Hill, and would bivouac at Kaitoke that night. They would require supplies, while their kits, which would travel by rail from Featherston to Kaitoke, had to be transported from the railway to the bivouac—all of which spelt work for the Army Service Corps.

When the hands of the Camp clock greeted one another as brothers at half-past six in the morning, a transport section of eight wagons clattered out through the Camp gates. Each wagon had its driver and two horses, and besides these there were a saddler, a farrier, and a wheeler, the section being in the charge of an acting-quartermaster sergeant. Along the main road the dull-grey wagons rumbled, and they reached Kaitoke half an hour before the clock-hands shook hands at noon. There they joined up with the transport from Featherston, which had come over the hill ahead of the marching men. When the bivouac was struck on the following morning, the Featherston section retraced its way over "the hill," while the Trentham men moved on to Upper Hutt with the kits and stores, from which the cooks made a mid-day meal for the men in Maidstone Park. And in like manner the wagons moved on, ever ahead of the column, to be the means of supply and transport during the manœuvres by day and night. Two days after leaving Trentham the transport section rumbled through the Camp gates again, and after delivering the kits of the approaching troops to their quarters, the Army Service Corps men took up their round of duties in Camp once more.

Every man and horse and wagon in the Army Service Corps is part of a scheme which employs wagons continuously in carrying provisions, fuel, and equipment between various parts of the Camp. They are part of an

organisation which places before each soldier in his hut the meals which help to make him fit. This organisation begins at Headquarters, Wellington, where contracts for the supply of food and other articles are entered into for periods of from three to four months. These contracts are drawn upon by the Supply Officer in Camp, and most of the goods are stored in the supply store when they arrive. Groceries (known in Camp as "dry rations") go into one store. It appears to be stacked to the roof always, and includes in its stock special hospital stores such as champagne and other dietary items for patients. The Supply Officer always keeps a reserve stock of tinned meat and biscuits sufficient for 5000 men, which at the rate of 2lb. of meat and 1lb. of biscuits per man runs to 10,000lb. of meat and 5000lb. of biscuits. If, through any cause, these reserves are drawn upon, the quantity used is immediately replaced. The addition of a cold store, insulated with pumice, to hold 7000lb. of fresh meat and 350 gallons of milk, has provided a means of holding a reserve of fresh food if desired, though, as a rule, this is only done to carry over Sundays; otherwise the meat is never held more than a day, nor is the milk.

Very early in the morning a train of railway wagons is run down the Camp siding and halts outside the stores. Meat is taken out of the wagons straight into the butcher's shop—a cool building with louvres in the walls and a clean concrete floor; vegetables are swung off the train into an adjoining store fitted with airy ventilation, coal and wood go into a third concrete store, fodder for the horses and straw for bedding are taken into the big store, while groceries go into the supply store.

To illustrate what quantities of supplies are thus handled, it may be stated that in an ordinary period of three weeks 50 tons of meat is handled by the Army Service Corps at Trentham, likewise 100 tons of vegetables, 105 tons of coal, 148 tons of firewood, 50 tons of groceries, and 15 tons of forage, while 5960 gallons of milk pass through the cool dairies during that time. But that is not all, for the Army Service Corps are also the Camp bakers, and the issue of bread made direct from the Camp bakery averages 5500lb. per day, or 50 tons for the three-weekly period.

The soldiers, who are the chief consumers of these stores, are in their huts, scattered throughout the Camp, and each man cannot attend personally at the Army Service Corps Stores to draw his rations. It is at this stage that the Army Service Corps and the Camp Quartermaster's Stores begin to work hand-in-hand in the work of feeding the Camp. The Quartermaster's Stores make the arrangements and the Army Service Corps delivers the goods.

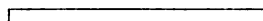
Each company quartermaster-sergeant makes out an indent or list of the supplies that are required by his company for the day. Every item is

THE A.S.C.

shown in detail. These company indents are consolidated into one by the Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant. Each indent is worked out according to rationing scale and handed to the Camp Quartermaster, who initials it, thus authorising its presentation to the Supply Officer. The issue of food-stuffs is then made, and, with the exception of fuel, vegetables, and milk, the supplies are taken by the Army Service Corps wagons to the Regimental Quartermaster's stores, which are situated at convenient places throughout the Camp. These rations are known as dry rations, and are drawn by the mess orderlies at meal-times. The meat, vegetables, and fuel are carted direct to the cook-houses, where special stores are provided to keep the meat and vegetables cool and fly-proof. All day and every day the Army Service Corps wagons can be seen at this task.

The stables of the Army Service Corps are the chief horse lines in Trentham, where formerly many hundreds of horses for the Artillery, Mounted Rifles, Army Service Corps, and Engineers were picketed and stabled. The present stables are built in the form of a hollow square, with a large area between the lines of stalls. Outside this square the wagons and carts are ranged when not in use. The shoeing forge and wheelwright's shop adjoining are busy places, every class of new work and repairing of equipment being carried on there. The quarters for the men of the wagon and forge are in a long roomy hutment near the main Camp road; the bakers have theirs in another hut close to the bakery, where they may rise in the wee sma' hours to start baking the day's bread without disturbing the slumbers of those who need not get up till reveille.

✻





*And when you hear them singing,
You'll notice, ere you go,
That all their music ringing
Is in the key of Doh.*

YELLOW and dim the Camp street lamps showed through the rain. The arc lamp at the gates made the falling rain appear as shimmering silver strands. The "First Post" sounded and a few huts suddenly slipped into shadow, with the switching-off of their lamps. The "Last Post" sent more shadows over the Camp, and "Lights Out" completed the change. Only the street lamps, fed from the humming dynamo in the power-house, made the darkness visible.

But there was one building in the Camp in which the metamorphosis was reversed—from darkness it took form, in lighted windows, promptly at ten o'clock, and the busy bakers began their nightly task—for the building was the Camp bakehouse.

All the bakers did not work through the night — only two dough-makers turned night into day after the fashion of bakers. From sacks they measured the flour into long, deep troughs. What would, on the morrow, yield loaves of bread for the soldiers was mixed therein; and as the night wore on and the dough "worked" and rose, huge masses of it were heaped upon the clean tables, while the mixers filled the troughs again and went on mixing. The day peeped over the hills, to set the bugles blowing reveille. Then the night workers paused and prepared to depart, while the day shift of bakers came on duty and the fire-lighter made haste to fill his ovens with

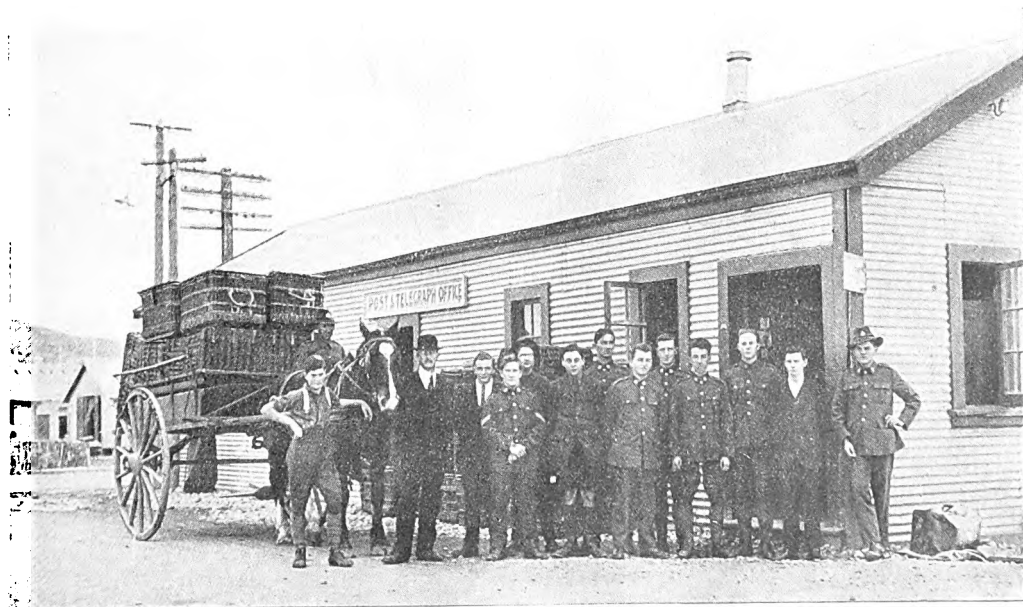
THE JOLLY BAKERS

split wood and inflammable material to start his fires in the twelve field ovens that are set in rows and are like the curves of an interminable "m." They are steel half-cylinders set in earth that forms a long mound, with the oven mouths facing the bakehouse. As the fires burned and crackled, the heat radiated out of the ovens and was retarded in its upward flight by the iron roof that covers the mound. To walk along between the ovens and the bakehouse was hotter than the stokehold of a steamer, and as the fires burned to embers—glowing embers—the heat made a shimmering in the air.

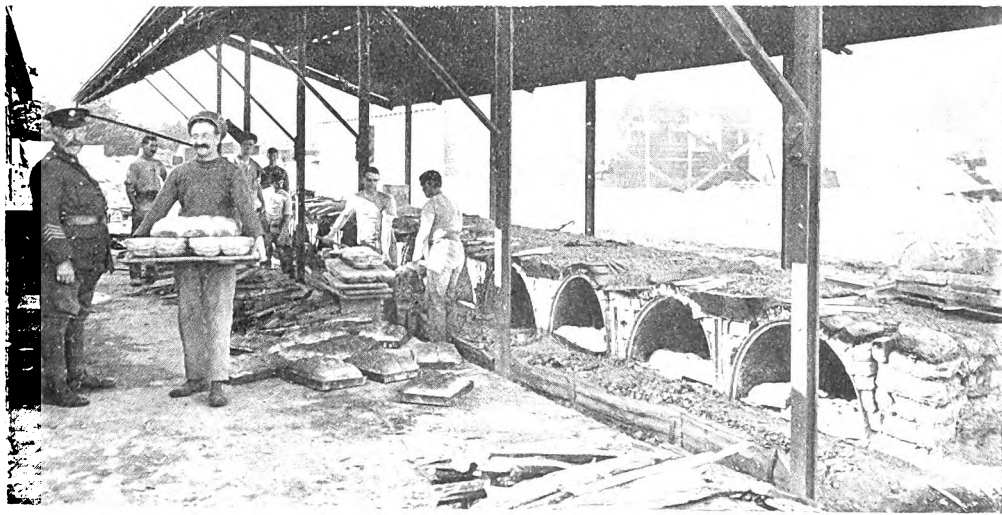
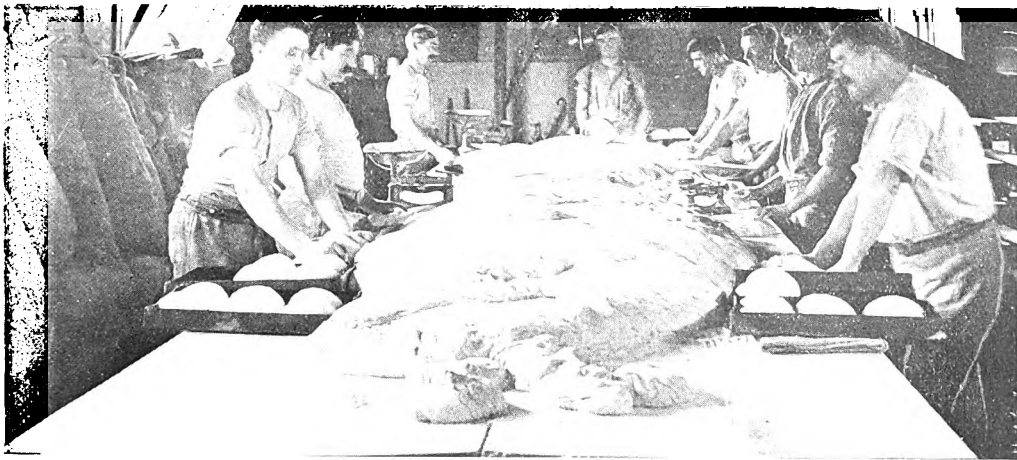
The jolly bakers who worked inside the bakehouse, cutting-out and shaping the loaves, were fast workers. They seized a piece of dough in each hand and rolled and made two loaves at once. Into flat trays these were laid. Presently the trays were filled. The fire-lighter, working in sympathetic unison, had raked out the embers from his ovens into the pit that runs along in front of them. Tray after tray was carried out and passed into the reeking ovens on a long wooden "peel"—the bakers laugh if you call it a spoon or spade. When 54 loaves were in each oven, the doors were put into place and 648 good loaves were left for 50 minutes to let the concentrated heat do its work. While they baked there was no idleness: the bakers made more dough and shaped more loaves, while the fire-lighter split wood into the size he fancied and cut old tickings into strips to make the starting blaze.

The staff sergeant-major in charge gave the signal to open the ovens. From each a puff of steam rose as the doors were opened. Then the crisp brown bread was taken out and carried to the bread store to be stacked in airy racks.

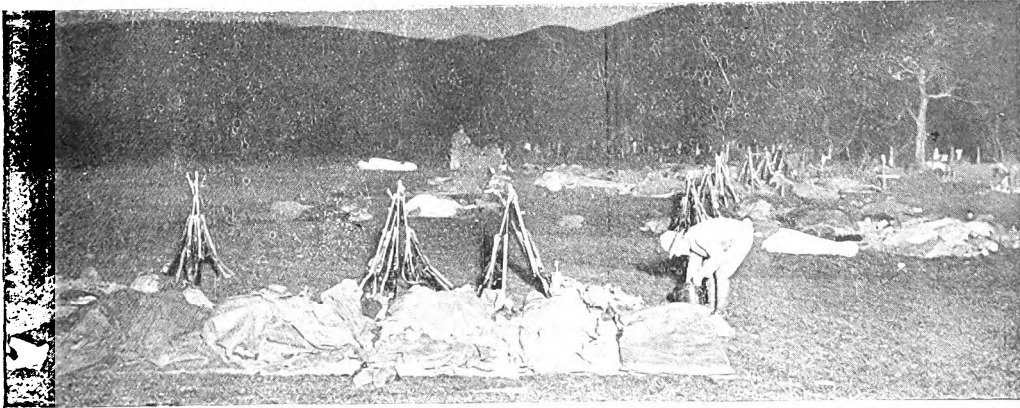
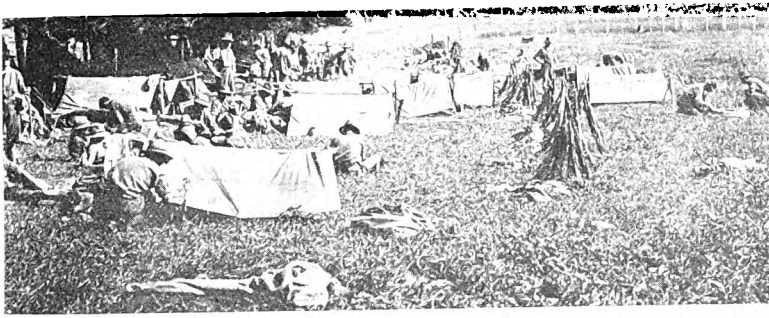
Just eighteen months ago the Trentham field bakery was started. Two field ovens were used, chiefly for the purpose of training bakers who were to leave with the Army Service Corps Reinforcements. So successful were these ovens that it was decided to put in more ovens and bake for the whole Camp. With a full Camp, the bakery to-day turns out 3200 loaves a day—the ovens are filled and emptied five times, and to do this means using daily nearly two tons of flour and large quantities of firewood. The staff consists of four n.c.o.'s and eleven men, and the hours worked average between eleven and twelve. Presently the field bakery will cease to be used for baking bread for the whole Camp. A permanent bakery is being built, and in future all bread will be baked there, while a few field ovens will be kept for use in training bakers who are bound for the Front.



CAMP POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE, 1914
PRESENT CAMP POST OFFICE AND STAFF, 1917



BAKEHOUSE—ARMY SERVICE CORPS
FIELD BAKERY—ARMY SERVICE CORPS



FIELD OPERATIONS—Pitching Bivouacs
Night Bivouac
After the evening meal



NIGHT OUTPOSTS—A sentry group

ATTACK AT DAWN—Firing Line approaching the river

THE BIVOUAC

*One in the lee of a fence post,
Dreamed of an ingle-nook warm ;
Dim, 'neath a shadowy gorse bush,
Slumbered a blanketed form ;
And those who had crept to a hay-loft,
Swore at the bellowing storm.*



URIOUSLY the wind thrashed the tall pine trees and swept through the trunks and lower boughs; the rain drove in a mist, heavily and slowly, across the Kaitoke landscape like a moving curtain of shrapnel fire. It was going to be a wet bivouac for the troops that were route-marching from Featherston to Trentham, and for whom the advance party was preparing. They were due within a couple of hours.

"One thing," an A.S.C. man, grizzled and grinning, said, "even if they don't get 'ere till midnight, it can't be no wetter than it is now."

He was wet himself; the big, well-fed Army Service Corps horses, loosed in a paddock and rolling luxuriously in the grass and mud, with their covers on, were wet. Two hooded waggons, anchored by the mass of harness the horses had discarded, showed only muddy wheels and wet tarpaulins; some soldiers, chopping meat on improvised chopping-blocks, didn't seem to mind the rain; but the clean red and white mutton was wet. Except in the lee of sheds or trees, there were no dry places, and the wind went roaring over the tree-tops beyond the farm house.

Presently a soldier came out of the kitchen door. A pretty girl was with him. He was one of the advance party; he was the piper. They sought the shelter of the trees, where the wind came through the openings in the fence with an edge to it. The piper took his pipes from the girl and began to play. He strutted back and forth, stood awhile and tapped the time with his toe, strutted again. The men at the fires, two hundred yards away, where, in long narrow trenches, logs and branches were blazing, and where potatoes were being peeled into big pots, heard the pipes. The Sassenachs made rough jests about "bloomin' Hielenmen." Even the pipes' music seemed wet and windy, though it touched the ear like a warm wind. A collie pup came out and barked. Then it howled. When the pipes kept on, it lay on the ground and writhed and howled.

THE BIVOUAC

"Poor little bloke!" a young soldier said, patting the pup. To a wet civilian who was watching, he said, surreptitiously almost,

"What's the chance of gettin' some eggs, mister?"

"I don't own this farm," the civilian answered, looking at the hills behind the curtain of rain.

"I want to get some before the officers come," the young soldier explained. "They mop up all the eggs every time. Must be some eggs here; I seen some hens s'mornin'."

A voice rang above the skirl of the pipes:

"'Ere, you, why ain't y' watchin' that stuff?"

The young soldier jumped and faced the angry sergeant.

"I am," he declared.

"How the diggins can y' when you're 'ere and it's there, eh?"

"Easy," was the reply; but the lad hurried away eggless.

A motor-car with a staff officer in it dashed along the road.

"He's been doing that all morning," the girl said to the civilian, the pipes occupying the complete attention of the piper. "I wonder if the boys are lost in this storm."

She meant that the staff officer had been passing to and fro all the morning. The civilian said he didn't think the boys would get lost—not her boy, at any rate, as long as he had the pipes. The piper gave him such a glare through the stirring bars of "The Cock o' the North" that the civilian turned away along the tree-sheltered cart-way, and presently met the second-lieutenant. This young gentleman was as dry as a cuckoo; there wasn't a spot of rain on him, and he had no overcoat on.

"Good morning," he said, in a quiet voice, as though the occasion demanded the barest mention and a reserve of breath should be kept for more stirring moments. "This is a pig, isn't it?"

He referred to the weather. The wet civilian agreed.

"Had any lunch?" asked the lieutenant. "My chaps can soon fry you a chop, if you haven't."

"Thanks, I've had it at the farm. Have a cigarette?" said the civilian.

They had cigarettes, and watched a white ambulance from Trentham, with the large red cross on its side, swing through the gates and come to rest under the rocking pine trees.

"Yes, it began when we arrived about dark last night," the officer related in the same still voice. "Had to sort ourselves out in the dark. We were in a mess until we'd got things fixed up. But no use growling. Then we had tea. I had three fat chops, and went to bed in a hayloft. I thought that was good enough. But, hang me, if the Q.M.S. didn't stir me up at

THE BIVOUAC

midnight with a cup of coffee and some biscuits and cheese. Thought I might not be sleeping well. Decent of him."

He smoked, and watched the behaviour of a bull that had been turned out of its paddock into a strange one, to make room for the troops. His eyes had a dreamy, dark appearance, and his slight smile never changed. No doubt the boy was tired out, but he didn't show it.

"You're pretty dry; look at me, wet through," the civilian said.

"Yes, I've just got up," the other explained. It was mid-day then.

"Was out early this morning, of course," he continued, "mucking about in the mud, fixing up fires and other things. Then I turned in again. Slept well, too."

"You're in charge of this lot, I take it?"

"Oh, yes; advance party," he agreed.

An n.c.o. hurried up and saluted.

"Say they can't be here for another hour, sir. What time do you want tea ready?"

"Tea at 4.15," said the dry young officer, in precise tones. He sauntered away, with a nod to the civilian, in company with the quartermaster-sergeant. The wind hooted across the hills and thrashed the pines, and the rain streamed from sky to earth and from sky to sky. The pipes were silent, while the piper talked to his girl. She was laughing. Suddenly she became still and tense. A sound had caught her ear—something that the storm had stolen and blended in its wild music.

"It's the boys; they're singing!" she cried. "Listen!"

Everybody listened. It came again, wild and disconnected, but human—the sound of men singing behind the spur of hill that hid the road beyond the bridge.

"Here they are!" the word was passed round.

"What do you think o' that?" a ruddy-faced, burly private asked. "But, they're the Devil's Own."

The wind was hurling itself along as wildly as ever; the rain was something to weep over. But these things were forgotten. Down the road came these khaki fellows. They swept, like a wave, along the road, with their own band at their head, playing "The Long, Long Trail." Like magic, a dozen more girls appeared, all hatless and coatless, to see the boys march in. No doubt the farm-house had been their shelter, and they were waving and cheering, too. A squall of rain seethed over everything; but the khaki fellows still laughed and sang. An orderly, riding the colonel's horse, came first, for the colonel was marching at the head of the wave. The mounted man had a rifle slung across his back, and he looked like a bush-

THE BIVOUAC

ranger. The girls threw him kisses, and he grinned and blushed. But the foot-sloggers, the gravel-crushers, would have none of it.

"Fair does; some to me, girlies!" they shouted.

"Hullo, Bob!" a girl called.

Bob waved his hand. Brown and burly was Bob.

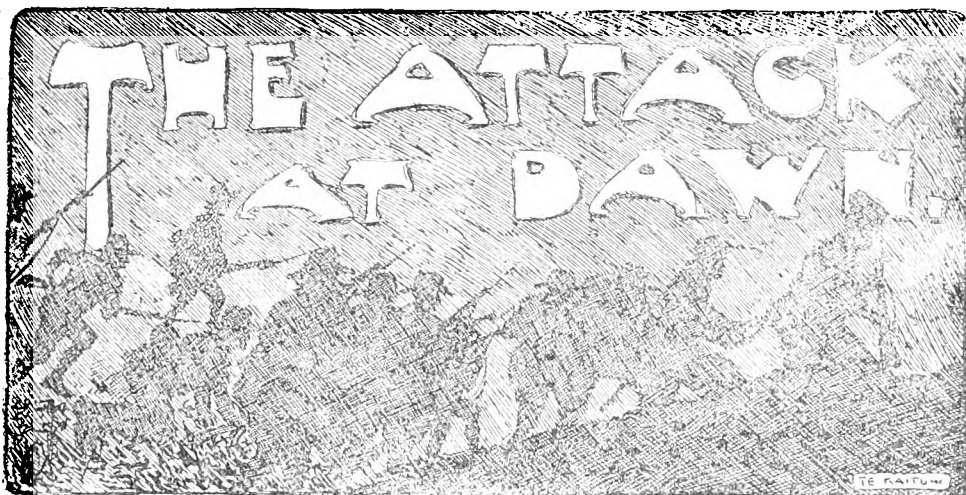
"Shall I kiss him for you, lady?" shouted Curly, who looked well in shorts, "or kiss you for him? Say the word."

She laughed, and smiled at Curly. The band wheeled aside in the roadway and played the troops in.

In a little shed, the chiropodist who had come with the ambulance set out his scissors and plaster and needles and lotions. After the march over the mountain there would be blisters to lance and dress, corns to trim, and other lesser ailments to attend to. Like all the others, the medical staff was ready for the incoming of the soldiers.

In the minds of the small army that had route-marched through the storm was one thing, and one thing only—that is to say, speaking collectively—and that was food. The canteens were ready. Also the fires smoked and blazed, and the cooks were lifting the big pots that had been standing beside the flames, into hotter positions. The meat-choppers chopped off interminable fat chops in the rain, and the spud-peelers argued over trivial and irrelevant matters. The dry young subaltern was speaking respectfully to the colonel. He waved a hand to include the whole wide, wet scenery, indicating that the troops had permission to bivouac anywhere they pleased in the shelter of bush and bank. But he kept his back to the shed and hayloft. Soon there were throngs round the canteens. At 4.15 precisely the evening meal was ready. It was hot, and there was plenty of it, and in the dusk the A.S.C. men came tramping along the road behind the lumbering waggons. The rain and wind had been in their faces during the two-mile march from the railway.

The soldiers' kits were unloaded and distributed, and away two thousand khaki fellows went out into the wet night to seek their cheerless bivouacs. The wind and rain put their heads together and sobbed over what they had planned to do; the clouds rode low, like airmen seeking a better aim. The plaintive call of the pipes, in "Lochaber No More," "The Gathering of the Gordons," and such grand airs, came from the farm-house, where the piper, beside the fire, with a girl on each side of him, blew and played. Lights twinkled about the fires outside, where the A.S.C. men went about their duties, and the collie pup, cuddling up to the young egg-hunting soldier in his bed of hay, was very unhappy because of the pipes.



*There were marching men in the highways,
And lumbering guns in the lanes,
Tramp of the breathing horses,
And rattle of wheels and chains ;
Crashing through fragrant hedges,
Straining through bogs and drains.*

FOR miles around, the country was in a state of war—mimic war. The bivouac was astir early. Smoke from the cooks' fires mingled with the morning mist, for the wind had died down during the night and the rain-soaked landscape was all that remained to tell of the storm of yesterday. The A.S.C.'s wagons rattled away, a noisy and imposing train of vehicles, to make for the scene of the mid-day bivouac, ten miles away, and prepare the soldiers' mid-day meal. There was stern work ahead of the troop during the coming twenty-four hours: they were to march and manœuvre, spend the night in outpost positions, and end their realistic field work with an attack at dawn. When the sun began to struggle through the mists, the first company was wheeling out into the roadway, and the others were ready to follow. The blithe music of the band, as it led the column up the hill, came floating through the clear air. Advance guards were thrown out and rear guards, too; they were marching through enemy country.

"Never know when a machine-gun mightn't open fire from the black-berry bushes," said Curly the corporal.

THE ATTACK AT DAWN

At mid-day the troops reached Upper Hutt, and, no resistance being offered them, they rested and had lunch at Maidstone Park, in the heart of the township. After lunch the troops moved on again, but they were in two factions now, attackers and defenders. Until the next day dawned each party would treat the other as a deadly enemy, with a wide semi-circular plain as the No Man's Land between them, which would have to be crossed by the attackers. The scene of the operations was between Wallaceville township, the railway tunnel, the road bridge, and the township of Mangaroa. It was as though each party occupied a quarter of a huge circle, with a quarter of the circle between them on each side. Two companies established an outpost line on Emerald Hill—one to guard the road leading from Akatarawa, and the other the road from Kaitoke. A third company was to protect the railway tunnel above Upper Hutt, and a fourth the Mangaroa Road. The four remaining companies were the attacking force; they marched away to Wallaceville to wait for night to come. It is just as well to mention where all the companies were posted, because, after dark, it would be impossible to find any of them. Bear in mind the wide flat circle and add a river that is supposed to be unfordable, flowing between the two forces.

Country over which night manœuvres are being carried out is no place for a civilian—not even a newspaper reporter who has a war correspondent's instincts. Wherever he goes, dim shapes will rise by the roadside or on the hillsides and say,

“Halt! Who goes there?”

These are the sentries of either side, who are looking out for patrols of the other side. It is much the wisest plan to go out with the attackers and spend a peaceful evening at Wallaceville.

The little hamlet looked as though it had had greatness thrust upon it; even the railway hadn't dared to disturb its repose when the line was built.

But it was a good strategic position, like that of Lens and Rheims, and in real war Wallaceville would be a ruin by now.

Night came, and for a long time there was only the roar of passing trains to disturb the quiet; they raced across the bridge over the unfordable river and plunged with a yell into the tunnel that was to be captured at dawn.

“It's a sure thing this time,” said Curly. “We've got a battery of guns to help us.”

“Where are they?”

“They're coming—never fret, my son.”

THE ATTACK AT DAWN

About midnight the guns came. They could be heard afar off, bumping and grinding over the hill road from Trentham. The jingle of linch-pins, the banging of the trail-eyes, the horses' hoofs and the wheels, made a perceptible noise in the still amphitheatre of imminent battle. The piquets stopped drinking the hot coffee—which fatigue parties had made over concealed fires and carried to them—and listened. And when a belated farmer's cart rumbled past, the defenders thought he was the battery coming and halted him at the rifle's point. The guns rested awhile and then moved on to take up a position at a point in the direction of the dimly-lighted place in the dark landscape which marked where the camp of May Morn was situated. A motor-car with the Colonel, who was chief umpire, traversed the roads and inspected the positions. At four o'clock the attacking infantry moved off, too, to prepare for their assault on the bridges across the unfordable river and the tunnel. Two companies were to attack the railway and two the road. The guns were to search the hills with shrapnel.

The attack began at a quarter to five, when the dawn was breaking. A vivid flash of scarlet flame leaped out of the blackness, and a golden aura of brilliant light flared from a gun-muzzle. A second's pause, and a stunning crash roared and echoed. The first shot had been fired. Gun after gun took up the burden of the fight. Under cover of their fire the infantry was moving forward. Presently the thunder of the guns was matched by the rolling, flogging sound of the rifles. The defenders had opened fire. Yet there was the river between—the unfordable river.

The guns ceased fire, the infantry streamed across the flats towards the bridges, and many eager men, forgetting that the river was too deep to ford, waded across and surged up the hill in a wave. The defenders were hard pressed; urgent messages were speeding to ask for reinforcements; the companies that guarded the Akatarawa and Kaitoke roads were hurrying along to assist in repelling these amphibious fighters who could wade across unfordable rivers. Sixteen hundred rifles made the echoes ring, and, just as the fight finished, with a terrifying scream an early goods train sprang out of the tunnel, around and above which the battle raged, and leaped across the bridge. It was a fine finale, and the honours of the fight were declared to be even when "Cease fire" sounded.

It was six o'clock. The artillery limbered up and went clattering over the hill to Trentham, while the infantry breakfasted in the field. Afterwards they, too, marched to Trentham, over the hills and down to Upper Hutt, where the Camp Band met them and put fresh vim into their marching with light-stepping music.

THE ATTACK AT DAWN.

Sang the marching men to the music—

*There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And the white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting,
Until my dreams all come true;
To the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.*

The night of waiting had been theirs, and a hard, wet trip, yet they sang and were still singing when the Chief of Staff and the Camp Commandant met them a mile out of camp.

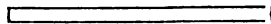
At the Camp gates the medical officers were standing at each side of the road. As the soldiers approached each man tilted his hat back and opened the throat of his shirt; and the keen professional eyes were bent upon every individual in the column. One youth was detained and hastily examined. Then he was told to run after his platoon.

The music of the band was brisker; the men in camp had gathered to cheer. All weariness had vanished from these men fresh from battle.

"Well done, Wooden-legs!" a disrespectful soldier hailed them. "We heard you were blown off the hill. Stuck to it, though, like flies, didn't you?"

They were back in Trentham, and it was good to be back. Huts were ready for them, the drying-room had been in full blast for two hours, and their damp clothing was soon hung in rows above the coke-fed braziers, while the men, in dry clothes taken from their kits, which had arrived before them, sat on the steps of their huts or rested inside, and the thought that was in their minds would have fitted the words,

"Good old Trentham!"



THE MAD MINUTE

*Flashing of steel in the sunrise,
The boom of a gun on a hill,
A squadron of horsemen wheeling,
And the ranks came marching still,
With a far-off bugle blowing;
Bidding the rifles kill.*



THE roll of rifle-fire throbbed along the Trentham hills like the roar of surf on ocean beaches. It had a pulsating cadence of sound, now loud and threatening, now muttering low, as the combined effort was relaxed a little. Day after day, from dawn till dark, the sound had been going on, and day after day it would continue. Three companies of infantry were firing their courses at the long ranges — one at each range — and another was at work at the 25-yards range. In each company there are four platoons, and on the range each platoon had six targets. No. 13, in the centre of the twenty-five targets, was not used, because the observers in the target trench had a periscope there to watch for the fire-signals of each platoon.

Twenty-four men, six from each platoon, lay on the long earth-bank at the 300-yards range; behind them stood other sixes, and behind them, again, were more of them, all ready and keen to step forward when their turns came. They wore their web equipment, with haversack, water-bottle, and other service gear. Each of those on the range had a sandbag before him to represent cover. This was the "deliberate fire" test, and the marksman rested his rifle against the sandbag as he would against a tree or stone in actual battle. A soldier with a wide-mouthed canvas bag slung over his shoulder passed along the line and dealt out to each his supply of cartridges. Another man carrying a bucket had just finished gathering up the spent cases that had been hurled out of the rifles during the last "mad minute." Flags waved between the outside platoons and the target; a telephone on a post in the centre of the line began to whirr. Crack! A rifle spoke and a puff of dust rose behind No. 20. On the two adjoining ranges the firing was becoming rapid. This was one of the crescendo moments in the surf-like song. The bobbing disc on No. 20 told that the opening shot was a 1, high and to the left. The rifles were roaring now; the spurts of dust behind the targets were thick. A novice might have thought that there were a great number of misses being made. But the red waving flag, that records a miss, was not the only signal that

THE MAD MINUTE

was being made—the twirling disc, that tells of a 2; the waving disc, sign manual of the useful 3; and even the bright disc laid flat on the “bull,” were to be seen. The targets are made of paper and scrim, and the bullets whistle clean through them and find a billet in the hill behind, from which they are dug out, by and by, to be used again.

“That man is firing with his elbow in the air,” an instructor shouted. “Keep your feet together, there.”

The soldier shortened his reach along his rifle and rested his elbow on the ground. He wriggled his legs together, but he did not take his eyes off his target.

Crack! The red flag dolefully recorded a miss. The big surf was breaking now on an iron-bound beach. Deliberate fire it was, truly, but a multitude of deliberating marksmen set the echoes roaring over the hills.

Suddenly a bullet from a rifle which had been pulled down too much in the act of firing struck a sandbag on the parapet a few yards in front of the firing-line. It ricocheted with a humming sound, disturbing the larks that were feeding and flirting on the ground over which the bullets were hurtling. These birds are always there, and they always keep low down, as though they knew that a screen of lead flies over their heads. Sometimes larger game appears on the ground. Once it was a hare. For two hours the troops had been firing, when the hare rose from a tussock and loped away across the range and up the hillside. Here was an opportunity for deliberate fire, but no man turned from his duty to fire a sporting shot—at least, no man said he did, after the hare escaped.

The deliberate fire was finished. The sandbags were removed in preparing for the “mad minute”—during which time fifteen rounds have to be loaded and fired.

“Five in the magazine, ten in the pouch,” is the order. The targets are all out of sight, having their punctured surfaces patched with paper. One by one they swing into position. A man with a Vandyke beard and sweeping moustaches opens the ball. There is no marking until the mad minute is over.

“Get yourselves into comfortable positions for this,” the instructor says. The bearded man sprawls his legs apart and cuddles his rifle.

Crack! The dust rises in spurts, but there is no disc to tell where the bullet struck. The five shots are soon fired. Reloading with loose cartridges is awkward work for clumsy or nervous fingers. At last the rifle is ready. Up goes the butt to the shoulder, and the empty cases begin to spin out of the breech. All men are firing without removing the butts of the rifles

THE MAD MINUTE

from their shoulders. A man who is firing left-handed finds the working of his rifle-bolt a little difficult and slow. But the rapid fire is kept up till the order comes,

"Cease fire!"

Then the targets swing down, to reappear shortly afterwards with a large or small number of black spots upon each, according to the skill of the marksmen. The black dots are small pieces of wood, called "spotters," inserted into the bullet-holes. In addition, so that the n.c.o. who lies beside each soldier and acts as his recording angel may not make a mistake, the man in the target-trench signals the shots with the discs, in methodical sequence.

"Unload!" is the next order. The men rise and step back to the level ground. Rifles are ported for inspection, and the six of each platoon march off to the rear, while the sixes in waiting move up. This is a period when there appears to be a lull in the surf's song—when it seems to be gathering force for another wild uproar. And that uproar begins as soon as the fresh marksmen get to work.

The last days on the range were spent in carrying out field practices. Small grey steel plates, which fell when hit by the bullets, and khaki-coloured figures shaped like men, were used as targets. Like an enemy, the targets often appeared unexpectedly and behaved with as little regard to timetable as an enemy would, except that they sent no bullets back—they did not return the fire.

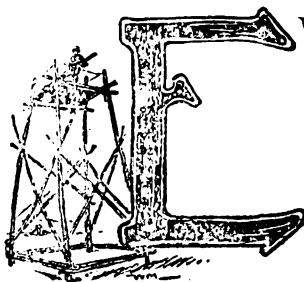
The first practices were designed to test the individual soldier, but later on little schemes were arranged in which officers and men, working together, took part. In the individual practices, prompt action, in accordance with previous training, and skill in shooting were required; but in the collective work action is first demanded from the leader, who is responsible for dealing with the situation as it develops, and is concerned with getting the best results from the fire of his men.

"And now it's 'good-bye to the ranges,'" said Curly, when the last day's shooting was finished. "It is lesson number one, now, Blasty, that you've to remember—the care and cleaning of your rifle."

The men gathered round the tins of boiling water that are always provided on the ranges. Funnels and dippers were handed out: the rifles that the men had carried throughout their training were to be washed out by them for the last time and wiped and oiled and thoroughly cleaned before being handed in to the armourer.

MUSKETRY WORKSHOPS

*Oh, pale green men with the painted faces
And khaki men, in the stress of strife
We murdered you at a hundred paces—
But here they will bring you back to life.
Flat-faced snipers and crouching gunners,
Always facing us unafraid,
Swinging targets and reckless runners—
This is where you are planned and made.*



VERY month two hundred new targets are required at Trentham, while more than eight hundred have to be repapered. The workshop in which this work is done resembles partly a sawmill and partly the scenery workshop of a big theatrical firm. It occupies a long building near the eastern parade-ground, and in the yards adjoining are stacks of timber drying, for in target-making the timber must be seasoned. The cough of an oil engine comes from an engine-room at the rear of the building, the band-saw sings, and the planers buzz and moan as they make the chips fly. In these workshops the whole of the targets and nearly all the musketry appliances required in the Dominion are made.

White pine is used chiefly in the work that is done in the ordnance workshop, though red pine of good quality is stored for use in camp furniture or other more durable work. It is on the targets and other musketry work, however, that the workshop is principally engaged, and white pine has the advantage of not splintering when pierced by bullets. No nails or metal of any kind are used. All joints are mortised and dowelled with wooden dowels, and the surface of the target is of paper, stretched on scrim. The weak points of the target, so far as rifle-fire is concerned, are its mortises. If a number of bullets chance to strike the same mortise the target is apt to collapse; but in the straight, soft wood the bullets simply bore through and come to rest in the earth beyond. Some idea of how the rifle-fire honeycombs the targets may be had by inspecting, for example, a landscape screen after it has been fired at for some time at a range of 25 yards.

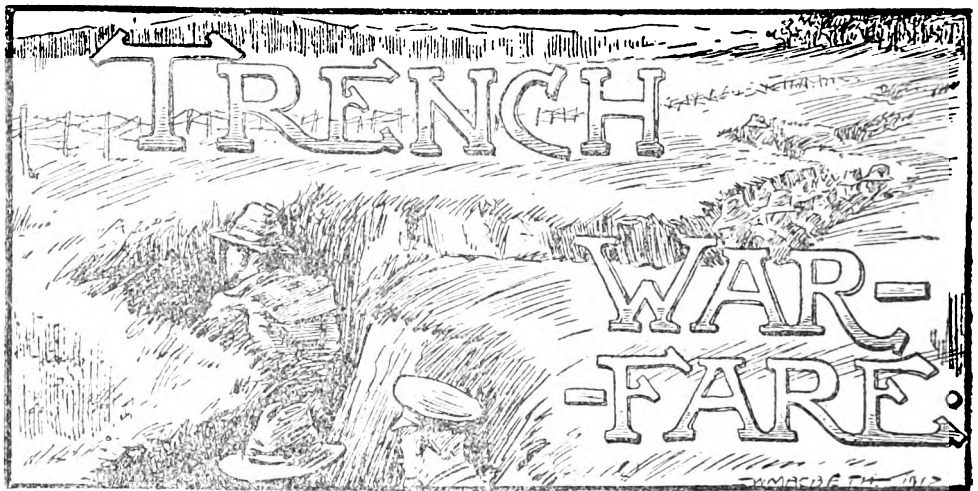
This kind of target is a long, narrow one, and it is set up on its side. On the surface facing the rifles is a country scene, showing hills, roads, farms, cottages, and other rural objects, all drawn to a scale which, at 25 yards' range, gives the same effect as would the actual countryside at a

MUSKETRY WORKSHOPS

range of several hundred yards. Shooting at it seems easy, but soldiers will tell you how difficult it is to hit the object pointed out by the instructor. But, even so, the landscape screens are returned to the workshop simply riddled with bullets. In course of time their woodwork becomes so perforated that it has to be renewed.

The machine-gun targets are another much-injured section of the target community which spends a good deal of its time in the repair-shop. They leave the shop for the range at Papawai all spick and span in new paper and paint, and with realistic representations of lines of troops on their flat, smooth faces. The machine-guns are never more venomous than when they are faced with several of these targets, and the result is that when the targets are bundled back to be overhauled they are mere wrecks of their former selves, and frequently they have to be entirely rebuilt. There is another target connected with machine-guns, but in this case it is not exclusively a mark for the Lewis and Vickers and Maxims. The target represents the head and shoulders of the two men who are working a machine-gun—one is firing and the other feeding the gun with cartridges. Their fresh, ruddy complexions—all the work of the artists of the target factory—make them appear as easy marks for rifle and machine-gun. But they are anything but that; in fact, the many targets, made of wood and painted to represent men standing, kneeling, walking in long grass, sighting a rifle, peering over the edge of a trench—all these are hard marks to hit, and their renovation generally consists of the application of fresh paint.

The heaviest target casualties are sustained by the targets that wave their vanes, like the wings of white birds, as they are revolved in their trenches at the end of each gust of rifle-fire—the targets that face day after day the hail of hurtling metal. By hook or by crook these survive each day's ordeal, patches of paper covering the bullet-holes and their woodwork hanging together somehow. Then some of their places are taken by raw, new things that have never heard the bullet's song or the whacking ring of the distant rifles.



*And when the night is finding
The weather cold, outside,
Through trenches, dark and winding,
We do the glow-worm glide.*

“WHAT'S in the wind to-night?” asked Long Mac, in the ranks, of Curly, the corporal.

“Trench warfare—doing the glow-worm glide subterraneously. The motto is, ‘Put your hand in father’s, and he will pull you through.’”

The company wheeled through the gateway into the Engineers’ training-ground and tramped away towards the trenches. A summer moon shone in clear skies, and the landscape looked warm and grey. Of a company which had already gone to the rear of the trenches nothing could be seen. It had already begun its task of manning the trenches. Along the tortuous underground pathways it was winding, a silent, human caterpillar, towards the front line trench.

“Gimme a scrap in the open air,” said Long Mac. “There’s something lonesome about these trenches.”

“Silence in the ranks!” said Curly. “Dammit, man, do you want the Germans to hear you?”

Instinctively, Long Mac glanced over at the place where the Germans ought to have been, according to the trench plan, and muttered to himself. Like many another soldier, he regarded this branch of training as a joke or a nuisance. But it is no joke, as the Instructor told them, to be sent to relieve trenches without some previous training

TRENCH WARFARE

Through the communication trenches at each end of the front line trench men were beginning to gather. The first company had negotiated the dark and difficult way and was now filing into the bays. In each bay a squad of men under an n.c.o. was stationed, when the head of the caterpillar had halted at the appointed place. Presently in each bay a soldier's head appeared. He was the sentry. With eyes at the level of the ground, he looked out across the moonlit paddocks towards the tents and the lighted camp, just as, in days to come, he will look across the Belgian plains or even across the Rhine. The second company was marching to the rear trenches where it would go underground and begin to worm its way to relieve the first company. Relieving trenches is one of the most difficult operations, and the moment of actual exchange, when the two reliefs are in the firing trench, is often a critical time.

A guide went first. At his elbow, and holding him firmly by the coat-sleeve, was a platoon commander. He did not intend to lose his guide. The leading soldier, who happened to be Long Mac, grasped the officer's tunic firmly, and each soldier held on to the bayonet scabbard of the man ahead of him. To be lost in the trenches is so easy that it was wiser to take no risks. The platoon sergeant brought up the rear of each platoon, and every platoon had its guide. Curly, the corporal, was near the tail of the platoon, and his hoarse whispers echoed:

"Straight ahead along Robin Road it is. Watch the sign-posts. Careful, Blasty, with your feet, and don't lose touch!"

Tramp! tramp! stumble! clatter! tramp! tramp!

"Not that way—no," the guide protested, as the platoon commander suggested that they should take a shorter way. The Instructor walked, above ground, to the edge of the trench and watched.

"Imagine you are under enemy shell fire," he said. "Don't hurry, there! Slow is the word—slow and sure—and keep quiet."

Then he walked away to watch the other half of the company, which was entering the trenches by another way, so that the two columns would reach the fire trench at its opposite ends.

A few false turns, some stumbles, smothered laughter, and curses instantly suppressed, and the guides are in the fire trench, where the men on duty regard the slowly-appearing relief with interest. Man by man, the line grows and grows, passing along, through bay after bay, till the whole of the relief is in the trench. The n.c.o. in each bay runs his eye over his men. They are all there, dim shapes in the gloom.

"Fix bayonets!" he orders.

TRENCH WARFARE

On the fire-step is the old relief, with the sentry standing up to the parapet.

"Change over!" is the order.

Like automatons the men move, the men on the fire-step changing places with the relief, except the sentries. They confer for a moment, while the one coming off duty gives his successor all information concerning the enemy which he is in possession of.

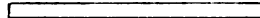
"Nothing moving, so far," said the old sentry, "but keep an eye on Quinn's Post."

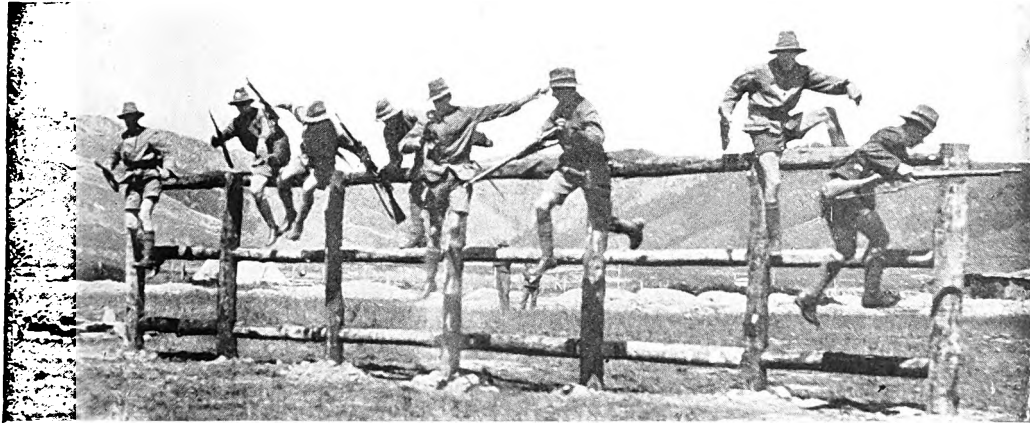
The new sentry smiled and stepped up to his post, while Long Mac whispered,

"What can you see, Sister Anne?"

The men who have been relieved filed out of the fire trench and away through the earthy corridors, moving at a snail's pace. Bay by bay the double line dwindled to a single one, a line of shadowy men, showing dimly in the distance.

It was only mimic warfare in the trenches, but something—perhaps it was the moonlight—made it seem very real.





OBSTACLE COURSE—Wooden Wall, 6ft. 6in. high, 3in. wide

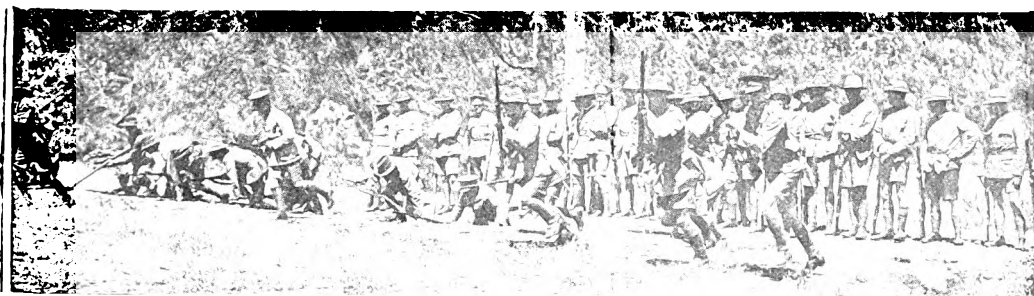
Post and Rail Fence, 7ft. high

Sandbag Wall, 5ft. high, 3ft. 6in. wide

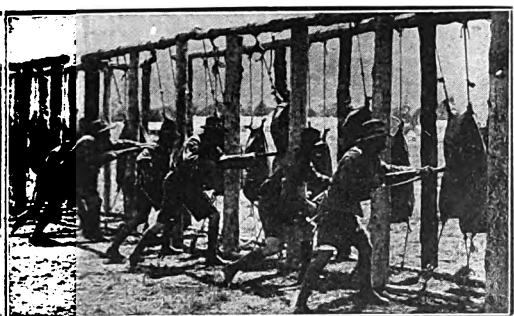


OBSTACLE COURSE—Balancing Boards, 4ft. 6in. off the ground,
about 18ft. long and 9in. wide

HOW IT LOOKS FROM THE TRENCH — Bayonet Charge at
Trentham Camp



"OVER THE TOP"
Clambering out of trench for the final assault



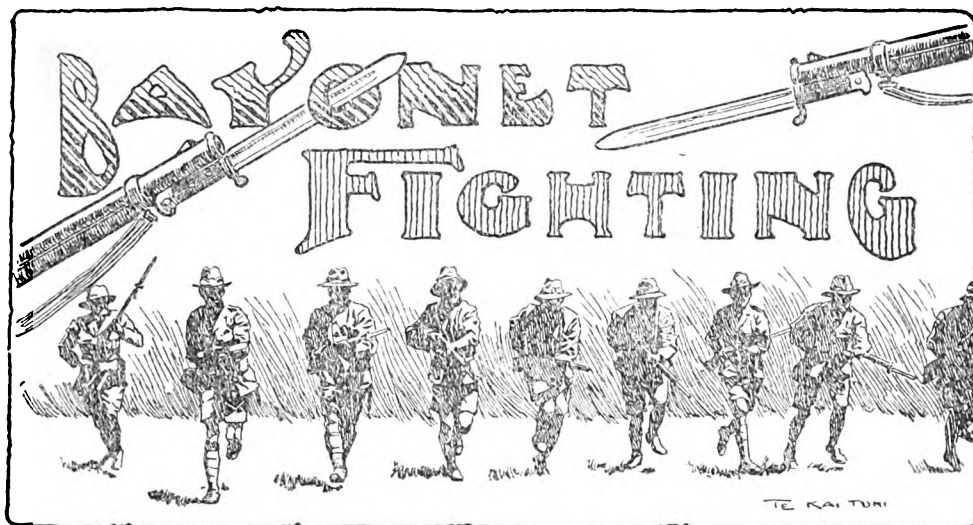
**ATTACKING STUFFED SACKS WHICH
REPRESENT ENEMY TROOPS**



CHARGING INTO A TRENCH



BAYONET FIGHTING
Exercises in "Withdrawal" and "Long Point" while troops are advancing



*And if one calls you Kamerad,
And stands there breathing hard,
With hands held high above his head,
Your answer is: "On guard!"*

"**H**IGH port! Go!" shouted the bayonet-fighting instructor. The six men, with bared bayonets shining like silver, bounded towards the stuffed sacks that swung on the gallows in imitation of the enemy. But they did not bound fast enough to please the instructor.

"Back!" he ordered. "I expect you to move like lightning. A man's life depends on his quickness. Again, now, High port!"

Each man held his rifle with bayonet pointing upward.

"At the word 'Go!' lower the point," said the breathless instructor, "and go like the devil! Go!"

This time the rifles came to the "on guard" position and the men bounded forward at the high port, the instructor running and urging them for several yards.

"Long point, short point!"

The bright blades flickered into the straw-filled sacks, out again and in again. At each point the men made hoarse guttural noises, like football war-cries, and when the enemy was presumed to be dealt with they charged on for a line of trenches. The instructor had overtaken them. He was

BAYONET FIGHTING

dancing along what would be the touchline on a football field and shouting. But he scarcely could be heard for the yelling of his men, mingled with the war-cries of other squads.

"A running jump and point—go for 'em!"

"Yah-whoo-ooo! Hi-yi! Ugh! Ugh! Hurroo! Yah!"

The six leaped, almost as one man, across the wide trench, on to a ledge where lay more stuffed sacks. As they leaped the men lowered their rifles, and with the alighting of feet on the ledge the bayonets sank into the sacks.

"Put your foot on him, hard up, pull out—now, on!"

With another yell the six scrambled out of the trench and raced for another line of stuffed sacks on gallows, still shouting.

"Ugh! Ugh!"—the stabbing bayonets ripped the straw out of the holes in the centre of the sacks. The men dodged past again. Their charge was over. But the instructor's voice made them jump again.

"Out of the way!" he shouted. "Now, next lot. High port! GO! Go like lightning! Don't stand and look silly! Back! Now, again, Go!"

It was a spectacle of strenuous effort, and the noise of it sounded, in the distance, like a disturbance with shillalies. A dozen squads were engaged in bayonet-fighting, some at the gallows and sacks and others at class work. A dark-eyed Maori was one of a squad of n.c.o.'s engaged in mutual instruction. For the moment he was the instructor, and made a picture of muscular grace as he poised himself on feet correctly and firmly planted on the ground and swung his rifle and bayonet into position with the fiercely-uttered words,

"On guard!"

Determination is the quality that is encouraged in the bayonet-fighting at Trentham. Fierce eyes, fixed faces, are the accompaniments of the many exercises; while the hoarse, sharp cries at each point and jab are indications of what the New Zealanders' bayonet charge is like in actual battle.

As the first squad of six charging men lined up again, the instructor said,

"I want you to jump at the word, pause three feet from the swinging sack, a long point for the right groin, withdraw, short point for the left, withdraw, and pass on. High port! Go!"

Curly bounded away like a deer. Long Mac's foot ripped up the earth as he drove it in to make speed. The instructor tore along with them, yelling profuse advice and swinging his pole. Long Mac slew his standing enemy, pushed him roughly aside, and led the rank in the awesome charge.

SUNDAY IN CAMP

*"Nearer my God to Thee,"
 Sung by strong men;
 Mother, the heart of me
 Yearned for you then.*



MEN were polishing buttons and cleaning boots and belts with earnest zeal. It was Sunday morning and there would be no drill. But there was church parade to attend during the forenoon; and in the afternoon either a visit to town in the troop train or a visit from friends who would travel to the Camp by the special trains. A few would come by the morning train, for the Camp is open to civilians on Sundays from eleven a.m. till half-past-six in the evening. Church parade was the immediate matter before the troops, and men were hastening with their toilets so as to be ready. Shortly before eleven the companies were marching down the streets leading to the eastern parade-ground, where hundreds of chairs and forms were arranged in a hollow square. On slightly higher ground the Chaplain's pulpit was set, and the Camp Band had its position behind that.

Platoon after platoon filed into their places. Soon the square was a khaki one, relieved by the brighter colours of officers' uniforms, where the Camp Commandant and his staff sat in the front row. The occasion was a special one, for it marked the departure from the Camp, within a few days, of a Reinforcement that was going on service overseas. A few civilians, relatives of the departing men, were there, too.

The service opened with the singing of the hymn, "Oh, God, our Help in Ages Past." The effect of the thousands of voices blending with the music of the band was magnificent. The sound seemed to roll in a strong, slow wave across the valley and over the hills, right away to the homes of the mothers and other loved ones of these splendid men in khaki. The Chaplain-Colonel read, in a voice that shook with emotion, verses from St. John, Timothy, and Job. A Chaplain-Captain read from the Psalms, and also a lesson from the Corinthians. Once more the parade joined in singing a hymn. "Nearer, my God, to Thee" was the hymn. There was no outburst of sound. It was in soul-moving throbs of wonderful music that the fine hymn was sung. Intense quiet reigned when the singing was finished. In this silence the Chaplain-Colonel stepped up into his open-air pulpit and spoke to the troops, not with ringing rhetoric or fervent appeal. He spoke

SUNDAY IN CAMP

quietly, heart to heart, as a man would to his brother who was going out to lay down his life for his home and his sountry. For, though many more return than are left on the battlefield, every man who goes has offered his life.

On that still, clear Sunday morning, in that beautiful New Zealand valley, many a man became more steadfast in the sacrifice that he was making, more sure in the task that he was undertaking. In the end the Chaplain's voice was trembling, for he had known these men in camp, he and his captains, and felt the parting that was so near.

"Now the Labourer's Task is O'er" came softly from the band ere many had realised that the address was over. Like a quiet home-song that has a note of great rejoicing hidden in it, the hymn rose in the still air; and if there were mothers in distant homes who thought of their soldier sons that morning, as there surely were, they would have found comfort could they have seen and heard the simple, impressive soldiers' service on the quiet parade-ground—the ground where these trained men had begun to learn the slow march months before. There seemed to be more than the usual meaning in the words of the Blessing as the Chaplain pronounced them at that farewell church parade.

In the afternoon the Sabbath calm fell from the Camp. A train took several hundreds of men to town on leave, but the bulk of them had had leave on the day and evening before, and they expected their relatives and friends to visit them in Camp. Before two o'clock the men began to gather at the main gates. The roadway inside was soon lined with hundreds of those who awaited the arrival of the first train. When the train rushed past—for the railway station is at some distance from the gates—there was waving of hands and handkerchiefs, though many could not recognise one another at that distance and that speed. After a few minutes the stream of civilians began to arrive. Then there was craning of necks among the mass of khaki. But they kept the roadway clear and stood on each side of it. Through this avenue of embarrassing eyes pretty girls and smiling mothers, sisters, and cousins passed, till their soldiers stepped forward and claimed them. Sometimes, when a soldier carried off an unusually pretty girl, or when lovers' meetings were ardent, there was a chuckle, and quiet remarks were made. But each man was intent on the occasion and there was no chaffing.

The passengers by the first train thinned out the throng at the gates; the second and third trains completed its dispersal. In every part of the Camp khaki mingled with the motley of civilians, for so the civilian dress appears in comparison with the uniform colour.

SUNDAY IN CAMP

The Camp Band played beside the canteen. Here was a continual circle of soldiers and their visitors, the units of which constantly changed as they went the rounds of the Camp.

A sergeant-cook in his clean cook-house would be asked if a matron and her pretty daughters might see where the soldiers' meals were prepared. He was only too willing. Through the spick and span premises he conducted them, and told them all about the ovens that cooked for fifteen hundred men in all—"that was one cook-house alone." The Camp Police on duty at the shower-baths were just as pleased to show the wonders of the hot baths to the curious ones.

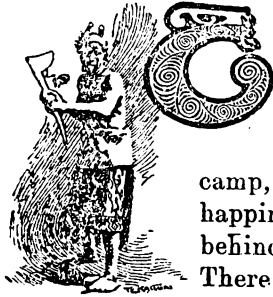
"It was one thing that worried me," a mother said, "when Jim came into camp—his hot baths, you know."

"Oh, he got plenty here, and hot ones, too," said Mick Laney, the policeman, while Jim grinned and talked to his sisters, who were not listening because they were smiling at the good-looking Mick.

Through the trenches, over the rifle ranges, into the Institutes and Soldiers' Club and canteen—everywhere the Sunday visitors went. And at last train-time came. Then the crowd of khaki at the gates grew and grew as the stream of civilians began to pour towards the railway station. No soldier was allowed to pass outside. All farewells must be taken inside the gates. Yet more than once a mother and her son were allowed to pass through, on the understanding that the soldier kept within sight of the guard, and they said good-bye apart from the crowd. The last train pulled out at length, waving handkerchiefs fluttered, and then the train was gone. And at no time in the training of New Zealand's soldiers was their cheerful, quiet determination more apparent than on those Sunday afternoons when they had said good-bye—very often for the last time—to those they loved best in the world, and turned back to the quiet Camp, where but a few minutes before they had revelled in the love or warm regard of "their people."

MAORI SOLDIERS

*Who went out in the war canoes
That braved the farthest seas?
These went out in the war canoes,
And these, and these, and these!
Side by side with the pakeha
They died that Right might win;
Lo! in city and lonely pah,
Grey grief has made us kin.*



THE n.c.o.'s of the Maori drafts have been taught their soldiering in Trentham Camp since it was established. When they have proved their efficiency they are posted to companies at Narrow Neck Camp, near Auckland. The Maori camp is a perfect little camp, everything being provided which makes for health and happiness and discipline. It is situated on the high land behind Devonport, overlooking the Rangitoto Channel. There is an atmosphere of freedom about it which suits the Maori nature, and at the same time there are good marching roads and country suitable for manoeuvres in the neighbourhood. Here is a glimpse of a night in the camp at the time when one of the Maori contingents was in training:

When passing showers and sunset lights were warring for supremacy and making the sea and skies beautiful with every shade of delicate colouring, a company of two hundred Maori soldiers marched briskly up the hill from Narrow Neck Beach to the camp. The pakeha officer who led them was making the pace and making it brisk. But no man lagged, though their lungs were working at full power. Into the gateway they turned, a Maori non-commissioned officer urging the men on. And at the same quick march they swung into the barrack square, that is formed on three sides by the camp buildings and on the fourth by the rifle-bank and Rangitoto and the sea and sky.

The company of men, in blue trousers and khaki sweaters and caps, wheeled quickly and formed up in four separate platoons. Presently another company came in and occupied the other half of the scoria-paved square, which had been rolled all day by a panting steam road-roller, till the surface was smooth for the soldiers' feet.

In a very brief space of time the men were dismissed, and at once the iron hutments, looming in the shadow of the trees, became brilliant points of light, as the electric lamps were switched on, including a powerful

MAORI SOLDIERS

lamp over the door of each hutment. With the additional illuminations provided by the lamp over the clock in the orderly-room wall and the bright glare from canteen, picture show, barber's shop, and billiard-room, the Maori camp at Narrow Neck made a pretty picture in its setting of sombre trees.

The cook-house orderlies had lined up and obtained the evening meal for the rest of the soldiers. Each section had said grace in good Maori fashion and fallen upon the food with enthusiasm; the camp adjutant and orderly officer, with a punctilious orderly sergeant to precede them, had visited each hutment and asked if there were any complaints.

That had all been done; the officers had dined; the picture show and billiard-room were looking most alluring. Yet there was no easing off--no sense of evening rest. Instead, the men were buckling on accoutrements, the officers were talking together; and the words one heard most frequently were "night manœuvres, night parades, rounds of blank, judging distances."

Suddenly the lights in the huts occupied by one company were snapped out. Only the clock lamp saved the square from being in utter darkness. In its weak beams, grey shapes moving in masses were seen. Some whispered words echoed sibilantly. There came the sound of many heavy boots crunching the scoria. Then the shapes were still.

The second company was moving down the main avenue to the square; the shop-lights prevented it from doing so as secretly as the other company. Yet the men were just as silent. Nearly four hundred men were standing there in the almost dark square, and no one spoke above a whisper. The Maori soldier excels in night drills: the mysteriousness of them appeals to him. Except for a cough here and there no sound was made until the order to march was given. Then platoon after platoon swung away, past the glare of lights into the dimly-lighted road and away to the level paddocks for night manœuvres.

At the foot of the hill the leaders turned from the main road along a rough grass by-way which skirted a fenced area of level, rain-soaked land. A squad of men, under an officer, went straight along the by-way, while the main body, in obedience to whispered orders, strode through wet grass and ditches to the fence. In the darkness, the complaining of the wires and staples as the men squeezed through suggested that the fence was being utterly wrecked. But it still stood after they had passed.

To and fro across the dark landscape the black masses of men moved. The few horses which were grazing there fled in panic, and here and there along the ranks was heard the whispered jest:

MAORI SOLDIERS

"Cavalry on the right—look out!"

At last the whole of the four hundred men stood, two deep, in long lines, while the officer in command "Morsed" with a hand-lamp to the firing squad. A light gleamed in response. There was a pause. Then the rip and crackle of rifles came, following close on the heels of vivid flashes from the muzzles.

"Can you judge the distance?" the officer asked.

Quick as a flash, a young soldier said, "Yes, suh!"

"Well, keep it to yourself," was the officer's rejoinder.

"How many rifles?" the officer asked.

"Three! Four! Six!" were the guesses hazarded.

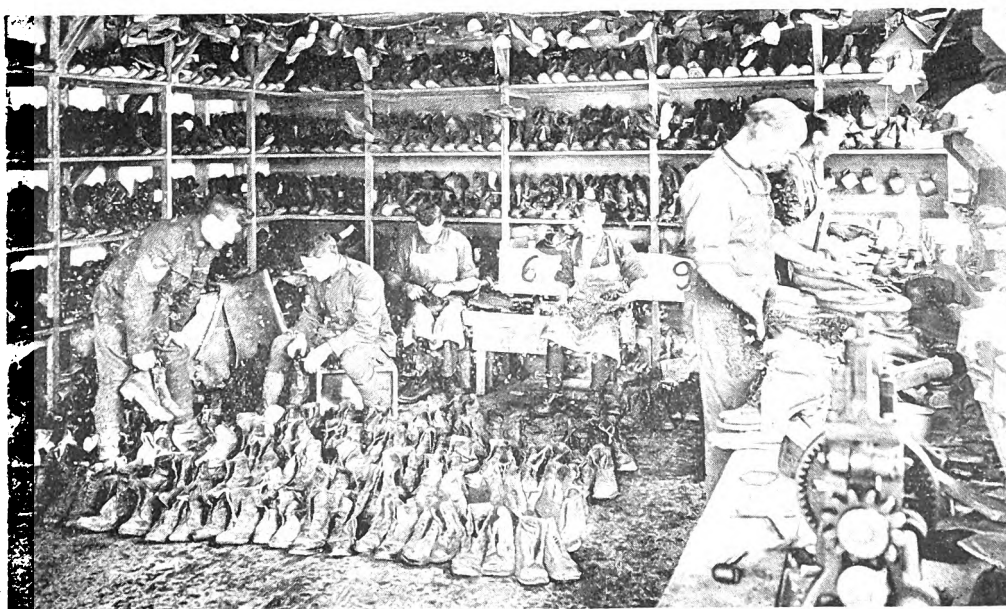
"Four is right."

While waiting for the firing party to advance another hundred yards there was much whispering. Some of the men coughed a lot, until a non-com. hissed, "Shut up!" Then there was no coughing for a while.

By stages, up to eighty yards distance, the rifles advanced with starry outbursts of vivid light and ringing reports. It gave one an idea of how a night attack would impress one—the real thing. In the darkness and silence the thought came that, perhaps, one night, these very soldiers would be in just this position, with the enemy blazing away—perhaps the thought of that future happening was helping to make them quiet in that wet paddock at night manœuvres. Perhaps—but all such thoughts were dissipated when the men were marching up the main road to camp again, singing. Beginning with a haunting Maori love-song, they drifted into a song of their own, consisting of a well-known patriotic song with a truly Maori syncopation at the end of nearly every line. To the tramp of many feet they sang, in firsts and seconds, this song:—

*Sons of the—you know what,
All British—you know what;
Sailing every—you know what,
Laughing foes to—you know what.*

To stand at the Camp gateway and hear each lot of men coming singing out of the darkness was a strange experience. Long before they could be seen, every word of the songs they sang rang clearly, the Maori chants—often in minor keys—being wonderfully sweet. As soon as they came into the light of the lamps at the gateway the order was given, "Slope arms!" With fierce non-commissioned officers spurring them on, the men marched into camp as blithely as though they were beginning, instead of ending, a long day's work.



BARRACK EXPENSE STORE
BOOTMAKERS' SHOP

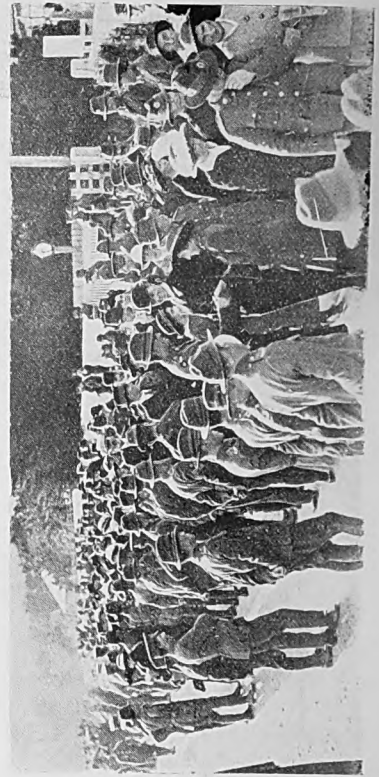
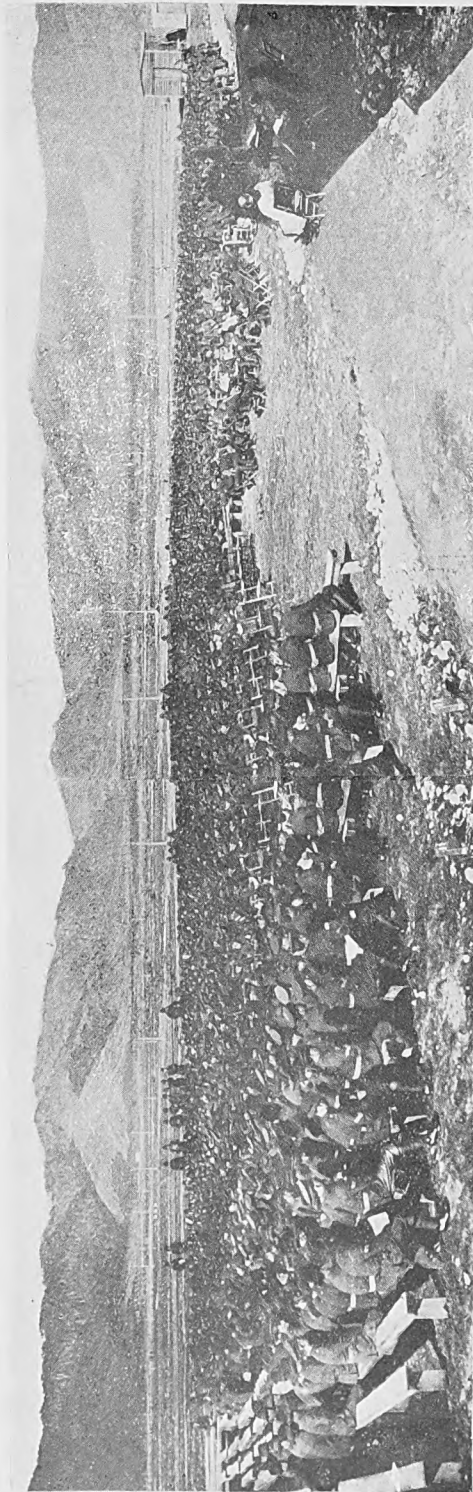


MOUNTED RIFLES REINFORCEMENT FROM TRENTHAM
marching through Wellington Streets, 1915

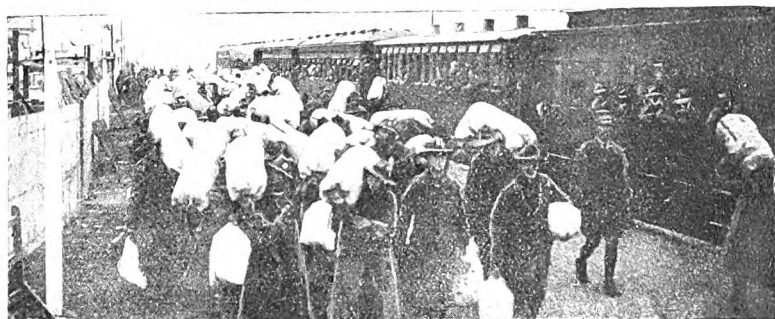
BAKEHOUSE STAFF, TRENTHAM CAMP



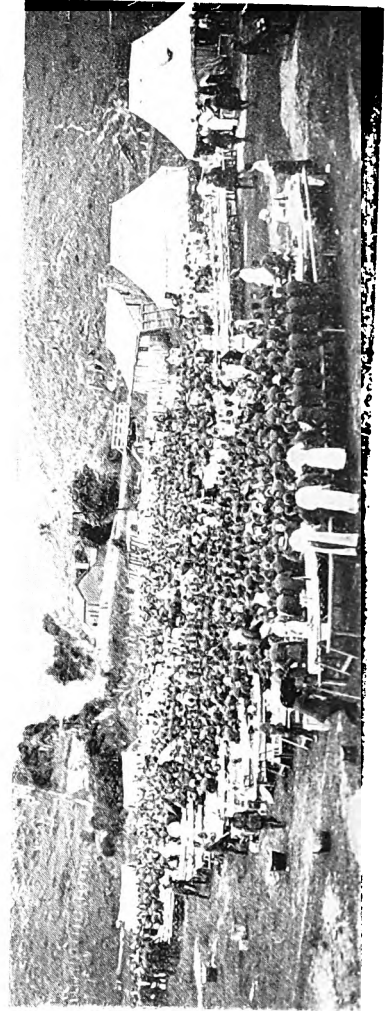
PONTOONING ON THE HUTT RIVER
Barrel Pier ready to launch
NIGHT BIVOUAC—Cooks at Work



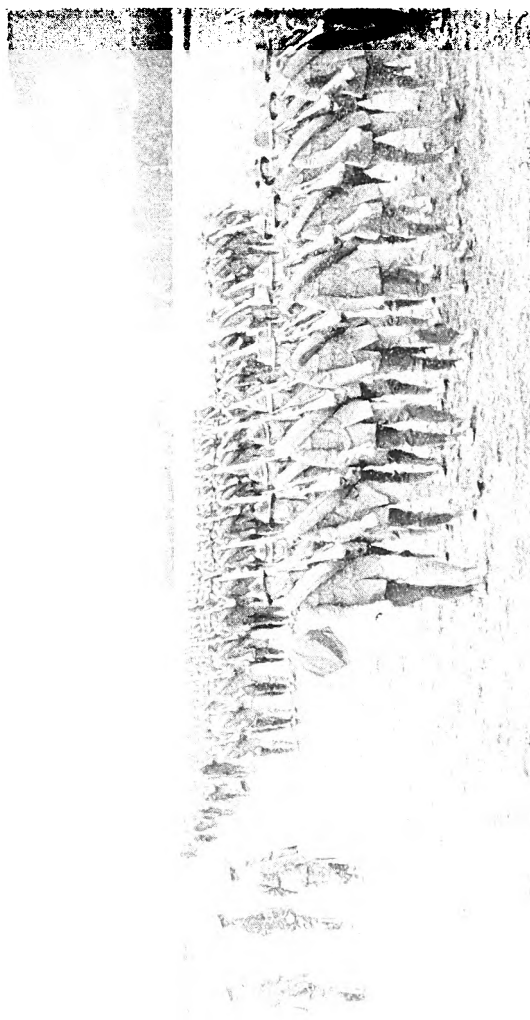
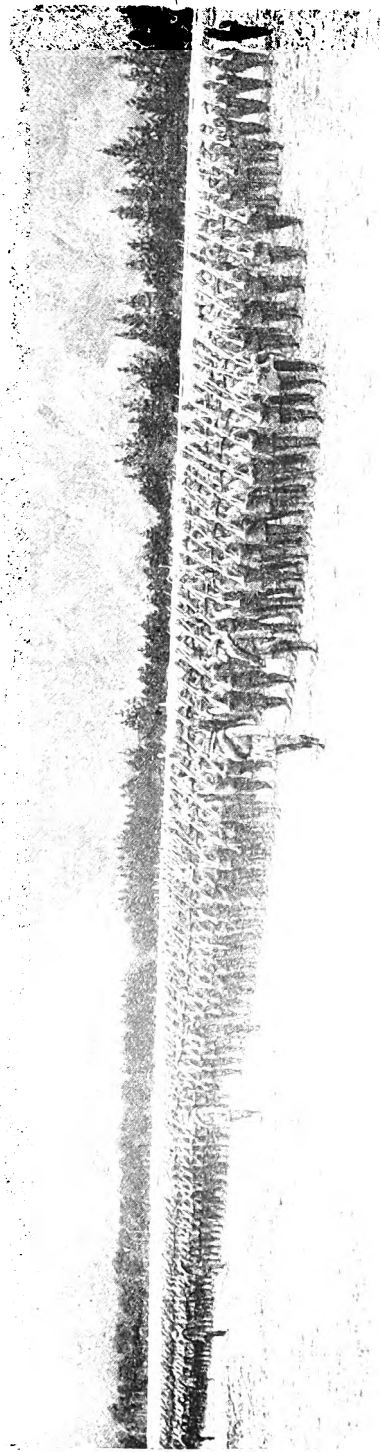
CHURCH PARADE
SUNDAY IN CAMP—Soldiers meeting friends at Camp gates



"SO-LONG, TRENTHAM!"
Troops marching from the Camp to the Train
Entraining at Trentham Station for Embarkation
Marching from Train to Transport, Wellington, to embark



SOLDIERS' CLUB, TRENTHAM CAMP
CHRISTMAS DINNER AT MAY MORN CAMP, 1915



REINFORCEMENT BEING INSPECTED BY
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-
GENERAL

TROOPS MARCHING PAST IN COLUMN
OF PLATOONS



*For the sake of the son you cherished
Who fell on the fields of France—
For the dream of your knight who perished
By battle's blind mischance—
Oh! sweethearts, sisters, and mothers,
You have put your griefs aside
To gladden and speed these others
Whose ships are on the tide.*

A FEATURE of the warlike preparations in New Zealand has been the hospitality extended by the civilian communities to the soldier communities in the camps. Whether as individuals, as civic bodies, or as organised institutions, the people's hospitality has not been wanting. Every day, outside of parade hours, and on every evening, the men in khaki have been welcome in the comfortable Institutes, of which there are seven in Trentham Camp—those of the Church of England, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches, the Y.M.C.A. and Salvation Army Institutes, and the Gospel Hall. In these places reading and writing rooms are provided; in some, gymnasiums are extemporised; and in most there are comfortable chairs and fires, while the libraries are more or less a feature. The organising and equipping of these soldiers' halls have involved the outlay of much time and money, and the people who are still in civilian garb should bear in mind that, although this work is carried out by religious and other bodies, it is the people's money that is required to keep them going, and the people's assistance that is needed, in no stinted measure, to make this hospitality to the soldiers a generous, spontaneous thing. Good work has been done by those citizens of Wellington, and people from other cities on a visit to the Capital, who have motored out to Trentham Camp on many

THE PEOPLE'S HOSPITALITY

occasions in order to give the soldiers an evening's pleasure in the form of concerts and other entertainments. In many of these the men have taken a hand, for the artistic talent among the troops in camp is no slight thing.

The first large function of a civilian nature to be held in Trentham Camp was the Christmas dinner which was given to the Second Reinforcements in December, 1914, by the citizens of Wellington. The chief citizen, J. P. Luke, Esq., C.M.G., Mayor of the City, whose portrait is shown at the head of this chapter, was the host, and the Mayoress was hostess on that day, as they have been at subsequent Christmas dinners, though on these later occasions the whole of the people of the Dominion have joined in the scheme of hospitality, Mr. and Mrs. Luke being their representatives.

The first Christmas dinner at Trentham Camp was held in the open air. The Christmas dinner of 1915 was served in the huts at Trentham and in the open air at May Morn, that camp being then in full occupation as a subsidiary camp. Last Christmas the meal was served on the grass track of the racecourse, the rows of tables curving, in symmetrical perspective, into the distance. The sight of five thousand men in khaki seated at them, on that sunny afternoon, was one to be remembered.

Among the more recent additions to the places of recreation in the Camp is the Soldiers' Club, provided by subscriptions and donations from the Wellington Racing Club, which gave the land for the site and some money, from the Y.M.C.A., which undertook, also, to provide the running expenses and to assist the Camp military committee in its management of the club, by subscriptions collected by the Mayor of Wellington and a strong committee, to whom a great deal of credit is due, and by a subsidy from the Government. This building, with its roomy and comfortable appointments, containing separate quarters for officers, n.c.o.'s, and men, is the finest example in the Camp of the people's hospitality, for, through these various public organisations, it was the people who provided the means, and who must continue to provide.

A circulating library is the latest acquisition to the Camp. Previously the men were expected to read their books in the institutes to which the libraries belonged. Under the new scheme a soldier is able to take a book out and read it in his hut or tent, or by the fireside of the Soldiers' Club.

Outside the Camp's bounds the hospitality of the people has been as liberal as within the Camp. The Soldiers' Club in Wellington is an example of this—a shining example. The idea was evolved by a committee of Wellington ladies, for the purpose of providing a place in the city where, in the evenings and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, the men in khaki could rest or read or find entertainment, and, further than that, tea and

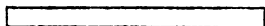
THE PEOPLE'S HOSPITALITY.

supper are served free of charge, sometimes to several hundreds of men. The way in which this club is made use of is a pleasant recompense for the efforts of those who provided this form of hospitality.

A similar hearty appreciation is shown by the many soldiers in Wellington on leave who find accommodation at the Soldiers' Hostel provided by the Y.M.C.A. in Boulcott Street.

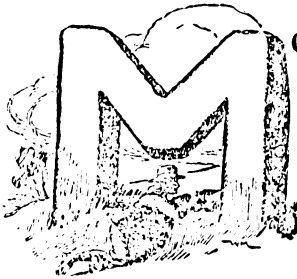
Before each draft sails, the Mayor and Mayoress and citizens of Wellington entertain the troops at a dance in the Town Hall. This is always a gay and well-ordered event. There the soldiers are able to enjoy a dance with their wives or their sweethearts, their sisters, and their friends, and in many instances with their mothers—for there are many youthful matrons whose soldier boys are going, or have gone, to the war. Individually, as well as collectively, the New Zealand Army is a young army, and it is not only the old mother who watches and waits at this side of the world for news of their fighting sons.

Every man may not go to the war, but every man who stays at home can help in one or other of the many schemes that are at work for promoting the comfort and happiness of the troops in the camp and in the field. Of the New Zealand women it need only be said that their work in this direction, as in many others connected with the war, will stand through all the years to come as a lasting tribute to their unselfishness and tireless energy.



SAILING DAY.

*When England called across the seas,
Their duty was to go—
They learned it at their mothers' knees,
Their fathers taught them so.
Oh! you who, anguished, watch the fight
On those dread fields afar,
Remember, in the dark of night,
God sends the Morning Star.*



MORNING was stealing over the Trentham hills—the morning of sailing-day. Reveille had sounded at 4 o'clock; and soon after that hour the hoarse whistles of locomotives at work, shunting the troop trains in the railway sidings, began to sound through the clear, warm air. The senior draft in Camp had finished its sixteen weeks of training. It had been on an active service footing for a week, and now it was due to sail. But, ere the men composing it could step from training conditions into active service, there had been formalities to observe, routine to be followed; and these were connected, chiefly, with the same departments that had dealt with the troops when they came in as raw soldiers. The Camp Quartermaster's Stores was one of these departments. About two weeks before sailing-day each man had received a further issue—his sea kit—of clothing. This included a jacket, a pair of trousers, a pair of braces, a pair of shoes for use on shipboard, one cholera belt, one hold-all, and the sea kit. The identification discs would be given out on the transport. But even this issue was not the final business with the Quartermaster's Stores, for, a few days before embarking, the troops returned to the stores their rifles and web equipment. Then they had to parcel up their civilian clothing, which had been kept in Camp in case of any men being discharged. The procedure of despatching these parcels was interesting and showed careful planning. Each man, with his parcel properly addressed, filed up to a table where an n.c.o. sat, and handed over the parcel. The n.c.o. gave the sender a receipt, and the parcel was weighed and placed with many others, to be collected by a carrying company and despatched to their destinations, scattered throughout New Zealand, at the expense of the Defence Department. The receipt given to the soldier would be sent by him to his people, and if the parcel did not arrive promptly they could write to the Camp Quartermaster and ask him about it.

SAILING DAY

With the handing-in of their rifles the men felt, perhaps more than at any other time previously, that they really were going away. The lack of rifles gave them a sense of restlessness, even more than had the review by the Governor-General—which always precedes the departure of troops—or the words of soldierly advice, addressed to them by the Chief of the General Staff, for their guidance when on the transports, at ports of call, and when fighting shoulder to shoulder with troops from other countries. These things had impressed the troops—had made them realise that the great adventure was at hand. And when their rifles were called in, these impressions crystallised.

After that, with the peculiar reaction from grave to gay which is the Anglo-Saxon's characteristic, a spirit of levity ran through the senior draft. They laughed at little things, sang strange songs, and were fond of horse-play. One of their recreations was to crop one another's hair with clippers, till there was very little hair left. Here and there the amateur barbers showed skill in leaving portions of a man's hair longer than the rest. Sometimes one long lock would wave from the crown of the head, or a man might have the number of his platoon left in high relief. Occasionally there would be a man who refused to have his hair cut until the day after he had said "good-bye" to his girl. Then there would be a running fight in which good-nature never gave way to any other feelings.

Men had made their wills and written and telegraphed to their homes to tell of the time of departure. Those were busy days for the Camp post office. Mothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts, had visited them on the days on which the Camp was open to soldiers' relatives. The officers commanding companies and the Camp Quartermaster had balanced up their little accounts concerning breakages and lost articles to be paid for; the Pay Office had handed out the last pay the troops would receive in Trentham; the medical staff had inoculated every man; the Records Office was still working late and early to have their personal files ready to be sent to the transports. And now it was sailing-day!

Although the morning was dark when Reveille awakened the departing troops, very soon a red glare began to light the gloom in the vicinity of the incinerators. The departing troops were burning the straw of their bedding and the empty palliasses were being collected, to be returned to the Camp Quartermaster's Stores. From there they would be sent out to be thoroughly washed before being issued again. While the straw flared high from the open incinerators, the soldiers sang. Every song they had heard in Camp was sung. "Tired of Marching" was the name of one of them, "New Zealand" was another, "Three Lance Jacks," and many more.

SAILING DAY.

After breakfast, the men for the first train began to muster outside their huts. Each wore his overcoat and had his kit with him. Its canvas sides were painted, in stripes, with certain colours. Artists, more or less proficient, had been at work painting these stripes on all the kits of the draft. A Company's stripe was red; B Company's was green; C Company, brown; D Company, blue; E Company, red and green; F Company, red and black; G Company, khaki and yellow; H Company, khaki and blue; J Company, French grey; and the Engineers, yellow and black.

The first company to go moved off behind the band—the band that was to lead them out of Camp as it had led them in. As soon as the band struck up and the troops moved, cheers came from the men in every hut in the street. And as the company passed along other streets, the cheering followed them like a breaking wave of sound. But the band could not lead every company out; and so these companies and platoons sang, as they marched, songs that sounded like dirges, till the words were recognised. Hymn tunes were wedded to words of lighter moment. One platoon chanted these words, their happy faces belying the sadness of the air—

*"Are we downhearted?—No-o, No, No!
Are we downhearted?—No-o, No, No!
Are we downhearted?—No, No, No!
Are we downhearted?—No-o, No, No!"*

Outbursts of cheers occasionally smothered the dismal song, but when the cheering weakened the dirge still went on, probably in the form of other words and another tune, such as "Bill Massey's Army," to the air of another well-known hymn—

*"We are Bill Massey's Army,
The ragtime cavalry:
We won't salute, we cannot shoot.
What——"*

Here the rolling cheers swept the words to the winds and the company passed on.

The first train was filled; the wheels began to move, and then from every window and every platform voices shouted,

"So-long, Trentham, so-long!"

Down the valley, with gathering speed, the train rattled, and from windows and doorways of cottages handkerchiefs waved to the departing troops. And so, down to Wellington's waterside and the transports that towered above the wharves, the troops were carried.

SAILING DAY..

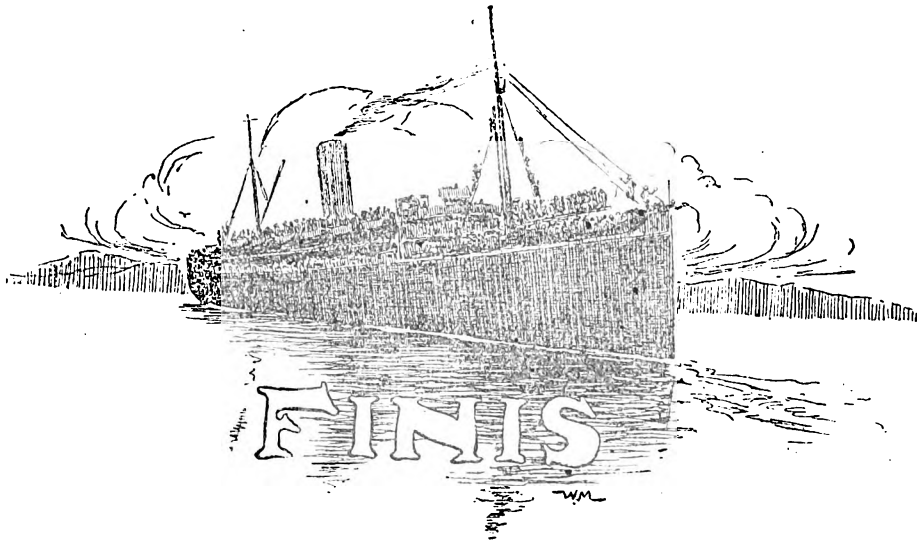
Still carrying their kits, they were sent on board in companies and told to place their kits and other gear on their appointed bunks, the number and position of which they were expected to remember. Then they were given leave to go ashore and see their relatives and friends, who were waiting near the barriers of the wharf. Curly's mother was among them.

"The funny thing about this game," Curly found himself telling her, "is that it is like going back to your school-days. You find yourself collecting all sorts of odd things—old nails, pieces of string, pencils—any old thing that might be useful some day—just as we did when we were kiddies at home."

That is how she thought of him as she watched him cheering from the rigging as the big steamer backed away—as a "kiddie at home"—and that is how most mothers regard their soldier sons who go out to help sway the destinies of the world.

Light-heartedly, they go.

*They cheer us from the rigging high,
They cheer us from the rail—
There are none there who want to die,
Yet none of them will fail.
There is not one but knows the odds
In war's grim enterprise
Above the roll of engine-rods
Their cheering shakes the skies.*

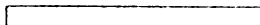


THIS book was set up and printed in New Zealand by the Wellington Publishing Company, Ltd. (Proprietors of "The Dominion"), from whose office in Dominion Avenue, Wellington, it is published.

The blocks for the illustrations and decorations were made by Messrs. Wilson and Horton, of Auckland, with the exception of the chapter headings "A Study in Targets" and "Trench Warfare," which were made by Mr. C. Moore, of Wellington. The printing of the cover was also executed by Messrs. Wilson and Horton, whom it is desired to specially thank for permission to use a number of early views of the Camp. At the same time appreciation is expressed of the work of Mr. E. Gilling, photographer to the "Auckland Weekly News," who supplied a large proportion of the photographs reproduced in the book. Thanks for use of photographs are also tendered to Major F. Waite, D.S.O., Major D. B. McKenzie, Captain G. H. Woolley, Lieutenant R. F. Bale, and to Messrs. Allen, Arnold, Bickerton, Daroux, Oliver, and Varley, Camp photographers, the "Weekly Press," also to any others whose names may not have appeared on post-card views taken by them which have been used, in the effort to make the record of the Camp of Trentham as complete as possible. For the collection of Reinforcements' badges, thanks are tendered to Mr. Elden S. Neill; also to Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, who distributed the first edition of "Historic Trentham" free of charge.

The chapters entitled "Bathing Parades," "The Bivouac," and "Maori Soldiers" originally appeared in the "Dominion," "Sunday Times," Sydney, and "New Zealand Herald" respectively.

This book is copyright and the contents must not be reproduced, except as short extracts, without the author's permission.



BOOKS BY WILL LAWSON.

"STOKIN" and Other Verses. Cloth 2s. 6d., Paper 1s. Gordon and Gotch, publishers, and all booksellers.

"STEAM IN THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC": A history of steam navigation in Southern waters, with 50 illustrations. Cloth 3s. 6d., Paper 2s. 6d. Gordon and Gotch and all booksellers.

"THE THREE KINGS" and Other Verses. Cloth Gilt, Gilt Top with Portrait, 4s. Published by Angus and Robertson, Ltd., Sydney, and obtainable at all booksellers.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS OF "THE THREE KINGS."

"THE ATHENÆUM."—"Free play is the keynote of Will Lawson's work, but without fantasy. For him battleships are great living entities. He shows the keen joy of the warrior in their destructive power, the relish—it may not be humane, but it is deeply human—in swift, skilled vengeance by night. But behind all these things he sees the man . . . who works in the world for the joy of work and the conquest of things."

GLASGOW "HERALD."—"Mr. Lawson's verses are of men and the things they do, more especially of the men who do much and are little heard of—stokers, greasers, shunters, and the like. They will go straight to the heart of the average man."

BIRMINGHAM "POST."—"Mr. Lawson has imagination and a strong, terse, often vivid style. It is not without reason that his country takes a pride in him."

"BULLETIN."—"For seafarer and engineer his book will be a cherished possession. Will Lawson has his own note in such vigorous pictures as "The Cattle-Boats."

RA

FEB 4 - 1958

